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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS AND NOVELS

OF

R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

MISCELLANY.

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1813.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

My Lord,

In dedicating these volumes to your Lordship, without previously apprizing you of my intention, which I trust you will forgive, I yield to the suggestions of my heart, which prompts me to run no risk of being restrained in publicly testifying the grateful and proud feelings excited in my breast by your gift of a Poem, the extensive circulation and rapid celebrity of which are almost without example.

It would be more than mortal self-denial, my Lord, not to take a public pride in having been the first to appreciate a production of genius, now

so generally and fully stamped with the approbation of the best judges; and your Lordship is too generous to deny me the boast of having, unbiassed by the judgment of others, discerned that excellence which the delicacy of its author prevented him from estimating as it deserved.

It was my intention, my dear Lord, to publish my opinion of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage;" and, while I freely indulged myself in the admiration due to it, to enter at some length on the reasons that attach me to doctrines which I had imbibed in my youth from the guiding hand of wisdom, and which I have cherished through life. This intention was diverted by the numberless effusions which quickly followed the publication of your poem, and in which statesmen, poets, orators, and critics vied in paying to it the tribute of praise, and in rendering that praise valuable by discussing your stanzas with a freedom which marked impartiality, and a reasoning which demonstrated the love and pursuit of truth: perseverance in my intention was therefore unnecessary, and indeed would have been presumptuous after admiration and argument

had flowed so copiously in such channels and from such sources.

But in relinquishing a design, in which I too frequently detected my pen repeating praise anticipated by more valuable admirers, and using arguments already sanctioned by time, learning, and genius, I consoled myself with the resolution of taking this mode of paying *my* tribute, and with the reflection that my sentiments and opinions on the doctrines to which I have alluded are interspersed throughout these volumes.

In prefixing your Lordship's name to this collection of my writings, I am sincerely actuated by a desire of paying you the best compliment in my power; but I am well aware that other motives may be attributed to me, and such as it would not be easy for me to disavow. I hope therefore that they are not incompatible—I hope that my wish to contribute individually to the honours which have been so generally heaped upon your Lordship is not irreconcilable with the conviction I feel that your name will do great honour to these volumes. Whatever impefections may be found in them, I have the pleasure

to know that some of them have formerly amused you, and met with your approbation; and I am further induced to hope that they are not unworthy your acceptance, by the public having thought them worthy of perusal.

I am,
my Lord,
your Lordship's
most obliged,
most faithful,
and affectionate servant,
R. C. Dallas.

Brickstables,
Nov. 20th, 1812.

MISCELLANY.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER may be the faults or deteriorations of the present age in the province of taste, it cannot be denied the praise of demanding, in public compositions, delicacy both of expression and ideas. There has grown up a chastity in the public mind, at least in our own country, which will not endure from an author licentiousness or egotism: imagination is corrected and vanity repressed. This improvement in the latter point renders it a difficult task to write in the first person, and I am more sensible of this difficulty than I was thirty years ago.

That vanity may have first dipped my pen into ink is not unlikely, though my recollection would fondly inform me that it was to please some partial friends; from whose encouragement I continued long to write before the ambition of pleasing the public entered my mind. The attainment in any degree of that ambition might be an excuse for my republishing, in this collected and less expensive form, compositions now out of print, and which are frequently asked for; but

the truth is, that were it not for the "longing, lingering look," which, in the prospect of quitting this world, we cast on those objects of our affection whom we must leave behind us, and for the wish of being useful, I believe the incitement to print would have failed. Thus actuated, however, I determined to collect my writings in the manner here offered to the public. Pressed to prefix a memoir of my life to these volumes, against which I decidedly resolved, I was led into a promise of giving some account at least of their contents: but upon turning my thoughts to the subject, I find the events of my life and the account of my writings so connected that I shall hardly be able to keep my promise on the one hand, without a breach of the resolution I had made on the other. I have many private inducements to publish several passages of my life, and almost wish that I could overcome my repugnance to the egotism with which the attempt must be attended; but this great objection determines the point in my mind.

In attempting to fulfil my promise respecting my writings, I fear I shall not be able to escape some censure; but I will endeavour not to merit it, by keeping in mind the deference which is due to the public. At the same time I must observe that, as a preface is in the nature of an epistle from an author to his readers, it is, I believe, considered as entitled to some privileges and indulgences which are not granted to more formal compositions.

The contents of the first volume, consisting of

Miscellaneous Essays and Poems, afford me an opportunity of making known some opinions and sentiments on the subject of religion, which I should be sorry to leave in any doubt; and also of endeavouring to conciliate some minds, which the tendency of my early writings, respecting the system and habits prevailing in the West-Indies, had indisposed towards me, in the success of which I should indeed have great pleasure.

In arranging the pieces I have not thought it necessary to attend to the priority of composition. The first of the Essays and the first and the last of the Poems I have so placed, because in those I have more particularly paid heartfelt tributes to the Supreme Being, and would extol

"Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

But it is not alone in those that my gratitude for life, redemption, and immortality will be found: I trust it will appear to be the great inspiring principle pervading all these volumes. This spontaneous and brief profession of it is but the overflowing of a mind impressed with the awful view of a corrupted nature, and with the unanswerable evidences of the sublime and beneficent scheme of the redemption of mankind.

I shall leave most of the Essays to speak for themselves: some of them were never published before. They, in general, owe their origin to the pleasure I took in writing for my family, and in forming their minds. But of the fragment entitled Dokimasia an explanation is perhaps necessary for some readers; and of the Memoir of my

old friend and tutor I am too proud to let it pass without particular notice.

In the Fragment I purposed to write an allegorical, general satire upon the present state of society; to touch upon the errors, follies, and crimes with which it abounds; and to contrast it with a kind of Utopian picture, in which a dignified and beautiful nature should prevail. This purpose must immediately appear to a scholar on the first sight of the names I have made use of, as they are merely Greek terms apposite to the ideas I would excite by the application of them, even as bare words. But though I have fallen into this species of pedantry, if I dare to call by that name a practice which some celebrated writers have not disdained to use, yet I have been convinced by experiment that the allegory is also readily conceived to relate to the world, in the present probationary state of man, by readers who know not that Dokimasia (Δοκιμασια), means probation; Syneidésis (Συνειδησις), conscience; Parainetes (Παραινετης), an admonisher; Praxis (Πραξις), action; Aisthésis, (Αισθησις), sensation; Nousaisthésis (Νους-αισθησις), the compound of mind and person; and so of the rest.

The Memoir of Mr. Elphinston I wrote at the request of his widow, whose exemplary conduct had gained the esteem of all who knew her; and I gave it as much circulation as I could, by obtaining its insertion in several of the most approved periodical publications. Her wish and my own feelings constituted the chief value I set upon it when so published; but the desire to preserve it

in this volume among my other essays was infinitely heightened by its happy lot, in having so attracted the notice and approbation of a man distinguished for learning, judgment, taste, and piety; for the knowledge and able administration of the laws of his country; for public activity and private benevolence; who had been one of the early pupils of the subject of the memoir, but with whom I was personally unacquainted; I repeat in having so attracted the notice and gained the approbation of Lord Woodhouselee, as to induce him to make known to me in a letter the honour my biographical essay had acquired. Such are the purest and the sweetest rewards of literary exertion, particularly when they can be truly accompanied with the words of Hamlet,

> Nay do not think I flatter:
> For what advancement may I hope from thee?

So much for my prose, which, though it occupies the first place of the volume, was long preceded by the poems that follow. Though some of these are now published for the first time, the greater part of them were written in the delirium of early youth, and they bring very delightful recollections to my mind, but it is impossible for me to give a particular account of them without entering with some minuteness into my own history. April-Day, and Laura originated from the same fact, and were written some years before I was of age, while I was keeping commons at the Temple, for the purpose of being called to the bar. But it is of no importance to the public

when and upon what occasion my verses were composed, and I must check the egotism which is but too ready to present itself. The satire hardly calls for an explanation of my sentiments on the subject of ranks in society, when it is remembered that the original was composed in the reign of Lewis XIV. and by a pensioned poet. The translation was made in the island of Jamaica, many years previous to the French revolution, and was omitted in the publication of some other poems during the horrid prevalence of Jacobinism. The extirpation of that monster, and the return of rational views of society, have removed the cause for suppressing it.

Two of the poems, the Cavern of Melancholy and Kirkstall Abbey, written long ago, contain some strong effusions upon West-Indian defects, moral and physical, the perusal of which, as they pass through my hands to the printer, cannot fail to bring to my mind, that in publishing my observations and opinions more at large on the subject, many years ago, I gave much offence to my countrymen. I frankly own that I wish I had never published the work I allude to, of which I would not, when urged, consent to publish a second edition. I build no hope, however, of conciliation upon this avowal; for, the regret I feel does not lead to a retractation of the sentiments on general topics, but arises from a consciousness of having made some allusions that merited reprehension. But though I cannot retract my sentiments on what passed under my own eye, I am happy to express my conviction that an improvement has taken

place in the West-Indies, which does infinite honour to the proprietors of the soil. Indeed I never considered the real West-Indian but as a well educated Englishman, with a predominant warmth of heart and benevolence, for which he is perhaps in some degree indebted to the region of his birth. In the very book that offended so many I clearly stated this, in giving a short sketch of the character of William Beckford, formerly of Somerley in Suffolk, a man with whose friendship I was honoured to the last, for whom I felt great affection and esteem while he lived, and whose memory I have never ceased to venerate. That while I respected the virtues I should satirize the vices of my country, is, I trust, not a conduct to be condemned: it is usual in all countries, and has been practised in all ages; nay, such writers have always been considered as the friends of mankind in general, and of their own country in particular. But then, as a West-Indian, to argue against that system upon which the prosperity of every West-Indian is built! My answer is, that I was young, and intoxicated with the Utopian ideas of liberty, which I had imbibed in the course of my education in England. These ideas are still dear to me; but I am now fully satisfied that a real West-Indian, sincerely occupied in ameliorating the condition of his slaves, is a wiser and more beneficent character than he who would completely and abruptly abrogate the colonial system. This however is no place to enter into such an argument; my only purpose in introducing the subject was to assure my countrymen, among

whom I have near and dear relations, that I respect their genuine character, upon which I never meant to cast a reflection.

Of this volume it remains for me to notice, that the six first songs were written on the arrival of the news of the victory gained by Lord Duncan over the Dutch Admiral De Winter, at Camperdown, and were originally intended for a mask, to be performed in honour of it.

The remaining volumes contain the novels which the public have honoured with approbation. In the history of them there is much to interest my own mind, but little to engage public attention. Percival, or, Nature Vindicated, was my first original contribution in the defence of society and reason against Jacobinism and confusion; for I had previously fought in the armour of the celebrated Mallet Du Pan, whose *Mercure Britannique* I gave periodically to the public in English, concurrent with the publication of the original. In this point of view Percival has been my favourite composition. Some of the characters were from real life; that of Miss Coverley was not without a prototype in some degree: it was new, and suited the spirit of the times, which induced me to give the portrait a prominent place on my canvas. I gave it a favourable turn, however, with a view of pleasing, as well as with a sincere hope of reforming: I might have done good, I could not possibly injure. That some of the characters in Aubrey and Morland, as well as in Percival, have been taken for portraits from life, I have been frequently told: I should be

sorry to confirm this suspicion in any way to give pain. I wish those that are good and amiable may find many claimants; I fear those that are the reverse, though claimed by none, will be found resembling more than one.

Before I lay down my pen there is yet one account I have to render, and which perhaps I ought not to have passed over when the Morlands were first published. The second tale is taken from M. De Cazotte, a celebrated French wit, previous to the revolution. I had begun to translate it when the thought occurred to me of giving specimens of the different modes of novel writing; the natural, the surprising, and the marvellous. This gave origin to the two tales bearing the same name; in the first of which I pursued the road I had trod in my preceding novels, keeping nature and life in view; in the second, unaccustomed to the style of surprise, I borrowed the pleasant, sprightly, little story of *Le Lord Impromtu*.

I will not prolong the account of these volumes: I have perhaps said too much already of them. To think that their contents have made, and may make useful impressions—to hope that they have corrected some error—subdued some vice—confirmed some virtue—and that a similar influence may be extended to future occasions must be the greatest pleasure I could derive from being the author of them, for such would be a pleasure not confined to this life: yet I own my heart to be alive also to earthly considerations; to the favour of the public, and to the voice of my friends: but

if I effect no more than depositing in the hands of my family a memorial of my anxiety to improve their understanding, to give them good hearts, and to impress on their minds lessons of virtue, I shall not have written or lived altogether in vain.

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ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

ON ADORATION.

Forms of public worship, in proportion as they are more comprehensive, are always less interesting than family prayers; and the ardour of devotion is better supported, and the sympathy more easily propagated through a small assembly connected by the affections of domestic society, than in the presence of a mixed congregation.

PALEY'S INSTITUTES, B. 5. C. 4.

IN tracing the works of God from a lifeless atom to his own infinity, short must be his sight, who bounds creation at the link formed by the race of man. The existence of angels and archangels, of spirits rising gradually, yet infinitely, in faculties and power, is consonant to reason as well as established by revelation. If we are ready to give ear to the wonderful suggestion of the astronomer, that the whole of our planetary system is, with many other planetary systems and their suns, thrown round a common centre, and so on infinitely, how can it be doubted, that there are ascending ranks of spiritual existence continued without end? When once the faculties of man are able to form some judgment of God's power

by a review of the material system, there is a total end to limitation. Let the mind admit that this globe was created, and the foundation is laid for pursuing grandeur in all its sublimity. If the material system be grand, the spiritual system must be grander; and to say that it is dependent upon matter is not only to limit, but to put that lowest which reason places highest. In man, matter and spirit are so blended, and the separation so difficult to be comprehended, that the investigation, if not carried on with simplicity and purity of mind, leads to mazes and to error. Allowing that there are, beyond the mortal state, superiour beings possessing minds highly sublimed, is it necessary that such beings should have bodies as solid as those which strike our senses? This again would be to limit. If there are beings independent of such gross bodies as appear on earth, the union of the two is possible, and from analogy probable. It is much easier, too, to believe the immortality of such a compound being than of one wholly material. To him who can solace his mind by meditating on spiritual existence, the path of happiness is open, and he is among the most independent of his species. Our real acquaintance with these superiour orders is, indeed, very circumscribed. Reason introduces us but a very little way into their everlasting abodes, and imagination is not to be trusted. Reason does, however, teach us that we are, in some degree, related to these orders; and as inferiour creatures have several privileges in common with us, we enjoy others in common with our superiours; one particularly, to think of and to adore the supreme Being. Of their modes of existence, of the peculiar pleasures and pursuits of their natures we know nothing clearly, but we must believe that they extol and glorify their Creator.

The enjoyment of adoring is of an exalted nature.

Brutes know nothing of it: man is but incompletely formed for it: angels must partake of it with rapture. What pleasure fills the breast while we praise a person who deserves it, and especially if that person be our friend! We are the more sensible of this pleasure, because connected with our senses. The nearer then that spirits approach to God, the more exquisite will be the enjoyment of praising him. Adoration is the highest praise accompanied with the most fervent love; and the man who delights to praise the Deity has an earnest in his delight that he is drawing nearer to him.

It is not here intended to treat of adoration as a duty, but as a pleasure, pure, animated, sublime, and most delightful to such as possess souls conscious of their relation to superiour beings.

Every mind that has been habituated to spiritualize is formed to enjoy in private that communion with the Divinity which he has allowed to our nature, and in which the soul is fully laid open, those attributes within our comprehension are dwelt upon, and the heart secretly swells in glorifying the Creator.

But all enjoyment is heightened by participation. Could men discard their passions, leave behind them envy, emulation, and vanity, and bring a disposition to look with sincere affection in the faces of each other, and to catch that sympathy, without which there cannot be united ardour, then no assembly, that a voice could reach, would be too numerous; and public worship would stand foremost not only as a duty, but as a pleasure, in which it yields to domestic adoration.

Let a father teach his children to repeat the praises of the Deity, sometimes in succession, sometimes by responses, and sometimes with united voices; let him join with them, then repeat himself particular parts; let him watch their cheerful, open, and

smiling countenances as they thank God, through him, for their existence: let him look upon their mother participating, and on his domestics uniting in the act of adoration: lastly, let him reflect that he is thus adding (how awful, yet how soothing, a truth!) to the enjoyment of the Almighty; and then, if he can, let him doubt that he is himself in the enjoyment of the most refined, the most exalted of human pleasures. While others practise devotion by rote, while it is enjoined from the pulpit as a duty, such a man feels himself swayed by a rapture beyond the bounds of prescription: he adores, not because he ought, but because adoration is his delight; not because he fears, but because he loves.

Does not a devotion of this nature border upon enthusiasm? and do not the effects of enthusiasm appear, from experience, to be prejudicial to sincerity and true religion? Such a devotion not only borders upon enthusiasm, but is supported by it. There is little mental energy to be hoped without enthusiasm. It is the sun that matures the nobler exertions of the mind, which, were it removed, would be bound in impenetrable and eternal frost. Minds not prepared by the love of virtue for truth, and where sincerity never had root, may, when wrought upon by its influence, send forth the noxious exhalations of hypocrisy; but who knows not that the fairest fruits are ripened by beams from the same source which raises from the impurities of stagnation all the miasms of pestilence? The devotion here extolled must be supported by those rays of enthusiasm that fall upon it through the medium of sincerity: sighs, throwing the sight upwards, and all extortions are foreign to its nature. It cannot be enjoyed by the wicked, and in its full extent only by noble minds.

Besides the actual pleasure arising from family

adoration, there are consequential ones of high importance. It greatly contributes to form the morals and manners of children and servants; the former will not fail to add esteem and veneration to their natural love for their parents; and the latter will be regular, honest, and industrious, from principle; while, at the same time, a respect for the example constantly before them begets an attachment and affection for their employers, which, becoming mutual, heightens domestic felicity.

If this adoration be really so delightful, and attended with such advantageous consequences, how comes it to be neglected?

There are two chief causes of this neglect: pride, in which is included the dread of appearing hypocritical; and the too eager pursuit of sensual gratifications. The gay, the ignorant, and the pretended philosopher, conspire to cast sneers upon him who bends his knee and says his prayers. Let us get rid of the cause and the effect will cease.

The man who values himself only for a conduct that screens him from the laughter of fools, neglects the enjoyments of the wise. It is the part of wisdom to despise fools, but whoever wishes to be wise must also learn to bear the scorn of folly, for it is no less the part of fools to contemn the wise.

The eager pursuit of sensual gratifications either leaves no time, or disqualifies for the delights of devotion. That the senses were bestowed upon us as the means of pleasure as well as of knowledge, during this life, is as clear as the growth and decay of the body, of which they form the system. That they are not the only, or the chief means of our pleasures, is as evident as the superiority of mind to matter. It is an error to teach that the senses are foes to religion, for from thence they derive their highest relish. Do not the works of God yield an inex-

haustible fund of pleasure to the eye and to the ear of man? and who can enjoy them like him who communes with, and adores the almighty Giver? Does he not shed perfumes around us, and is not thankfulness sweeter than odour? Experience evinces that abstinence and moderation are caterers to the palate; while the wretched epicure, who gluttons away the organ of taste, becomes incapable of relishing the delicacies which are crowded on his table. Nor is it less certain that the libertine destroys at once animal power and intellectual faculty; whereas the united and temperate enjoyments of mind and of person give a durability of rapture to wedlock, which, joined to the pleasure of rearing, training, and maturing the fruits of hallowed love, sets man on the summit of terrestrial bliss; whence, rising on the tiptoe of hope, he is ready to believe that he can discern faint lines of the scenes beyond.

Free to make friendship with the senses, man must, however, accomplish dominion over the passions, or consent to forego all the superiour privileges of humanity—not only virtue, but intellect may be lost, and our pretensions to be angels totally sunk in the lower half of our nature. It is they who are so sunk, or so sinking, that are disqualified for the pleasure of piety; not they who wisely participate of both, crowning, like our first parents before their fall, the enjoyment of the good things prepared for them, with the incense of adoration:

"They at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
"Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
"The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
"Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
"And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
"Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
"Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
"Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
"And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss

" Ordain'd by Thee; and this delicious place
" For us too large, where thy abundance wants
" Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
" But Thou hast promis'd from us two a race
" To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
" Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
" And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

PARADISE LOST.

ON LOVE.

If this austere unsociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bears this trial, and last love,
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE is that noble, genial, and warm affection of mind, excited by amiable objects, that, while it exalts the soul, communicates inexpressible delight to every part of the human frame. It is the soil of virtue, the Divinity that stirs within us, the grand enjoyment of superiour natures, a great portion of which mankind is suffered to participate: it was the spring of creation, and continues to support it. From this source an infinite variety of streams branches forth. It is piety, devotion, philanthropy, charity, benevolence, friendship: and in fine it is that passion peculiar to the human species, which, from its superiour liveliness, obtains the very name of love. It is on this passion that some observations are here intended to be made.

Love then is a passion of the mind, existing by the distinction of sex, and is the emotion that is raised by qualities in the object which excite the highest

pleasurable sensations. It is sometimes a pure, but oftener a mixed passion. It is nobler when it is pure, but not culpable when it is mixed. In the former, the happiness of its object is the highest gratification; in the latter, selfish desires predominate. The mixed passion is so agreeable to the mixed nature of mankind, and so attractive, that the purer, being with difficulty distinguishable, becomes the object of suspicion, and indeed the existence of it is nearly banished from the belief of polite society.

That susceptibility of our nature, which leads us to be pleased with objects at first sight, cannot deserve the name of love. An animated countenance graced with smiles, a just symmetry of body, and a marked attention, cannot fail to engage the heart by the pleasure they give it; and though it be not love, may be its foundation. The further discovery of more amiable qualities, and more particular attentions, produce the sparks, and sighs blow them to a flame. But imagine this object, so pleasing at first sight, to be a mere picture, an outside; the mind, on examination, finding nothing beyond what struck the eye, cannot give room to a passion: what glittered was a dying ember, and from the ashes no flame can be produced.

Beauty excites an emotion, but it is not love: love must spring from love; that is to say, kindnesses, and unwavering attentions must forerun, and prepare the necessary sympathy. It is worthy of observation, that kindness and attention are generally concomitants of beauty, whereas spleen and reserve too often go hand in hand with deformity: so comes it that it is usually at the shrine of the former that the heart is found devoted.

The instances that abound of lovers persevering in their courtship in defiance of rejection, or even in spite of avowed dislike; and a few examples of

madness and suicide, may seem to disprove the necessity of a previous sympathy: but the passion in these instances must have proceeded originally in its usual train, and some subsequent turn must have been the cause of the hopeless perseverance, the madness, or suicide; for it is by no means contended that love is altogether a voluntary passion, and that the heart can love, or not love, as the will or reason shall direct. An amiable object manifesting kindness may conquer the heart in spite of all argument; in which case the passion is involuntary; and should any serious obstacles arise in opposition to it, to struggle with, and overcome it, becomes one of the most important, and most difficult tasks of virtue. The obstinate lover, who to the beauty of his mistress adds the remembrance of some kindness that had raised a hope, will not easily subdue that hope. The disappointed lover, who makes his passion the chief object of his imagination, will be apt to admit irregular ideas, and unregulated imagination is the field of madness. Melancholy and gloom lead to suicide.

With respect to that precipitate kind of conquest of the heart told of in novels, called *falling in love;* it cannot be allowed among intellectual beings: but if ever it does take place, must be the effect, not the cause, of madness; and be nearly allied to that kind of derangement which a beggar betrays who falls in love with a princess. A story is told of a celebrated comedian, that one night, after playing Felix in the Wonder, he was followed to his house by a middle-aged, ordinary woman, who desiring to speak with him apart, said she had three questions to ask him, and having obtained his promise to answer sincerely, she requested to know whether he was married or single? he answered, he was single. Was he engaged to any person? He was not. Were his affections

free? Most certainly. She thanked him, and he allowed her, at her earnest solicitation, to retire without further explanation. He laughed, and concluded that some lady had *fallen in love* with him; but a considerable time having passed without his hearing of his incognita, the affair became mysterious. One evening at a place of public amusement, he recognized, in a party of ladies, the person who had put the questions to him. She endeavoured to avoid him, but emboldened by his curiosity, he addressed her:—"You must certainly allow, Madam, that I "have a right to put one question, at least, to you, "and to expect a sincere reply."—"Certainly."—"Pray then, what was the motive of the questions you "put to me, since I was never more to hear from "you?" Her answer was: "A beautiful young wo-"man of large independent fortune, whose time was "chiefly spent in the country, was at the theatre "when you performed Don Felix: she was enrap-"tured, *fell in love* with you, and directed me to put "those questions. While she was contriving the "means of forming an acquaintance with you, the "bills announced your appearance in the character "of Scrub. She saw you, and was cured of her "passion: she could have united herself to a Felix, "but not to a Scrub."—If this anecdote be true, the lady, beyond a doubt, had, by the magic of fancy, transferred all the fondness of Felix for Violante to herself; and she was much obliged to Scrub for teaching her the folly of *falling in love*. And so, doubtless, will it ever be: the lady who *falls in love*, and finds not the man her imagination has painted in the object of her caprice, for caprice it is and not love, will look elsewhere, and turn with contempt from the worthless string that made her heart vibrate for a moment. To pursue the metaphor; love is not

the melody but the harmony of minds; not that pleasant modulation of successive tones that catches the ear, but the full, united vibration of concords which sweeps the heart to rapture.

This is love which both sides of our nature, intellectual and animal, heighten into inexpressible bliss. Separate intellect from animal, and the former will be that pure love alluded to in the beginning of this essay, but the latter will not be love at all.

Let us, however, remember, that we are formed for a more certain, and a more lasting happiness than this mixed passion, how exquisite soever it be; that we are formed for that bliss which arises from pure affection, and for the enjoyment of continuing through endless ages to heap knowledge upon knowledge. Love, whether wholly pure or mixed, is assuredly grateful to the author of all good who thought proper to fashion us as we are, a compound of two natures. It is clearly our business on earth to exalt ourselves to our superiour relationship: and real love will never prove a clog to the exaltation of the etherial principle.

It will not be improper to conclude this essay with some maxims and aphorisms for the service of the fair sex, which, if impressed upon their minds, may prove of the highest importance to the rising generation; and, therefore, deserve to be called THE GOLDEN RULES OF LOVE. Let them be got by heart, and quoted by both single and married:

GOLDEN RULES OF LOVE.

THE virtues are necessary to love, and the more they are exerted the more are its delights increased.

As general kindness is necessary to the character of a good disposition, and is also the avenue to love, there the barrier ought to be kept. The man who offers unusual kindness rings for further admission. On this alarum a good girl will consider two things,

the one for her own sake, namely, what are the virtues and accomplishments of this man? the other for his sake, shall she give birth to a hope she is likely to disappoint? Continue at the barrier, and no harm can ensue.

Though it behoves every young woman to be cautious from whom she receives kindness, and by no means to admit any particular mark of it from a man of whose character she is ignorant; on the other hand, let her not be backward in a general interchange of regard with all liberal men of her acquaintance.

When the barrier is passed, happiness is placed in a critical situation. A man of sensibility will not risk a refusal, much less will a delicate woman commit herself. Here nature has established a mode of intelligence, by which the most scrupulous may understand each other—this is the sympathy prepared by kindness.

When the passion is ascertained to be mutually agreeable, it is the part of a man to be ostensibly the courtier of a happiness, which both are satisfied is reciprocally coveted.

The allurements to love are virtue, beauty, and accomplishments, uniting with kindness.

The emotion that is excited by certain intelligible movements of the eye is not love: but the eyes speak its most harmonious periods.

Infatuation is not in the vocabulary of love. To infatuate signifies to make foolish; the very reverse of love, which refines and exalts.

When it is said—

> That women, born to be controll'd
> Yield to the forward and the bold;

let it be remembered that love is not understood—The sentiment is that of a libertine expressing his opinion of female frailty; and against such an opinion love and virtue should muster all their forces.

The woman, who, having raised hope in the bosom of a lover, disappoints him without very good reason, is a jilt; a base character.

The man who uses kindness to excite sympathy, and sympathy for the gratification of desire, without respect to love and honour, is a seducer; the basest of characters.

The flame of love once raised will burn long, if fanned by both its votaries; but will inevitably expire, if left to the care of one.

Mutual constancy, and unbounded confidence, are chief ingredients in love.

A disposition to gallantry is unfit for love.

Chastity, by which is understood the exclusive appropriation of person and inclination to the object of affection, is one of the chief props of love, which, unsupported by it, totters and falls.

A woman cannot sincerely love the man to whose infidelities she is indifferent.

Infidelities are injuries, inattention is insult: they create the torture of jealousy, and pain of mortification.

Jealousy is said to be attendant on love—It may be so; but then it is only as diseases are attendant on life—a good constitution escapes the one, and true love the other.

A kiss is the link of union between mental affection and animal sense; it is at first brittle, and needs the aid of a solemn engagement to secure the chain entire.

The end of love is the melioration of the heart, the invigoration of family affections, and the security of domestic happiness.

ON THE SEPARATION OF FAMILIES IN LIFE.

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni:
Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes. HOR. L. 2. Ode 2.

With never-failing wing shall fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculeius, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
FRANCIS.

AMONG the pre-eminences which distinguish man from the rest of the animal creation, the passions, no less than reason and speech, afford proofs of his dignified, immense superiority. The abuse of the passions indeed sink him, and but too often, below the brute; but if we examine them intrinsically, we shall perhaps find in some as much ground for glorying as in reason itself. I have at present particularly in view those affections that form the bond of family union and happiness. In all the lower species the natural affection of the parent and offspring, however strong, continues but a very short time; no longer than till the latter is able to supply its own wants; nor does the genial feeling spread itself into the formation of kindred among them. The tie of parent and offspring is transient, that of brother and of sister is unknown. How different the lot of human beings! That instinctive fondness of our children implanted by nature for their sakes, and which adds a charm to the early part of domestic life, gradually ripens into a reciprocity of esteem and love, and expands its genial influence throughout a family. Boys and girls born of the same parents, receiving from them, or immediately

under their eye, their knowledge, virtues, attainments and enjoyments, feel themselves united in a delightful affection, and years roll sweetly on in the improvement of the understanding, in the regulation of the heart, and in the enchantment of domestic bliss. They roll but too swiftly; maturity arrives, the world claims first one and then another, go they must, and separation gives a blow to that early happiness, by which a delicious home was formed. Whatever duties are performed, whatever advantages are gained by the departure of a son and brother from a family animated with the love of virtue, endeared by mutual affection, and supported by reciprocal contributions of intellectual and social pleasures, the loss is irreparable: so of a daughter and sister—no others can fill the places they occupied, they are parts of a whole, and are torn away. The loss is indeed irreparable, and the pang that proceeds from it is another striking proof, that the home of man is not in this world. Progression and change are laws of nature, and must be obeyed—alternate smiles and tears are the lot of our race, and he who has enjoyed domestic happiness for a great portion of his life may be expected to begin to fix his thoughts on the immutable joys of the home to which he is travelling, and consequently to be grateful for past blessings, without repining that the children whom he loves are called by Providence from his side, to act their parts in a world which he is himself about to leave. He should consider, that if they could stay always with him, he could not stay always with them:

> Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
> Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
> Te, præter invisas cupressos,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetur. Hor. L. 2. Ode 14.

Thy pleasing consort must be left,
And you of villas, lands bereft,
Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy cherish'd groves, shall thee
Its short-liv'd lord attend.

FRANCIS.

He should consider that all earthly blessings are temporary, and that the period must arrive when wisdom calls upon the happiest of mortals to wean themselves from joys, the continuation of which might be injurious to the objects of their affection. If the delights of home be decreased, great amends are made by the liveliness of occasional visits; and even in those cases (alas! far the most numerous) in which the separation is for years, perhaps for life, the goodness of the Almighty affords no slight compensation when the man whose family is broken up by the usual events in the flow of time is enabled to reflect on the progress and expansion of felicity, on the formation of new homes, to which he is one of the sources; or on the successes of those who have left his hearth to do more general good by the exercise of active virtues, and to gain friendships of a wider circle, by the display of those qualities which he had sedulously cultivated, and which had been the links of endearment in his own heart. These reflections have been suggested by the contemplation of the character of Mr. Somerville, a man not very solicitous for distinction, and little known in the world, except for having ruined his fortune in establishing and promoting the interests of his brothers, who were both younger than himself. Somerville's heart had been formed by a fond father, who, unexpectedly dying before he had made a will, though he had often planned an equitable disposition of his property, and being a widower, left him, just

turned of age, to take possession of his estates, as heir and sole master of all he died possessed of. Somerville well knew that this was not the intention of his father, and he resolved to make a fair division of the fortune, the whole of which had accidentally devolved upon himself. The inheritance was more than adequate to the comforts of life for all the three brothers, but not of that magnitude out of which other fortunes might be carved without injury, and which is soon repaired by the conditions and provisions of deeds and wills. It consisted of two landed estates of nearly equal value, each producing about eight hundred a year. Somerville assured his brothers that their father dying intestate should make no difference to them, that he would place himself in his father's shoes, and act as he ought and meant to have done. He was so alive to fraternal affection, that he would have acted in the same manner had his fortune come to him in any other way beside descent. His brothers at the time of their loss were at the university, cultivating their talents for their intended professions. He knew that they had been also cultivating and losing their hearts in their intercourse with an amiable family, that they were in love with sisters, whose fortunes were obstacles to their hopes. A reciprocity of affection had already taken place, and, being detected, had received a check from that natural ambition which influences a parent in the settlement of his children. Somerville was not unacquainted with the ladies; he knew that with beauty they possessed virtues and qualities that could not fail to make a man happy. He could not endure the thought of such a fund of happiness being lost to brothers so dear to him, and at the moment when the father of their mistresses had resolved to exclude them from his house, he waited upon him to propose the double marriage. Without explaining the extent of the fortune which he had

inherited, he effected his purpose by settling on each brother in tail one of the estates that had descended to him, reserving to himself only an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds from each. The young ladies received ten thousand pounds a-piece on the day of their marriage, and Somerville was happy. When this took place he had turned his two and twentieth year. By some people he was termed a blockhead, while others thought him deserving of immortal fame; but he was not molested by the reproach, nor did he repine at finding no Horace to eternalize his name, in soaring strains, with that of Proculeius.

A heart teeming with fraternal love could hardly be unsusceptible of that love which is the source of it, and, though Somerville had voluntarily decreed himself to be a bachelor for life, it was not long before he perceived that the decree was against his nature. He yielded his heart to the charms of a young lady, and had good grounds to believe that he had gained hers, but she had little fortune, and he too much honour and good sense to draw her into an engagement. He did not repent the establishment of his brothers, for they were happy, and the enjoyment of their friendship was a blessing he continued to prize above all others. Something, however, was now wanting to the relish of life, and he could not restrain his imagination from dwelling but too often on the happiness of passing his life with Amelia. He unburdened his mind to a young man with whom he had formed a friendship, the commencement of which in their boyish years they could hardly remember. He was the son of one of the directors of the India Company, and the result of Somerville's confidence was a determination, at the persuasion of his friend, to seek his fortune in the East. In taking leave of Amelia as a friend, he ventured, seemingly in jest, to wish he might find

her single when he next saw her. In those days wealth was more readily amassed than at present. He carried with him the strongest recommendations, and letters in which his conduct to his brothers was made known to the Governor-general. Had he had patience, he might have returned loaded with riches, but having no taste for public life, and eager to offer himself to the chosen of his heart, he contented himself with moderate affluence, returned to England, was accepted, and was married before he was eight and twenty to his Amelia. The first years of their marriage were spent in travelling and visiting foreign countries, till Somerville, who, if he could not be called indolent, was fond at least of a sedentary life, who had a taste for letters, and who, above all, had a heart formed for domestic happiness, resolved to pitch his tent and move no more.

His family now grew up around him, and family-love, his master passion, came into full play. He doated on his children: he was the playfellow of their childhood, the tutor of their youth, the friend of their ripening years. Assisted by Amelia, he impressed on their hearts the truest fraternal affection, he cultivated their intellect, and he planted their virtues. At the age of fifty, he found his home made a paradise by his wife, and by three sons and two daughters, at the age of reason and of friendship. And now, just as his happiness had arrived at that pitch of maturity at which all his cares, his anxieties, his indefatigable attentions were aimed; when the period of life he had attained rather demanded an increase than a diminution of solace; and when his heart was light and gay, the progress of time was preparing to transplant those flowers which nature had only lent him for a season. In the midst of his delights, he had never contemplated the separation and settlement of his children,

till his brothers awakened him to the necessity of providing for his eldest son, and a lover proposed to him the removal of his eldest daughter. Somerville was appalled: but his reason was readily convinced, especially as, not looking forward to this moment at the time when he was in Bengal, he had neglected to amass such a fortune as might, in respect to a provision, have enabled him to continue gratifying his wishes. Necessity, however, out of the question, he became alive to the propriety of sending out his sons to mix with mankind, and of not refusing to bestow his daughters on men worthy of them. But though he could submit to this bitter decree of nature, his heart had been too much wrapped up in domestic enjoyments not to feel the keenest pangs as the separations took place. It was indeed the same case with Mrs. Somerville and those who remained at home; the dismemberment was agonizing, it was long felt, and scarcely did resignation begin to insinuate relief, when new separations opened fresh wounds. One by one his children left his roof, to disperse into different quarters of the globe, and Somerville and his Amelia, now both in years, found themselves the broken remnants of their chimney corner. After sorrowing and repining for a considerable time, they wisely betook themselves to a means of solace, the very resort to which was a justification of Providence even in the seeming cruel decree of separation; they devoted their thoughts more completely to the contemplation of God, to the weaning of their souls from temporal concerns, and to preparation for the awful change of existence which was fast approaching. Their attachment was undiminished, and served, with occasional visits from their friends, to support their spirits to the last. For some years they gradually waned together with an even pace, usually sitting

in the same room in easy chairs, on opposite sides of their beloved hearth, where their happiness had budded, ripened, and decayed. Amelia at length took the lead, declined rapidly, and died. From this severe blow Somerville will perhaps never recover, though he knows resignation to be his duty, and talks of it. He continues attached to the room where they were used to sit, which he constantly inhabits, and in which he has made only one change, but so affecting a one, that it merits the tribute of a tear. He will not suffer either of the well known easy chairs to be removed, yet he never occupies that in which he used to sit, but has transplanted himself to the opposite one. "Indeed, I am re-"signed," he says, "but I cannot bear to sit yonder "and see this chair empty."

It is hoped that it will be no unpleasing termination of this paper, to insert the following ode, written by a very young man soon after being separated from his family, to enter into a profession which called him abroad.

AN ODE,

COMPOSED AT SEA, ON A FINE NIGHT.

How softly sweet this Zephyr night!
Lo! Venus lends her brilliant light,
And heaven's inhabitants unite
Each friendly beam,
To put fell darkness train to flight,
With gentle gleam.

The vessel's sides the waters wake,
Which waveless as the bounded lake,

A solemn slumber seem to take,
Extending wide;
Along the ship they sparkling break,
And gem the tide.

'Midst such a scene no thoughts can find
An entrance in the pensive mind,
But such as virtue has refin'd:
The past will smile,
And flattering Fancy still be kind,
And Hope beguile.

Blest silence! solitary friend!
My thoughts with thee to HOME I send,
And there absorb'd my sorrows end:
In vain I roam;
As blossoms to the day-star bend,
So I to HOME.

Not more I owe that glorious ray
That beams the blessing of the day,
Not more my gratitude I pay
For air and light,
Than for that HOME, now far away,
Best, first delight!

A little while and that blest spot
From memory shall raze each blot;
And all my wanderings there forgot,
At last I'll rest;
No sorrow shall disturb the cot
So lov'd, so blest!

SOMERVILLE'S KEEPSAKE TO HIS SON.

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. SHAKSPEARE.

In the last paper, which was on the separation of families, the character of Somerville was sketched, and a brief account given of the dispersion of his children: this shall be devoted to the preservation of what he called his KEEPSAKE to his son, written on his departure, at the sea-side, whither he had accompanied him to take leave of him on his outset in life. It consists of brief advice and opinions on the spur of the occasion, put together, as he premises, with little attention to arrangement. It evidently sprang from his heart, and may be acceptable to other sons and other fathers: in this hope the reader is presented with

SOMERVILLE'S KEEPSAKE.

To you, my son, who are delighted with such aphorisms as Lavater's, and who delight in reading moral, philosophical and religious books, I can say little which you have not already found, or will meet with in the course of your reading: but as sentiments and counsel coming directly from the pen of your father may the more readily insinuate themselves into your heart from your affection for him, and as they may form the best keepsake I can give you upon your first separation from your family to pursue a profession and mix with the world at large, on the footing of a man, I will collect on pa-

per some thoughts which may be of service to you. I have not time to attend to the formality of arrangement, or to reason at length. Indeed what I shall say will be little else than truisms, but they may be the foundation of reflection.

Make the love of God and the love of good men the general objects of all your actions, thoughts, and words. This is *multum in parvo;* and the means of attaining those objects may be expressed as concisely; viz. a good heart, a great mind, and amiable qualities.

God is said to have created man after his own image. How are we to understand this? We cannot comprehend him, we cannot give him a figure worthy of him. In ourselves we plainly discover a trinity of soul, mind, and body, and in these we may have some resemblance to the Deity. In the two first it is not difficult to trace an affinity, but reason turns from the idea of all corporeal forms as applicable to him; we can only contemplate his attributes and his works. This is not to say that he did not condescend in a peculiar manner to animate a human form: the life and death of our Saviour contain irresistible proofs of the spirit that informed his frame being superhuman—to understand the *how* is of little importance to us.—I do not comprehend what Lavater means when he says: "He who "adores an impersonal God has none." Character is a proper object of love and adoration, and that character may be separated from person is proved by daily experience.

Mens sana in corpore sano, is an expression of Horace's which I would have you frequently repeat to yourself. To possess *a sound mind in a healthy body* should be the constant aim of every man. If pain and sickness are evils, to be careless of health is folly; but to appear minutely or anxiously atten-

tive to it is not manly. Pray attend to your health without seeming to do it.

The same advice is applicable to the cultivation of the mind. Study earnestly; read, enquire, think, reason, but avoid the appearance of affecting to study.

Attainments are the essence of the mind, and the number and nature of them make the mental differences of man and man.

Accomplishments such as music, drawing, dancing, should be acquired for the pleasure they give and for the purpose of pleasing; not to shine. The same of wit, if it could be acquired. In the one case they lead to affection and friendship; in the other they may attract admiration, but they lead to envy, and consequently to back-biting and enmity. Do and say every thing in as perfect a manner as you can, but so naturally and so modestly as never to appear to value yourself upon any superiority:

Laissez voir votre esprit, et ne le montrez pas.

Consider time, with the philosopher, as your estate, which you should always be improving. In the first place, however, keep in mind, that it is assigned by your professional engagements in a qualified manner. Your emoluments and prospects are the *quid pro quo*. But time, like liberty, can only be parted with to a certain extent and meaning: the compact is confined to the performance of certain duties, after which your time is at your own disposal. Never on any account neglect or procrastinate your professional duties; these at times may fully employ you, and at others leave you considerable leisure; let not that leisure ever be unemployed. Fill it up with useful study or rational amusement:

S'occuper, c'est savoir jouir;
L'oisiveté pese et tourmente:

L'ame est un feu qu'il faut nourir,
Et qui s'eteint s'il ne s'augmente.

In your intercourse with mankind be choice in the company you keep: be polite but reserved to a certain degree, till you have seen the characters of your acquaintance, and are able to judge where you may properly be familiar. Familiarity can only be proper with those of your own age and situation in life; and after an intimacy produced by good qualities. Without judgment it may become grossness, and then it is no longer the pleasing familiarity of a gentleman. Treat all strangers with respect, and do not drop the Mr. from any one's name till a tried intimacy warrants it, and never from that of your superiors, or persons in whom there is a disparity of years. With equal caution and for the same reason retain the occasional Sir in addressing others. This is but common good breeding.

Be always on your guard not to give offence, and on the other hand do not be ready to take offence.

Sarcasm is a weapon easily used, but is seldom if ever resorted to by great minds, and is incompatible with friendship.

It is generally if not always illiberal and certainly very weak to cast reflections on nations or bodies of men. This is a very trite maxim, but one of great importance.

Never speak ill of others. Candour and openness of heart are pleasing, but you cannot be too cautious in speaking your opinion, if unfavourable, of persons moving in the same society as yourself. Where your opinion is favourable, be ready to speak it to every body, but the person you praise.

You can only know a man by comparing his words with his actions.

Friendship to the full extent of the idea is very rare; but there are many gradations in affection and kindness that may be called friendships, and are worthy of being cultivated. All friendship must be formed on virtue, and supported by delicacy.

What little people deem *trifles* are often of the highest importance in delicate minds.

As money is the key of independence, and as independence ensures respect to merit, impress upon your mind economy as a principle. Economy and the love of money are very different things. I would not have you a miser, but you ought to know the just value of money. When it does not taint the heart it brings many virtues into action which must otherwise die in empty wishes.

Never borrow when you are not certain of paying at the appointed moment.

Lend, and give with discretion. You may easily avoid lending when you please; if you avoid, which every man of confined means should, appearing flushed with cash. Assist a friend in need if you can: to him you may, according to circumstances, candidly own that your finances do not require a speedy repayment, or you may state the necessity of your being paid at a certain time. Lending is a ticklish kindness: if the borrower is not punctual he will not be at ease in your company unless he possesses a great mind. You remember Boileau's epigram in which, while he satirises this ungrateful feeling generally, he pays a high compliment to the celebrated French scholar Patru:

Je l'assistai dans l'indigence;
Il ne me rendit jamais rien;
Mais quoiqu'il me dût tout son bien,
Sans peine il souffroit ma presence:
O, la rare reconnoissance!

With respect to *giving*, the power of it is one of the heavenly attributes of fortune, yet all should be givers according to their means. God is himself the great GIVER OF ALL THINGS. The wealthy who do not follow his example as well as they can are children of an opposite spirit. Indiscriminate giving, however, is folly, if not wickedness. Generosity must be regulated to be good or amiable. There is a variety of claims which reason considers in their due order: a debtor, generally speaking, should pay his debt before he gives in charity; a parent must not suffer his children to want while he dispenses relief to others; and one must not give at the risk of losing the means by which independence is secured. But there are few situations in which a man who keeps himself clear of debt may not have the divine satisfaction of contributing to the relief and comfort of others.

Should it happen to you to render essential service to a person who proves to have a low mind, make it a rule to receive no return of gratitude; for it will most assuredly be placed to account as payment, and the balance, to a great amount, will be struck against you.

But should you have the good fortune to oblige a noble mind, be not fastidious; for if you relieve it ever so much by accepting returns, it will never think of balancing the account.

DEBT! Avoid it as you would a hungry tiger.

Do not engage in expensive parties, but if induced by some proper consideration to join in one, always pay your full share of the expence.

Friendships are more easily lost than made: like fire, they must have constant fuel or they *go out*. In absence take every opportunity of speaking of your friends to those who know them, and do not neglect your correspondence with them.

Do not be ready to introduce to your friends common acquaintance whose characters you know nothing of: but it is very amiable to introduce the worthy to each other, especially if they have a similarity of mind.

As you advance in life be decided in your character, and do not forego the respect due to your situation, whatever that may be, less on your own account than on that of your profession, which it is your part to render as respectable as possible. But do not assume the great man, that is to say, do not wantonly make any person feel his inferiority. In public or private, never keep others waiting.

I should have said something on other topics, but the signal for sailing warns me to conclude, which I will with a fervent prayer.—Remember our conversations, remember our studies, remember that family-love is the source of the greatest happiness in life.

THE PRAYER.

PARENT of all! vouchsafe to look down graciously upon my son, who is now entering his career in life as a man! In his heart he is anxious, O Lord, to be thy faithful servant: Oh! eradicate whatever errors may have crept into his mind! Confirm his virtuous and pious inclinations! Visit not upon him the sins of his father, but aid him with thy heavenly grace to make all his actions, thoughts, and words pleasing to Thee! Suffer not the enemy of mankind to tempt him beyond his strength! Oh! let thy Holy Spirit constantly impress upon his understanding that he is the child of immortality, and that nothing in this life but what has relation to that is worthy of a serious regard! Continue his ardour for the knowledge and admiration of thy works, enlarge his capacity for comprehending them, and grant him the

means of examining them as far as thou hast thought proper to lay them open to the intellect of man! In tracing the operations of nature may he ever raise his thoughts to Thee, adoring the first Great Cause of all.

Grant him health, Oh Lord, and other earthly comforts; and if it be thy will that his condition in this world should be a prosperous one, make him sensible of the duties of it! Teach him that he is but the steward of thy bounty, and give him grace so to execute his trust, that eternal blessings may be thy award, on the rendering up of his account!

May he in all situations enjoy the esteem and affection of the good, and may no secret backbiter, or malicious agent of the devil, have power to injure him in their opinion! May he form worthy attachments and preserve them through life! May the fervour of family affection never abate in his heart! And may he one day enjoy the blessings of a virtuous and amiable family brought up under his own care!

Finally, Oh God! and above all, may he ever have a just sense of the benefits of the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, and ever take for his guide those divine precepts which so clearly discover their heavenly original!

In the name of our Redeemer I beseech thee, Oh God! to listen to my prayer! Amen.

ON THE SEPARATION OF FRIENDS BY DEATH.

Neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increase your mother's happiness, by obeying her precepts; and that she may in her present state look with pleasure upon every act of virtue, to which her instructions or example have contributed.

Dr. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO Mr. ELPHINSTON.

THE certainty of death without the hope of immortality, would be the highest impeachment upon the justice and the goodness of the Deity. The state of separated spirits is difficult to be comprehended, from the narrowness and limits of our faculties; but God being both just and good, such a state must, doubtless, have place in the order of beings. To have connexion with that state, further than by the powers of reason and imagination, is not permitted to the inhabitants of this world; but by that power, and with the aid of memory, much pleasure may be gained to the heart of man, and much virtue added to his stock of morality.

There is scarcely a nation, ancient or modern, that has not general customs either mourning or celebrating the dead; and nothing is more natural and soothing to the mind than those tokens and remembrances that awaken the sympathy of individuals. Were we not apt to yield more to the testimony of our senses than to the conclusions of reason, death would not appear so horrid as it does. Could we draw the veil from the grave, and converse with our friends; or could we correspond with them, as we do with those in life who are absent on a voyage

or settled at a distance, our sorrows for the dying would be diminished, and we should so conduct ourselves, as to make the re-union happy.

If imagination, raised on the ground of just reasoning, be capable of effecting so great an end, it would be wise to cultivate by every means that admirable power. There are many things done to gratify the idle passions of man, which might be turned to rational gratification and the improvement of the heart. The ancient Roman nobility were distinguished by the possession of the images of their ancestors, for whoever had been admitted to any curule office had the right of having his image made. The preservation of these images was nothing more than a gratification of family pride, similar to the coat armour of modern times. Had the busts, which were kept in the niches of their courts, had a room appropriated to them, with a pedestal to each, engraved with the virtues and a short history of the original, it would also have afforded occasion to the pleasure of sympathy. But to such a room not the busts of relations alone, those of friends should have been admitted; and the living, with some imagination, might have continued their intercourse with the dead. In after-times, family-vaults, sepulchral inscriptions, pictures and sometimes busts have been used to flatter vanity, but not to give aid to that imaginary converse with spirits, that in some degree commences the enjoyment of immortality. "The business of "life," says Dr. Johnson in the letter from which I have taken the motto of this paper, "summons us "away from useless grief, and calls us to the exer- "cise of those virtues, of which we are lamenting our "deprivation." Grief is, indeed, natural, but carried to excess, or continued too long, is irrational;—the mind dwells upon a loss as irreparable, which, in reality, every hour hastens to repair. The exercise

of those virtues, which is the business of life, leads daily forward to the re-union of spirits; and the ideal intercourse begun on earth with cheerfulness, for gloom belongs not rationally to death, will strew the grave with flowers.

In the admirable letter which has been quoted, the Doctor recommends as an expedient for continuing the presence of a friend, to write down what we can remember of him—"You will read it," says he, "with pleasure, and receive from it many hints "of soothing recollection." I trust I shall not only be excused, but that I shall give public gratification, in concluding this paper with recording the name of a man who was exceedingly dear to me, and to have saved whose life I would have gladly laid down my own.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.——

.....

On the 11th of June, 1793,
At Dawlish in Devonshire,
In the 34th year of his age,
Died
GEORGE ANSON BYRON.
He was
A Captain in the British Navy,
And second son of the late Admiral
The Honourable John Byron;
By whom
He was introduced very early into the service,
In which,
Having had several opportunities of exerting
Personal bravery, and professional skill,
He attained
A great degree of glory.

In the war with France previous to its Revolution, he commanded the Proserpine of 28 guns, in which he engaged the Sphinx, a French frigate, assisted by an armed ship; and some time after the Alcmene, another French frigate, both of which severally struck to his superiour conduct and gallantry. In the course of the war he was appointed to the command of the Andromache of 32 guns. He was present at Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar, and at Lord Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse, to the action of which he was considerably instrumental, for, as it was publicly stated at the time, being stationed to cruize off the Diamond Rock, near Martinico, he kept the strictest watch upon the enemy, by sailing nto the very mouth of their harbour, and gave the Admiral such immediate notice of their motions, that the British squadron then lying off St. Lucia, were enabled to intercept, and bring them to battle. In consequence of that important victory, he was selected by Lord Rodney to carry home Lord Cranstoun with the account of it. In the dispatches, Byron's services were publicly and honourably noticed, and he had the gratification of being personally well received by his Majesty.

Desirous of serving in the East Indies, and applying for a ship going to that quarter of the globe, he was appointed to the command of the Phœnix of 36 guns, and sailed with a small squadron under the Hon. William Cornwallis, early in the year 1789. Ever active, he sought the first occasion of being serviceable in the war against Tippoo Saib, and at the very outset intercepted the Sultan's transports, loaded with military stores. After this he distinguished himself by landing some of his cannon, and leading a party of his men to assist in reducing one of the enemy's fortresses on the coast of Malabar. Unfortunately he fell a victim to his alacrity in that war.

When General Abercrombie was on his march towards Seringapatam, the ship which Byron commanded lay off the mouth of a river, on which his assistance was required to convey a part of the army, and it was necessary that he should have an interview with the General. At the time that the interview was to take place, it blew fresh, and there was a heavy sea on the bar of the river; but the service required expedition, and danger disappeared before his eagerness. A sea broke upon the boat, and overset it: in rising through the waves the gunwale struck him twice violently upon the breast, and when he was taken up, it was not supposed that he could survive the shock he had sustained. He was, however, for a time restored to life, but he was no more to be restored to his country. The faculty did what could be done to preserve him, and then ordered him to England, rather hoping than believing that he could escape so far with life.

In England he lingered above twelve months: during which he suffered the misery of witnessing the dissolution of a beautiful, amiable, and beloved wife, who died at Bath on the 26th of Feb. 1793, at the age of 29 years; upon which he fled with his children to Dawlish, and there closed his eyes upon them, just three months and a fortnight after they had lost their mother.

In his public character he was brave, active, and skilful; and by his death his Majesty lost an excellent and loyal officer. In his private character, he was devout without ostentation, fond of his family, constant in friendship, generous and humane. The memory of many who read this will bear testimony to the justice of the praise; the memory of him who writes it will, as long as that memory lasts, frequently recal his virtues, and dwell with pleasure on his friendship.

I feel myself impelled to conclude this paper with an inscription to the memory of his wife, who preceded him in their flight to a better world.

On the 26th of February, 1793,
At Bath,
In the 30th year of her age,
Died
HENRIETTA CHARLOTTE BYRON.
Her person
Possessed beautiful symmetry,
Her countenance fine expression,
And
Her manner
Was eminently graceful;
Her mind
Was at once
Dignified and diffident,
Her understanding
Clear and steady,
Her affections
Warm and regulated;
She might have been brilliant
In the circles of fashion,
She was noble and exemplary
In chosen retirement.
As a wife and a mother
She was admirable;
As a sister and a friend
Invaluable.
May the virtues of her children
Increase the happiness
Of her present state!
And may she look with pleasure
On the sincere affection
Which, from the heart of her brother, dictates
This inscription!

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF

JAMES ELPHINSTON, Esq.

A LIFE spent in promoting religion, virtue, and learning, extending to within twelve years of a century, and that century the eighteenth, cannot fail to be replete with instruction and interest. Could the habits of the man, whose name stands at the head of this memoir, be traced in detail; could his actions, his sentiments, his motives, his studies, and avocations, be investigated through the various stages of his earthly existence, the result would probably afford the volumes of biography one of their greatest ornaments, as it would present a complete career of utility and wisdom; of piety mingling with cheerfulness; of glowing affections subsiding into resignation by the influence of eternal hopes; of native simplicity in union with greatness of mind. Much as such a memoir is to be wished for, the author of the present tribute to the memory of Mr. Elphinston not only feels himself unequal to the task, but has not the means of accomplishing it; yet, from a long personal knowledge of him, and from materials supported by concurrent testimonies, he will attempt to collect such facts, and to record such opinions and sentiments, as may afford a striking resemblance of the venerated friend whose

memory he wished to have seen preserved by an abler hand.*

James Elphinston was born at Edinburgh, Dec. 6th, 1721. He was son of the Rev. William Elphinston; his mother's maiden name was Honeyman; she was daughter of the minister of Kinef, and a niece of Dr. Honeyman, bishop of Orkney. By the marriage of his sister with the late William Strahan, Esq. the king's printer, he was uncle to the Rev. Dr. George Strahan, vicar of Islington, and of Cranham, and

* The Rev. William Hawtayne, rector of Elstree in Hertfordshire, one of his most esteemed friends and who had been his pupil, whose permission I have received to throw into a note the following extract of his answer to a letter requesting him to compose a memoir of Mr. Elphinston:—

"It would certainly afford me a sincere pleasure to manifest "the regard I had for our departed friend, as well as to pay "every attention in my power to his estimable and exemplary "widow. But I feel that neither my talents nor habits would "enable me to do him justice in the way you mention. A "sketch of Mr. Elphinston's life might embrace many topics, "and might make a reference to his works absolutely neces- "sary; at least very desirable. That at once would be a bar "to my undertaking the office in my present state of exile. "Perhaps the most striking feature in his character was his "piety, his integrity, and his ardent attachment to the reli- "gion and the laws of his country. He was the lover of his "king, and the friend of mankind; and, whatever might "have been his foibles, they were lost in the counterbalance "of his virtues. Such, indeed, was my constant opinion of "him, and I always felt myself highly gratified when I "thought I had obtained his approbation. It is perhaps "true, that I had seen more of him than you, but I do not "know that that could give me any advantage; for those "who had known him for a time, might have known him "always—so simple were his manners, and so undeviating "his rectitude. Though much might be said on this score, "I think it would be impossible to pass over a mention of his "literary merits, and those genuine traits of character which "he has himself given in his correspondence. I am entirely "without assistance of this kind."

prebendary of Rochester; to the present Andrew Strahan, Esq. M. P. who succeeded his father as his majesty's printer; to the late Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode in Scotland; and to the late Mrs. Johnson, the wife of Andrew Johnson, Esq. father of the present Gen. Johnson, and of Sir Alex. Munro.

Mr. Elphinston received his education at the High School of Edinburgh, which for many generations has been among the most celebrated in the British empire for learning, and for the eminent scholars it has produced. While he was there Mr. Alexander Findlater was the master of it, to whom he paid a tribute, which deserves to be recorded, not only for the beauty and grateful spirit it displays, but for the extraordinary resemblance it bears to the writer of it, who, at the time, was himself the master of a school, and may be said to have drawn his own likeness while he thought he was painting only that of his tutor. It is addressed in a letter to one of his schoolfellows, and is as follows:

"Nor reflects it common honour on our early "education, that, at the distance of seven and "thirty years, one half of so numerous a class of "schoolfellows should be still in full health and ac- "tivity; and that two and forty years, which have "connected its members, have never been able to "disunite any two, or to fix a stain upon any one of "them!

"But while we thus demonstrate a virtuous edu- "cation to be the source of lasting health and hap- "piness, as well as of endless friendship, can we "withhold the tear due to the living and the dead? "Above all, to the memory of such a master, as, I "am persuaded, none of us has elsewhere found? "His success evinced at once his ability and care. "His ruling passion was, indeed, the success of

" his scholars; of which he gave a signal instance " in the year 1731 or 1732, when, in the name of " ten of them, he published, after some provoca- " tion, a literary challenge, which the crowded and " thence glaring school of Dalkeith was much too " wise to accept.

" But, when I think of his kindness and impar- " tiality, his steadiness and modesty, his prudence " and his piety; when memory proves unable to re- " trace one defect or one excess in his conduct, one " ungoverned passion, or one unguarded word, dur- " ing the happy course of a tuition to which I owe " my little all, I cannot but look back with grateful " veneration, and, gazing at a star of such magni- " tude, hide my diminished head."

From the High School it is presumed Mr. Elphinston went to the college of Edinburgh; as he mentions in one of his letters, a recollection from college, where, or soon after he left it, he became the tutor of Lord Blantyre. He took a pleasure in boasting of being a tutor when he was scarcely seventeen years old.

About the time he came of age he was introduced to the celebrated historian Carte, whom he accompanied in a tour through Holland and Brabant to Paris, where he remained some time an inmate in the house of his fellow-traveller and friend. Here he received great civilities, and perfected his knowledge and practice of the French language, in which he not only conversed, but wrote both in prose and verse, with the facility and elegance of the most accomplished natives. On the death of Mr. Carte ten years after, Mr. Elphinston mentioned him in the following manner in a letter to a friend: " You will, " I am sure, condole with me on the loss of my va- " luable friend, Mr. Carte. He was in London " some weeks ago, preparing for the publication of

" his fourth volume. He was most cordial good " company. But he breathed no less benefit to the " public than to his friends. He told me, that, af- " ter finishing his history, when he could play with " his time, as he phrased it, he meant to animadvert " upon Lord Bolingbroke. Though this last must " fall by his own inconsistence, what has England " not lost in her historian! and how light to me, in " comparison, was the group of deaths, that crowded " upon us in one morning, which separately might " have claimed a tear, but which were all swallowed " up in Mr. Carte's!"

On Mr. Elphinston's leaving France, he immediately repaired to his native country. His worldly circumstances, fortunately for many, were such as rendered it necessary for him to employ his talents and attainments with a view to his support; and soon after his return to Scotland, he became an inmate in the family of James Moray, Esq. of Abercairny in Perthshire, to whose eldest son he was tutor, and who, it appears from a letter of his mother's, had become his patron at that early period of his life. The manner in which she mentions it gives a pleasing idea of patronage: " I heartily " bless God for your safety and welfare, and that " you enjoy the good company of your patron, " which I know you so much wished and longed " for." The patronage that excites such longing is truly delightful and noble; it at once stamps a character of worth on the protected, and of good sense and amiable feelings on the protector. How long Mr. Elphinston remained at Abercairny is uncertain; but, in the year 1750, he appears at Edinburgh, taking an active part in the circulation of Dr. Johnson's Rambler, the numbers of which, with the author's concurrence, he republished in Scotland, adding a translation of many of the mottoes by

himself. As the advertisement by which he announced the publication, June 1, 1750, cannot but be considered at this day as a curious document, and as it presents no inconsiderable trait of the character of the editor, the insertion of it here will not be deemed irrevelant. It was found in print among his papers; and opposite to the word "Edinburgh," the date of June 1, 1750, is written in his own hand.

"Just published, on a fine writing paper, and in "a small octavo size, fit for binding in pocket vo- "lumes, the Rambler. To be continued on Tues- "days and Fridays. *Nullius addictus*, &c. Edin- "burgh. Printed for the author: sold by W. "Gordon, and C. Wright, at their shops in the "Parliament Close, price one penny each number; "and regularly delivered to subscribers in town, or "sent to the country by post.

"This paper, which lately began its course at "London, seems very happily calculated, after the "manner of the Spectator, in a variety of *moral* "and *critical* essays, equally solid and agreeable, to "improve taste while it entertains it, to expose vice "with all the force of ridicule as well as of argument, "and to set forth virtue in all her charms. This "being the sole design of the Rambler, he never "ranges in the regions of politics, and conveys nei- "ther news nor advertisements. The reception he "has met with in his native country, and which he "must indeed meet with wherever learning and "knowledge, digested by genius and virtue, where- "ever delicacy of sentiment, or beauty of style, is "admired, flatters his Scottish editor, that he in- "troduces to his countrymen no unacceptable ac- "quaintance, by having prevailed with this new "writer, 'blessed (as the Remembrancer justly "paints him) with a vigorous imagination, under "the restraint of a classical judgment, and master

" of all the charms and graces of expression,' to re-
" new in Scotland his Rambles at half the London
" price."

Johnson was highly gratified with the successful zeal of his friend, and transcribed the mottoes for the numbers of the English edition when published in volumes, affixing the name of the translator, which has been continued in every subsequent edition.

In the year 1750 Mr. Elphinston, while residing in Edinburgh, lost his mother, of whose death he gave a very affecting account in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Strahan, then living in London. This being shown to Johnson brought tears to his eyes, and produced from his pen one of the most beautiful letters of condolence ever written. It is published among his works. This debt Mr. Elphinston had a melancholy opportunity of repaying about two years after, when Johnson lost his wife, and again in 1759, on the death of his mother, nor was it paid in coin less sterling.

In 1751 he married Miss Gordon, the daughter of a brother of General Gordon of Auchintoul, and grand-daughter of Lord Auchintoul, one of the senators of the college of justice before the revolution of 1688. About two years after his marriage Mr. Elphinston left Scotland, and fixed his abode near the metropolis of England; first at Brompton and afterwards at Kensington, where for many years he kept a school in a large and elegant house opposite to the King's gardens, and which at that time stood the first in entering Kensington. This noble mansion has since not only been hid by new houses, some of which stand upon the old play-ground, but has been defaced by the blocking-up of the handsome bow-windows belonging to the once elegant ball-room at the top of the eastern division of the house. On that site of learning, Mr. Elphinston not only

infused knowledge, taste, and virtue into the minds and hearts of his pupils, but seized every opportunity of sacrificing to the Muses himself, and of extending instruction and service to the larger circle of the world. In the year 1753 he made a poetical version of the younger Racine's celebrated poem of Religion, which, at the suggestion of Richardson, the amiable author of Clarissa, &c. he sent to the author of the Night Thoughts, whose applause it received, both for the utility of the work and the spirit of the translation. Finding no English Grammar of which he could approve, he about this time composed one himself for the use of his pupils, which he afterwards published in two duodecimo volumes. In 1763 he published his poem entitled Education. It is a complete plan of reason detailed in spirited verse, and evinces not only the just ideas he had conceived of the office of tutor, which he had then adopted, but his powers to execute it.

" Of all the arts that honour human kind,
" The first must be the culture of the mind.
" And, of the objects that our care employ,
" The most momentous is the rising boy.
" How then to form the infant head and heart,
" To mould the outward with the inward part,
" To trace young genius from its latent springs,
" T'explore what each denies, and what it brings,
" T'improve the pow'rs, as nature bids them play,
" To make the passions own bland reason's sway,
" To rear the child to youth, the youth to man,
" Be my advent'rous theme."

The purity of his plan, and, at the same time, the independence of his mind in the execution of it, may be contemplated with pleasure in the two following extracts from his correspondence: the first is in answer to a gentleman requesting his opinion respecting the education and choice of a profession for his

grandson; the second is to a Baronet whose grandson was under his tuition, and who required very frequent accounts of his progress:

"If you mean to make him a scholar, and to fit "him for any profession or state of life that re- "quires the qualifications of a gentleman, he must, "I think, Sir, apply himself for some years to the "four languages, English, French, Latin, and "Greek; and the fundamental knowledge they "convey: more years however or fewer, according "to the two above-hinted requisites, and to the "method, as well as situation, in which that four- "fold study is pursued. Then, and not till then, "seems the time for philosophy and mathematics, "for drawing, fencing, and the other accomplish- "ments, at once of the body and the mind. Danc- "ing may, or may not, accompany the languages. "History with her handmaids, geography and chro- "nology, never must be parted from them. Nor "should the manual part of writing be neglected, "while thought and style are gradually formed "from translation to composition; and while a re- "gular course of arithmetic prepares for the ma- "thematics.

"Numberless, indeed, and nameless, are the at- "tentions due to the formation, internal and ex- "ternal, of a young gentleman, not only for the "immediate conveyance of knowledge and good "habit, but for rendering them effectual in future "life. To this end, nature must be candidly con- "sulted, for the manner in which she may be best "modelled, towards that profession or pursuit, "which she alone can safely direct.

"Every considerate person must allow, Sir, with "you, the native as much the most important "tongue, as others, however excellent, are chief- "ly to be studied for her sake: and no living lan-

" guage is acquirable in such easy purity, as in that " part of the native country, where it is most po- " litely and purely spoken. You must not wonder, " if, among the various languages, ancient and mo- " dern, I deal in, I bestow my first and constant care " on our own; or if I deem my situation, as in all " else, so peculiarly in this adapted to the education " of my young countrymen."

The other passage referred to is as follows:

" On your return to town I make no doubt of " affording so candid a judge, all manner of satis- " faction; as I have always been ambitious of the " scrutiny of the knowing: because, though they " have the most extensive ideas of perfection, and " thence the most ardent desire towards its attain- " ment, yet they too best see what steps have been " taken, and how far weak humanity, in her best " exertions, can go.

" To promise weekly letters, Sir, you know is im- " possible, but you will ever find me more ready to " perform than to promise. If my pupils cannot " satisfy without weekly interruption, it is certain " they never will satisfy: for neither they, nor I, " can do many things at once. As for the mam- " ma's contriving avocations, that in visits the " young gentleman may, by stolen letters, too care- " less or too something perhaps to be called his " own, expose either himself or his master, what " can be the tendency, if not that the child shall " learn to distrust or to impose upon him, in whom " (if deserving the name of a master) his confidence " should be fixed as in a parent, and thence natu- " rally to distrust and impose on the rest of man- " kind, while such very tendency tells him, that he " cannot confide in himself.

" Nor need I now, Sir, repeat my fond opinion of " your most amiable and most hopeful grandchild,

"who, if he have but common justice done him, "will make the figure, (nay attain the happiness "temporal and eternal) that you wish. If I con- "tinue to enjoy the honour of his tuition, I must "have it in my own way; which, I am proud to "know, is, in every important part, entirely coin- "cident with yours. And, indeed, Sir, he who has "any eyes must see for himself, and he who has no "eyes must not surely be honoured with the high- "est human trust, which I think you have laid, "however undervedly, on your, &c."

What can be more admirable than this readiness to show that he understood his duty, combined with a firmness not to be shaken by interested motives into servile compliances? No man was ever more faithful, competent, or indefatigable in the trust he had undertaken, and the disinterested spirit with which he performed it was but too clearly manifested by his having amassed no fortune when he relinquished it, though his habits had always been those of economy and temperance. It was impossible for a man like Mr. Elphinston to live at Kensington without adding to the number of his friends that great character, then rector of the parish, Dr. Jortin. It has always been a boast of the writer of this memoir, that, from his situation as a pupil of Mr. Elphinston, he had the honour of being presented to Dr. Jortin, Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Johnson; a triumvirate not easily matched. The death of Jortin in 1770 was severely felt by Mr. Elphinston.

Mr. Elphinston was always a ready champion in the cause of innocence. Among other occasions, one that happened while he resided at Kensington, was extraordinary. During the mayoralty of the famous John Wilkes, one William Gibbs, a parishioner of Kensington, was accused by a worthless fellow of having robbed him on the highway, was tried at the

Old Bailey, and found guilty. In spite of this, on inquiry made by the inhabitants of the parish, the innocence of the man was clearly established; and he was proved to have been elsewhere at the time of the alleged robbery. In consequence of this, a petition was drawn up for him and signed by the inhabitants; but Mr. Elphinston, not satisfied with being among the subscribers of the petition, wrote a letter to Wilkes, in which he stated the grounds that manifested the man's innocence, with convincing perspicuity. The letter is extant, and reflects the highest honour on the writer. He was successful; but Gibbs had lost his health in prison, and died soon after his liberation. In March, 1776, Mr. Elphinston gave up his school, but continued to reside in the same house at Kensington, for some time longer, employing himself in a translation of Martial, the proposals for publishing which he now began to circulate. He removed from Kensington in 1778, and in the same year lost his wife. His grief on that event was deep. "Such a loss," as Dr. J. wrote to him on the occasion, "lacerates the mind, "and breaks the whole system of purposes and "hopes. It leaves a dismal vacuity in life that af- "fords nothing on which the affections can fix, or "to which endeavour may be directed." It is remarkable how ingenious grief is, in starting accusations of deficiency towards a beloved object torn away from all future attentions. In a letter to his nephew he says: "Though I flattered myself that "I was neither inattentive, nor insensible to what I "enjoyed, various and poignant are the regrets I "now feel, when I reflect how imperfectly I pro- "moted the happiness of her I certainly held dearest "on earth, and how often I rather intended than "administered the numberless assiduities, indispen- "sable to the comfort of one who composed every

"comfort to me." The consolation and affection he received from his friends, and the accession of subscriptions to his translation of Martial, conspired to draw him from despondence; and being advised to visit Scotland, he gave up his residence in London, disposed of his furniture, and in a short time set out on his journey. In Scotland he received numberless civilities, and there was a talk among his friends of the necessity of establishing a professorship of the English language at the University of Edinburgh, with a wish that he should fill the chair. The idea had been suggested by Mr. (soon after) Sir J. Sinclair, of Albin. The Lord Chief Baron Montgomery, Dr. Robertson, the Historiographer of Scotland, the Earl of Dalhousie, who had been Mr. Elphinston's pupil, Lord Elphinston, and others consulted on the subject; but it fell to the ground, and in the autumn of 1779 he returned to London, having previously given a course of lectures on the English language, first at Edinburgh, and then in the public hall at the University of Glasgow. He now published his system of orthography under the title of "Propriety ascertained in her Picture," and determined to support his theory by practice, to make an effort to change the whole system of etymology for that of analogy, to set derivation at defiance, and create a revolution in favour of pronunciation; or, in his own words, *to make orthography the mirror of orthoepy.* From this time, during the rest of his life, whatever he published or wrote was committed to paper in his new mode of spelling. Though a bold, romantic, perhaps impracticable scheme, it is the less to be wondered at when we consider that the early and great object of its author's philological pursuits was to establish, on a settled basis, the orthoepy of the English language, an attempt that offered but little hope of success while the form in

which the sounds of words were printed remained in its unsettled state, depending neither entirely on etymology nor analogy, but founded, as it certainly is, on heterogeneous and arbitrary customs, without principle and without rule. The recorder of this plan is far from defending it; not, however, because he thinks it irrational, but because he believes it impracticable; and he therefore regrets that it was attempted by one whose complete knowledge of the English tongue might have been turned to the greatest advantage in other branches of philological disquisition. Nor is it to be denied that, while Dr. Franklin was his great, if not his only supporter, in his new system, Dr. Johnson, and other friends who respected and loved him, saw with pain that he not only lost his time but injured his purse. But Mr. Elphinston was a Quixote in whatever he judged right: in religion, in virtue, in benevolent interference, the force of custom or a host of foes made no impression upon him; the only question with him was, *should it be, or should it not be?* Such a man might be foiled in an attempt, but was not likely to be diverted from one in which he thought *right* was to be supported against *wrong*. The worst that can be said of his perseverance in so hopeless a pursuit is, that it was a foible by which he injured no one but himself. Painful, indeed, it is to think, that a man of such merit and virtue should, by a well-meant undertaking, contract means of comfort already too narrow: but in Mr. Elphinston's case, this pain is compensated to the observer by contemplating the rectitude of soul, and the perseverance in frugality, that preserved his mind untainted and unbroken. He lived without incurring embarrassment, and, supported by conscience and temperance, health and spirits never forsook him to the last day of his life. In his sister and brother-in-law he had

real friends; but the open sincerity of Mr. Strahan, in giving his opinion of Mr. Elphinston's scheme, and the spirit of the latter, who defended his own judgment, created a difference which at one time wore the appearance, without having the reality, of alienation, as was fully proved. Mr. Strahan died in 1785, and bequeathed to Mr. Elphinston twenty guineas for mourning, one hundred pounds in ready money, and one hundred per annum. Mr. Elphinston expressed himself "deeply sensible of a generosity, though not "then first demonstrated, never before fully known." His sister survived her husband about a month, and by her will left her brother two hundred per annum more. Noble spirits! ye have now received him in the mansions of bliss, where your generosity is unceasingly repaid with a glorious and eternal interest. If the voice of a mortal can accompany an angel through the everlasting gates, receive, with his heavenly, the earthly tribute of one who now wafts it as his pen records your worth!

Mr. Elphinston was no solitary being: a more social or affectionate heart never beat. Being now easy in his circumstances, he espoused (Oct. 6, 1785) Miss Falconer, the daughter of the Rev. James Falconer, and the niece of Bishop Falconer, a lady, who, though many years younger than himself, had the discernment to appreciate the merits both of his head and heart. A happier marriage, as proved by an experience of four and twenty years, has seldom been celebrated.

Soon after their marriage, the brother of Mrs. Elphinston, in a voyage to India, wrote a letter to his sister which was to have been sent by a vessel met at sea, but he finished it too late; the vessel was under weigh: on this he consigned the letter to an empty bottle, which he corked, and threw overboard. It was picked up nine months after the date of it by

some fishermen on the coast of Normandy, near Bayeux. This circumstance, apparently trivial, proved of great importance in the life of Mr. Elphinston, as it was the cause of a friendship with M. de Delleville, the Judge of the Admiralty at Bayeux, from which he received much gratification. Besides this, it appears to have afforded the celebrated St. Pierre some argument in favour of his visionary system respecting the tides.

In the year 1787, Mr. Elphinston once more visited Scotland, where he was again received with affection and respect: after a short stay, he returned to England, and fixed his residence at Islington, where he continued for some years, cultivating friendship by social intercourse and epistolary correspondence, and where, having preserved a large collection of letters during the space of 40 years, he amused himself in his leisure with arranging and publishing a selection of them.

In the spring of 1792, drawn by friendship, he removed from Islington to Elstree, Herts, where his time was devoted to the same rational enjoyments, friendship, conversation, and letters, where old age gradually, and not uneasily, advanced upon him; and where, reposing on the affection, and supported by the increasing assiduity of an amiable and exemplary wife, he lingered cheerfully on the verge of eternity, prepared, if ever man was, to obey with equal cheerfulness the summons to pass it.

About three years ago, the convenience of being nearer town induced him to take a house at Hammersmith, where he continued till his death, which took place, October 8, 1809, in the 88th year of his age. Though he may be said to have possessed uninterrupted health, yet, a few weeks previous to his dissolution, one of his legs swelled, and put on an appearance that excited apprehension; but this was

totally removed, and he continued well and happy during his remaining days, on the very last of which no unusual symptoms, or such as could create alarm, were observed. He went to bed rather earlier than usual, but awoke in the night, and endeavouring to sit up, found himself too feeble, on which Mrs. Elphinston called in her sister, and shortly after he breathed his last without a struggle. He was buried at Kensington. The same unwearied and never failing attention, which Mrs. Elphinston had bestowed upon him for nearly twenty-four years, continued after life: he had many years ago rather hinted than expressed a wish to her that his remains might be deposited there; the recollection was followed by a ready compliance, and he was attended thither by a number of friends who loved and revered him.

Mr. Elphinston's works were numerous: a critical investigation of them would lead to great length: most of them possess sterling merit, which, however, has been veiled by the orthographical clothing he perseveringly gave to all he wrote. He was a great scholar and an excellent critic. As a poet, his versification was sometimes flowing and smooth, at others unharmonious, and sacrificed not only to sense, but too often to rhyme, in which he allowed no licence. As a prose-writer, he had early habituated his pen to an inverted arrangement, which he carried into almost every subject he treated on; but he was seldom obscure, and at times he wrote with a simplicity which showed that he had the choice of style; as is apparent in the extracts inserted above, as well as throughout his correspondence, which is, unfortunately, published in his own analogical orthography.

But, after all, it is as a man and a Christian that he excelled; as a son, a brother, a husband, and a fa-

ther to many, though he never had children of his own; as a friend, an enlightened patriot, and a loyal subject. His "manners were simple, his rectitude "undeviating." In religion he embraced the state establishment to its full extent. His piety, though exemplary, was devoid of show; the sincerity of it was self-evident; but, though unobtrusive, it became impatient on the least attempt at profaneness; and an oath he could not endure. On such occasions he never failed boldly to correct the vice, whencesoever it proceeded.

Mr. Elphinston was middle-sized and slender in his person: he had a peculiar countenance, which, perhaps, would have been considered an ordinary one, but for the spirit and intellectual energy it displayed. He had singularities, some of which were undoubtedly foibles. He never complied with fashion in the alteration of his clothes. In a letter to a friend, in 1782, he says, "Time has no more changed my "heart than my dress;" and he might have said it again on the 8th of October, 1809. The colour of his suit of clothes was invariably, except when in mourning, what is called a drab; his coat was made in the fashion that reigned when he returned from France in the beginning of the last century, with flaps and buttons to the pockets and sleeves, and without a cape: he always wore a powdered bag-wig, with a high toupee, and walked with a cocked hat and an amber-headed cane: his shoe-buckles had seldom been changed, and were always of the same size, and he never put on boots. It must be observed, however, that he lately more than once offered to make any change Mrs. Elphinston might deem proper; but in her eyes his virtues and worth had so sanctified his appearance, that she would have thought an alteration a sacrilege. Mr. Elphinston's

principal foibles originated, some in virtue itself, others in the system he had early laid down for preserving the purity of the English tongue. As an instance of the former; when ladies were in company whose sleeves were at a distance from their elbows, or whose bosoms were at all exposed, he would fidget from place to place, look askance, with a slight convulsion of his left eye, and never rest till he approached some of them, and, pointing to their arms, said, "Oh yes, indeed! it is very pretty; but it be-"trays more fashion than modesty:"—or some similar phrase, after which he became very good-humoured. In respect to the foible from the other source, it consisted in taking the liberty of correcting others in the mispronunciation of their words; but far from meaning to hurt or offend, it was evident that his intention was to oblige, and if it was not always received with deference, it ought, at least, always to have been attributed to the simplicity of his character, not to impoliteness, and still less to churlishness.

Trifling, indeed, were these foibles, compared to the genuine kindness of his heart. It were endless to relate the instances of his benevolence; one shall suffice, and conclude this tribute to his memory, which might easily be swelled to double its bulk, by detailing his virtues, sentiments, and opinions.

He had a friend who lost a virtuous, amiable, and most beloved daughter. The grief that such a loss inflicts is not to be soothed by the condoling of language. The wretched man fled from the spot where his happiness had received the blow; he fled also from society. Elphinston, who understood nature, assured him, that under his roof he should find a room where he might grieve undisturbed. This real friendship was accepted. In his house he remained

several weeks, left entirely to the impulses of his own feelings. After a while the conversation that was not forced was courted, and a degree of relief was insinuated, which could never have been bestowed by actual condolence. My child has opened her arms to receive him; she has paid her father's debt in Heaven, which he could never have acquitted on earth!

DOKIMASIA.

FRAGMENT.

The following Fragment is part of an allegorical Satire, which some peculiar circumstances prevented the Author from finishing, and which it is not probable he will ever resume. The want of the continuation is no injury to the Satire as far as it goes, and therefore an apology for publishing it as a Fragment is perhaps unnecessary.

BENVOLIO was suddenly transported to an eminence, whence he looked upon an extensive valley, where there appeared a great variety of objects confused to his eye, and to the further bounds of which his sight could not reach.

He stood for some minutes endeavouring to trace the parts of the valley nearest to him, but in vain, for he could perceive nothing distinctly, except a great number of persons of both sexes on the farther side of a variety of airy bridges over a deep river, which seemed to be the bounds of the valley towards the eminence. On the bridges he could perceive nothing, yet the persons whom he saw appeared by their position to have just passed over them, and were going forward, followed by new comers, who also proceeded imperceptibly from the bridges.

Unable to account for these appearances, he turned to examine the eminence on which he stood, when he suddenly perceived that he was not alone. A figure possessing a majestic form and a benign coun-

tenance approached, and thus addressed him:— "Worthy Knight, I will not ask thee whence thou "comest, nor what is the object of thy pursuit, for "I know thee, amiable Benvolio, and the resolutions "thou hast formed to render thyself worthy of the "divine Felicia. I am the Genius of these precincts "of the valley which lies before thee, and which "thou art about to enter, as it is only by passing "through it that thou canst attain the happiness to "which thou aspirest." Benvolio felt a complacency in the presence of the Genius, and a delight in the novelty of the adventure, which completely fascinated him.

"Thou hast done well, Benvolio," pursued the Genius, "to seek me previous to thy entrance into "the valley of Dokimasia. The giddy multitudes "flying to the bridges by the nearest and easiest "road at the bottom of the hill, enter on the un-"known territory without knowledge, skill, or "strength, to perform what is required of them, "and few have any object at the other end of the "valley. In consequence they have no permanent "pursuit, every object, though transient, is for the "time considered as the ultimate good: they are "led captives by the giants of Dokimasia, or crush-"ed by the monsters which they heedlessly caress." The Genius here presented a light telescope to Benvolio, directing it to the valley of Dokimasia, and desired him to look through it. All was now clear, and the mountain beyond the river, which formed the limits of the valley on the farther side, was rendered perceptible. Like other valleys, it was a tract of country running lengthwise between hills, from which it was separated by the branching of the immense river, whose course dividing above and meeting again below completely cut it off from all communication with the surrounding regions, except by

means of the airy bridges over the branch at the foot of the eminence, and which were never repassed. Where and how it was passed on the farther side the telescope did not show. Within the insular valley there appeared considerable acclivities and declivities, and even abrupt projections of the land. The ground was every where intersected and separated by rivers and lakes. "You now see entirely "across Dokimasia," said the benign Genius of the hill, "there are many intervening objects which I "plainly behold, but which not even the assistance "of this glass can enable you to perceive. These "your faculties are not adapted to distinguish but "by approach; suffice it to say that the island is in-"habited by multitudes of human beings, and in-"fested by monsters of different kinds, some of "which can vary their forms at pleasure. These "are the inveterate enemies of the inhabitants, and "are ever engaged by force or spells in enslaving or "destroying them, driving at length those whom "they conquer out of the valley by passages, that "have no communication with the opposite moun-"tain, into horrible regions which are the peculiar "dominions of a demon whose subjects they are. "On the opposite mountain resides a benignant spi-"rit, who receives and rewards those who are not "overcome by the monsters of the island. Thy "passport to Felicia is in his hands: subdue the "monsters of Dokimasia, break their spells, pre-"sent thyself before the Genius of the opposite emi-"nence, and be happy."

Benvolio expressed his gratitude, and was eager to be on the way that led to Felicia. "Beware of "haste," said the Genius, "patience and firmness "are as necessary as zeal. Without the assistance "I shall afford thee, of little avail would be all thy "spirit and valour." Saying this, the Genius gave

him a circular frame composed of a hard substance resembling ivory, which encompassed a double mirror two inches in diameter. On looking at one side he discerned himself very clearly, but nothing else: the other side, though as clear in appearance as the first, presented no object whatever, it was a perfect vacuum. Benvolio, surprised, was about to enquire into the nature of this phenomenon, when the Genius, who knew what passed in his mind, thus addressed him: "Ask no question, but attend. The "nature and use of this gift will soon be made known "to thee. It is called in Dokimasia a *syneideesis*. "The side into which thou first lookedst is a kind of "mirror, named *parainesis;* the other is a sort called "*praxis*. Make use of the former whenever thou "art in doubt: consult the latter every night."— Benvolio would have asked why he was to look at a mirror whence nothing was reflected, but was checked by the Genius, who observed that farther explanation at present was unnecessary. "The advantage "thou reapest by a previous visit to me, over those "who hurry to the entrance of the valley, consists "in the following advice: keep thy syneideesis "hung constantly at thy bosom, while thou art pass- "ing through Dokimasia: thou mayest observe that "it is provided with a band for suspending it round "thy neck. Thou needest not expose it to any of "the inhabitants of the valley; but neither shut it "up, nor suffer it to rust for want of use." Here the Genius ceased and smiled. The Knight, penetrated with gratitude, bent one knee to the ground, and bowed profoundly: as he rose he cast his eyes up in search of the Genius, but saw him no more.

Still holding the syneideesis in his hand he descended the eminence, and soon found himself in company with many others proceeding to the river. With some of these he crossed one of the bridges, at

the other end of which they were severally accosted by the bridge-keepers, who presented every person with a syneideesis. Most of them took it carelessly, and swung it about by the band as they moved on. Several laughingly threw their's into the river. One being offered to Benvolio, he showed that which he had received from the Genius of the eminence; on which he was saluted with a smile by the bridge-keeper, and passed on. Soon after his entrance into the valley he observed a number of handsome women, with smiling faces, disposing of small boxes to the new comers, the use of which he learned was to shut up the syneideesis. The boxes opened and shut with a spring, and were as convenient for the pocket as a snuff-box. On being offered one, Benvolio, who, in pursuance of the advice of the Genius, had suspended his syneideesis about his neck, thought that the case might be occasionally useful; but a doubt arising in his mind, he recollected the instruction he had received, and taking the syneideesis from his bosom looked, as he had been directed by the Genius, into the side parainesis. Instead of a beautiful female, he saw standing beside himself a creature whose body was cased in a hide as impenetrable as the rhinoceros'. It had a head resembling a fox's, and, though it stood erect, its arms almost touched the ground: the lower part of its figure was that of a man, but extremely deformed. Instead of a box it presented a brazen mask, and groaned hideously. Benvolio, putting up his syneideesis, turned upon the monster and would have seized it, but, again apparently a beautiful female, it thrust out its tongue in his face, and eluded his grasp. He now endeavoured to expose the impostors, but none would listen to him, and he continued his journey, meditating on the folly of those who having the means of ascertaining truth chose to confide in appearances.

The plain into which the new comers entered on passing the bridge soon divided into a number of roads. The travellers took different ways, but were now no longer eager to press forward: they dispersed and settled according to their respective fancies. Benvolio entered into conversation with some of those who were nearest to him, but little accordant in their opinions and sentiments, he was soon left to pursue his journey alone. He had not proceeded far when a beautiful country opened to his view: hill and dale, wood and water, the verdure of the earth, and the varied enclosures of agriculture and gardening combined their charms to feast the eye: elegant mansions and ornamented cottages gratified it wherever it turned, and at one side at some distance were seen the spires and turrets of a town. Approaching a handsome ornamented cottage, Benvolio heard the sounds of musical instruments, and when near enough stopped to listen. It was an exquisite concert. At a pause made by the performers, a handsome youth came from the house, and going up to Benvolio, after enquiring whither he was going, invited him to join the family party. The invitation was accepted with thanks. Benvolio was delighted with the music, and pleased with the interior elegance of the house; but the whole family from the father to the meanest of their attendants, and all their friends, were little better than idiots. To almost every question he put for useful information the constant answer was, "I don't know:" but in whatever contributed to the gratification of the senses they appeared to be eminently skilled. It was not only in the combination of sounds, in the execution of harmony that they excelled, whatever could regale the palate was prepared in the most luxurious manner; draughts of the most delicious beverages were frequently repeated; and the family seemed possessed of unbounded stores of odorife-

rous essences, simple and combined, which were opened and dispersed on every side.

Pleasure was the whole business of the house. After the music most of the company danced a variety of figure dances, in which the attitudes were far more elegant than modest. A beautiful young girl went up to Benvolio, took him by the hand, and pressing it with an ardour little expected by the Knight from the shortness of their acquaintance, asked him to dance with her. "My sweet girl," said Benvolio, to whose mind Felicia was ever present, "I should do injustice to the grace with which "you tread the floor."—"Eh!" said the damsel, "don't you like dancing? I thought every body "liked dancing." And away she glided, hopping on one foot, and beating time with the other to the music. As she left him her father went and sat by him: on which Benvolio endeavoured to enter into conversation. "Of what extent, Sir," said the Knight, "is the valley of Dokimasia?"—"I "don't know, Sir—Do you like coffee?" was the reply. "I like coffee very much," said Benvolio. "I am glad of it," said his host, "for we have "some of an excellent quality, which you shall "taste presently, and after it such a liqueur!" "Where do you get your coffee from?" asked the Knight. "From the kitchen," replied the host. "I mean," cried Benvolio, "where does it grow?" —"I don't know:" said the host. "Pray," said the Knight, "what is the name of this part of the "country?"—"Aisthésis."—"And the principal "town?"—"Neuron, a charming place, about five "miles from this: you have a peep of it from the "windows."—"Under what government is Neu- "ron?"—"I don't know."—"What is the popu- "lation of it?"—"I don't know."—"Its manu- "factures?"—"Oh! as to those; every thing you

" can desire for convenience or pleasure. But they " are carried on by people who come from a neigh- " bouring country called Nousaisthésis."—" How " far is the confines of Nousaisthésis from Neu- " ron ?"—" I don't know ; but if you will stay here " to night, you may be satisfied in that and every " thing else you want to know, for in the morning I " expect a Nousaisthésian, and there is hardly any " thing those people cannot give you some ac- " count of."

Although Benvolio already began to feel that pleasure which was unassociated with mental emanations soon cloyed, the prospect of being introduced to such a character as that given by his host of a Nousaisthésian determined him, and he accordingly accepted his invitation. The music and dancing continued to succeed each other, with intervals of lassitude, during which the company lounged upon their seats and sophas, without any conversation. Benvolio at first attempted to make some of them talk : " Madam," said he to a lady who had thrown herself upon a sopha by him, " it has been " said that music is introduced amongst men, as a " kind of enchantment, only to deceive and mislead " them."—" Eh !" said the lady, smiling. " What " is your opinion, Madam ?"—" I don't know."— " You are fond of music ?"—" I am very fond of " it."—" Is it studied in Aisthésia as a science, or " only practised as an art ?"—" I don't know." Benvolio, weary of the perpetual return of, *I don't know*, threw himself back on the sopha in a reclining posture, in despair of a rational answer, while the lady, familiarly waving her handkerchief before his face, scented the air around him with the most fragrant odours. The party, recruited by the promised coffee and liqueurs, which disparaged not their master's praise, resumed the song and the

dance, and continued them till the evening repast was announced, on which all the company repaired to the supper room.

If Benvolio was surprised at the magnificence of the decorations, and the richness of the sideboard, he was astonished at the complicated variety of the viands and liquors set upon the table. Eating and drinking were now as much attended to as music and dancing had been before. The younger part of the company tasted of every thing, relished every thing, and praised every thing; the palates of the elder part were more difficult: some had no desire to eat, others touched and rejected many things before they fixed on one, but when fixed devoured voraciously. Benvolio joined to praise what he could not but be sensible was delicious, but with his praises he intermixed enquiry. In vain; to enquiry the general answer was, *I don't know.* "We leave "every thing of that kind," said the host, "to the "Nousaisthésians, who are not only our manufac- "turers, but our husbandmen and gardeners. The "Aisthésians are most of them above working, and "do not stand in need of knowledge." Saying which he filled a bumper of an exquisite flavoured wine, and his example being followed by all round the table, the company gave a general huzza, swallowed the wine, and concluded with a hearty laugh. The bottle was now pushed about freely, catches and glees were sung, and a tolerably lively talk kept up on the pleasures of the table. After some time the company gradually withdrew without ceremony, and Benvolio expressing a wish to retire was conducted to his chamber by an attendant, whom he perceived to be a female of a fine form in a very light dress.

They went through a passage and crossed a hall

where there were several doors, one of which the damsel opened, at the same time holding up a taper to a face of dazzling beauty. She smiled significantly, and asked if she should carry the light into the chamber. He wavered an instant, but his syneideesis being at his breast he had recourse to it. At sight of it the attendant hung her head and stood abashed, while Benvolio examined the side parainesis. And now it was that he became fully sensible of the value of the gift which he had received from the Genius. He saw himself reflected, and with him the beautiful Aisthésian. She appeared to throw her arms around his neck, on which she hung, gradually becoming from the feet upwards a huge snake. As the metamorphosis took place the creature folded itself about the legs and body of the Knight, and the transformation was no sooner completed than his arms and neck appeared twisted in the horrible embrace. His bones were broken, and he fell. The monster, secure of its prey, unfolded itself, and began to lick the body all over as it lay; then taking the head into its mouth—" I " can bear no more," cried Benvolio, shuddering, and returning his syneideesis into his bosom. He then snatched the light from the hand of the Aisthésian, pushed her from him, and hastening into his chamber, shut his door and turned the key.

Recovering from the shock he had received from the picture presented by his reflector, he examined his chamber, and found it of a piece with the rest of the habitation, adapted to indulgence and to luxury. He sat down on an arm-chair, determined to take no other repose than what he obtained there, and to engage the Nousaisthésian in the morning to accompany him to Neuron. Before he composed himself to rest, he recollected the charge of the Genius to

consult every night the mirror of his syneideesis, which had appeared to him to reflect nothing: he took it out, and now, on looking into it, found it no longer a vacuum. The praxis, in the front of it, completely reflected to him as strong as reality every occurrence that had taken place since he passed the bridge by which he had entered, and even the principal reveries of his mind were pictured in the scene. He contemplated with pleasure his rejection of a case for his syneideesis, his attempt, though unsuccessful, to expose the impostors who sold the cases, and his conquest over the snake in the form of the beautiful Aisthésian, whom he had just repulsed. Delighted with the view, his thought turned on the giver of this extraordinary talisman, he blessed in secret the Genius of the eminence, and returning his syneideesis into his bosom, reclined upon the chair, and instantly fell into a profound repose.

CHAPTER V.

Aisthésians in the morning—How the Knight got a horse, and rode away upon it—The adventure of the Iatros's horse—An Aisthesian custom.

HAVING been careful to avoid excess in the libations of the evening, and having preferred reposing on a chair to clogging the functions of his frame in the luxurious envelopement of down, Benvolio woke early. The morning was fine, and he resolved to stroll into the garden till the time of breakfast. He had now leisure to examine the structure of the building, which as he approached it from the road had the appearance of an ornamented cottage, but which he found worthier the name of a palace. Great art had been used to present it exte-

riorly to the eye as a rustic habitation, but all within was princely. The size and loftiness of the rooms, the magnificence of the furniture, the splendour of the decorations, the paintings in fresco, and the gilded ceilings, all contrasted the rural humility assumed without.

The garden was in unison with the interior: smooth walks and enamelled turfs, flowering shrubs and shady groves, fish-ponds and jets d'eau, fruits and flowers. Benvolio walked over a great part of the garden without seeing any person, till he arrived at the place appropriated to the cultivation of the first fruits for the table. Here he saw several people employed about the trees and vines. He walked towards one of them, who proved to be the head gardener. There was something different in his countenance from what Benvolio had observed in the faces of the family and of the servants, but, though struck with the difference, he could not well distinguish in what it consisted.

Having discovered that he had the superintendence of the garden, he expressed his pleasure in observing the taste with which it was laid out. "It "is very much admired, Seigneur," said the gardener, "and is thought not to be surpassed by any "of the gardens of Aisthésis."—"This country then," said Benvolio, "is celebrated for gardens." "The "Lords of the country," replied he, "go to a great "expence in having laid them out and in keeping "them up."—"That discovers an elegant and ra-"tional taste," said Benvolio, "for there cannot be "a more pure and delightful enjoyment than that "afforded by a garden." The man smiled. "Don't "you think so then?" added Benvolio. "I have "no reason to be dissatisfied, Seigneur, and there-"fore do not take upon me to dispute my employer's "pleasure. Seigneur Hédöné never comes into the

" garden, nor do any of the family, except it is to " show it to strangers, and that is their greatest " pleasure in it. Indeed I may say the same of al- " most all the rich Aisthésians; the poorer sort are " fonder of gardening, and hire themselves to " work in the gardens of the rich for the satisfac- " tion they have in being in them."—" What," said Benvolio, " is the reason of this?"—" Because " it is a pleasure within their reach, Seigneur;" re- plied the gardener, " and a pleasure for which they " do not pay, but are paid."—" And do they work " hard?"—" It is a part of their agreement that " they are not to work hard, and it is therefore " lucky that the soil does not require great labour." —" That is an extraordinary kind of agreement."— " It is, Seigneur, but as the whole race are indolent " by nature, no assistance could be obtained from " them without indulgences, such as never enter the " head of my countrymen, and which they would " be ashamed to require."

Benvolio, who in talking with the gardener had not once heard the *I don't know* with which he had been so molested the evening before by Hédöné's family, and who now began to discover that the difference he perceived in the man's countenance proceeded from the emanations of intellect, sus- pected that he was a Nousaisthésian: a suspicion which enquiry soon confirmed. Being, however, of the lower order, his education had been almost confined to his business; yet, naturally intelligent, he informed Benvolio of many things, respecting which he could not get even an answer from an Aisthésian. Pleased at the discovery, Benvolio engaged the gardener to walk round the garden with him, and spent a pleasant morning in viewing the delightful scenery of the country that was con- tinually presenting itself through the numerous

openings of the walks; in examining flowers and fruits hitherto unknown to him; and in discoursing with the Nousaisthésian on the subjects to which his education had fitted him.

Returning to the house at the time he supposed the family would be going to breakfast, he was surprised to find no creature stirring. He spent an hour walking from room to room admiring the exquisite paintings which adorned the walls, and then looked about for some animate being. None appeared, and he continued his survey of the pictures some time longer, till, having twice gone over all the subjects, his attention was exhausted, and he stood in the middle of a large hall, alive only to the impressions of the magnificence and spaciousness of the apartment and of the dead silence that reigned around him. He began to think himself in an enchanted palace, when he was brought to his recollection by the entrance of a domestic whom he had seen the evening before, and who came to offer him coffee and other refreshments. He now found that it was not a custom of the family to assemble at breakfast, which was taken by all in their different chambers, and by many in bed.

He likewise heard that the Iatros, or doctor, was come, and was in the room into which the servant had carried the refreshments. Benvolio suspecting the Iatros to be the Nousaisthésian of whom Hédoné had spoken the evening before, was eager to join him, and immediately followed the servant to the apartment in which he was. They soon entered into conversation, and the Knight found the Iatros as communicative as he could wish. Benvolio having said how long he had left his chamber, and expressed his surprise that the family did not assemble in the morning: "Seigneur," said the Iatros, "you must "be very lately arrived in Aisthésis to be surprised

" at what is so common. The life led by the " Aisthésians is completely sensual, they become " in consequence so early debilitated that there is " scarcely a house in which the professional attend- " ance of an Iatros is not daily required to prepare " their persons for the action of excitement, which " of themselves would be over-powerful, if applied " to my more rational countrymen. I am now " going round this mansion, or *ferme ornée* if you " like to adopt an unintelligible dialect, and I shall " find the inhabitants of it in their different stages " of corporeal disorganization, from the idiotic debi- " lity of the more advanced in years (for they are " none of them old) to the languors and flutterings " of the young."—" Were it not indecorous," said Benvolio, " I could wish to accompany you."— " You may gratify your wish," replied the Iatros, " without the slightest breach of decorum. The " Aisthésians are not celebrated for delicacy, and " it is a very usual thing, nay, a compliment, to " visit them in their dressing-rooms."

Pleased at this intelligence, Benvolio speedily dispatched his breakfast, and attended his new acquaintance. Ascending a wide staircase, the steps of which rose very little in height, they came into a spacious gallery which led to various apartments. Groans issued from the first room they approached, and screams were heard from a chamber at the further end of the gallery.

On entering that whence the groans proceeded, Benvolio saw the father of the family himself, Seigneur Hédoné, enveloped in a silk gown, with an elegant nightcap on his head, stretched on a magnificent sopha, writhing with pain, and bemoaning himself in a strain at once pitiable and contemptible. " Oh! my dear Philochrematos,"

cried he, on seeing the Iatros, " I am rejoiced you " are come: give me ease, give me ease."—" What " kind of a night have you had?" said Philochrematos. " I slept a little on going to bed, but as " usual, woke towards the morning in pain, which " has been increasing ever since in my stomach " and bowels: Oh! Oh!"—" How did the elixir " operate?"—Hédoné answered at once by words and deed. " I have discharged a great deal of " wind," said he, with a thundering eructation: " but " —but nothing relieves me without that blessed " pill which you bring. Give it me, give it me." Philochrematos took from his pocket a handsome box, which, on being opened, Benvolio perceived to be well stored with little gilded balls, of various sizes. One of the largest the Iatros presented to the suffering Hédoné, who blessed him as he eagerly swallowed it.

Leaving him to the benign influence of this magic pill, Benvolio followed the Iatros to the dressing-room of the lady of the house, whom they found in a rich morning attire, seated on an easy chair, surrounded by her maids, who were rubbing her temples, and burning feathers under her nose. In a few minutes she fetched a deep sigh, and opened her eyes, in which, however, there was not a spark of intelligence. Her whole countenance was idiotic, and saliva dribbled from the corners of her mouth. She swallowed one of Philochrematos's largest pills, and was left to its operation.

The next room in the gallery belonged to one of the young ladies of the family. Here the scene improved a little: the damsel neither suffered the tortures of her father, nor lay enchained by the stupor of her mother. She was still at the breakfast table with her sister and one of the companions who

were on a visit to them. Benvolio and the Iatros were kindly received, and coffee, poured out by an attendant, was offered to them. Heavy eyes, a drawling speech, and yawning, proclaimed the inanimate state of the sallow trio. Upon being questioned by Philochrematos, not one of them could tell what was the matter with her. "I really don't "know what ails me, but I feel so odd"—was the general answer. However, before the Iatros left them, the eldest had violent palpitations of the heart, her sister complained of a lump in her throat, and their friend had shivering fits. Philochrematos put his fingers to the wrist of each, and administered one of the smallest gilded pills to two of the ladies; but as he took the hand of the younger sister, she fell back upon the seat and burst into a shower of tears, then called herself a fool, and laughed, and this she continued to do for some time, till by repeated applications of strong scents, she recovered a degree of stillness, begged pardon, and took her pill.

With the chambers of the visitors the Iatros had no concern, he passed on therefore, followed by Benvolio, to the elder son's room. He was lounging on a sopha, in a morning gown, his stockings loose, and hanging about his slippers. He rose staggering, and thanked Benvolio for visiting him. His aspect was melancholy, the very reverse of what his visitor had seen it the evening before, and scarcely recognizable. "You are very good," said he to him, "to come and see a suffering invalid. I "dare say Philochrematos, though he flatters me, "has told you, that I cannot live long." Benvolio protested that he had not. "Psha!" replied the Aisthésian testily, "every body combines with "him to persuade me that I am in no danger, when "I am certain I have not long to live." In saying

this, he shed tears, and put out his hand to the Iatros, who felt his pulse, said he was low, and gave him a middle sized pill.

Philochrematos had now but one more visit to make, and that was to the stripling who had gone out the evening before to meet Benvolio, and invite him into the house. He was at the glass, giving the last adjustment to his frill: "Seignior "Benvolio," said he gaily as the visitors entered, "I am glad to see you; I was making haste here "to come and rouse you, and to laugh at you, my "good friend. I saw who lighted you to your "chamber." Benvolio shuddered at the recollection. The youth then told Philochrematos, that he had had dreadful night-sweats, and horrible dreams. "If you would get rid of them," said Philochrematos, "you must use more exercise abroad, "and indulge your appetites less."—"Oh, you "wretch!" replied the patient gaily, "you know "I can't; come, give me a pill." The box was produced, and the young gentleman swallowed present comfort and future poison, for it was a known property of the medicine administered to increase debility when it ceased to operate: The Iatros rallied him on his propensities as they quitted his apartments, then proceeded in his visits to the domestics of the family, while the youth took Benvolio away to the stables to look at his horses.

Among these there was a beautiful, spirited creature, which no Aisthésian would dare to back. In showing him and boasting of his beauty and fire, the stripling defied Benvolio to mount him, declaring that if he rode him round the court, the animal should be his. The Knight desired he might be saddled and led out. It was with difficulty the desire was complied with, the noble creature viewed the grooms with impatient disdain, drew up

his neck, rolled his eye, and moved from side to side. When at length the matter was accomplished, the proud steed was led forth snorting, and stood in the court pawing the ground. The young Aisthésian's defiance now yielded to timidity and apprehension for his guest, whom he kindly cautioned not to hazard the attempt. Benvolio accustomed to spirited animals, smiled courteously at the youth's dissuasion, but gave him no time to repeat it, for he suddenly sprang into the saddle before the horse had discovered who was to mount him. No sooner, however, did the fiery creature feel himself bestrode, than he sprang forward with a bound which must have unhorsed an ordinary rider, and even a less accomplished Knight. The gate of the court being wide open, Benvolio spurred him through it, and in a moment was out of sight. Alarmed for the life of the stranger, the young Aisthésian ran into the house for the Iatros, whom he met coming down the stairs.

Philochrematos was not altogether so much alarmed as the youth, for he had himself been accustomed to spirited horses, and spirited riders, but he hastened with him and several attendants to the road to see the issue of the adventure. It was not long before they observed the Knight on his return, riding gently towards them. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the Aisthésians, and the master of the animal could not refrain from wishing that it had been he who had mounted him. "Wishing," said Philochrematos, "was never a very "successful expedient."—"What other," replied the youth, "should I take?"—"Brace your "nerves."—"That you must do for me."—"Nay, "you must do it for yourself."—"How?"—"Rise "early, take exercise, relinquish pleasure."—"I "can't, you wretch, you know I can't."—"Then

" despair of ever mounting this horse of yours."—" He is no longer mine," said the youth, " he is " forfeited by my word to the noble Knight who " has conquered him."

By this time Benvolio was approaching. The Aisthésians received him with acclamations, and Philochrematos gave him joy of his prize. The Knight returned a courteous salute to the praises bestowed upon him, but protested against taking advantage of the hasty declaration of the master of the noble animal. However, being eagerly pressed to accept him, and considering how useless the horse was in his present situation, he yielded, and having thanked the young Aisthésian for the hospitality he had received, he took his leave with the Iatros, whom he accompanied to the city of Neuron.

On their way their discourse naturally turned upon the family they had left, and on the country in which they were travelling. " I could not but " observe," said Benvolio, " that no person in the " house wore a syneideesis. I presume they are " safely cased, and locked up for periodical exami- " nation."—" You are mistaken," replied Philochrematos, whose syneideesis hung out fastened to a clasp on his breast, " they are very rare things " in Aisthésis. It is generally taken for granted " that every one examines his own in private, " but the fact is, that though some are kept in " cases, which are never examined, many have " none at all, having thrown them away to save a " great deal of pain and trouble, and this is the " predicament of Hédoné and his family."—" It is " wonderful," said the Knight, " that men should " be so blind to their own interest and real welfare " as to cast aside an instrument, attention to which " would be of such unspeakable importance to their " happiness."—" That's the question," replied

Philochrematos, " the Aisthésians are sensible that " it mars all their enjoyments, and they cannot un- " derstand to what purpose the frightful metamor- " phoses reflected by it can tend. And indeed I " must say, though I am a Nousaisthésian, who is " not permitted to be without one, that it is so fal- " lacious in some things, it is not unreasonable to " doubt it in all." Benvolio was startled at this declaration. " Since my residence at Neuron," continued the Iatros, " I have seldom troubled its " qualities, for it so interfered with my professional " avocations, that I never should have been able to " make any progress."—" And are you not appre- " hensive," said Benvolio, " of being seized by one " of the giants of Dokimasia, or hurried by some " monster into the dominions of the demon of " darkness? Have you no thought of ever going " beyond this valley?"—" Never," replied the Ia- tros, smiling, " unless I were called to a patient. " Did you ever see any of the giants and monsters " you talk of?" As he spoke his horse stumbled; Philochrematos was dismounted, and stood gazing stupidly at the beast, which, recovering itself, sat back upon its haunches, from which posture it rose on two legs a gigantic monster of hideous shape. It was about to seize the devoted Iatros, when the Knight drew his invincible sabre, whose brightness dazzled the monster and made him recoil; but in an instant he rushed towards the Knight, whom he must have overpowered by his weight had not his noble steed darted aside. The force intended by the monster to overturn Benvolio precipitated him- self upon the ground, where he lay prone. The Knight raised his arm to strike his head off, but while his sabre yet glittered in the air the hideous object vanished, and in its stead he saw again the horse standing quietly to be mounted by the Iatros.

"And will you mount him after what you have just seen?" exclaimed Benvolio. "It is the first time "he has ever stumbled with me;" replied Philochrematos, "but he shall pay for it." So saying, he mounted, and without thanking the Knight who had saved him, or giving him time to say a word in return, he set out on a gallop, whipping and spurring the beast without mercy.

Benvolio, shocked at what he had seen, had no inclination to attempt keeping up with the Iatros; he gently drew in the curb of his bridle, and the obedient animal, prancing playfully, seemed eager to pursue, yet proud of conquering the impulse. The Knight was soon in the fine entrance of the city of Neuron. The broad road ran between correspondent meadows, on whose edges were double rows of lofty trees, beneath which at certain distances were convenient seats and alcoves. The meadows and the alleys were full of company, taking the air in easy carriages, and some few were on horseback. It was a superb scene of life and gaiety.

Continuing his track towards the town, he saw a cavalcade coming towards him, one of whom appeared to be a person of superior rank, who was in seemingly earnest conversation with a horseman, whom Benvolio presently perceived to be his acquaintance the Iatros, who it seems was Iatros to the prince of Aisthésis. The Prince was a slim, genteel, effeminate youth. He rode up to the stranger, and accosting him with a smile, "Worthy Knight," said he, "welcome to the capital of "Aisthésis; you will find it a spot well suited to "relaxation from the severer duties of knighthood: "—I invite you to my father's court, where I trust "your time will be pleasantly spent. My Iatros has "been relating to me the dexterity and skill which

" obtained you the noble creature you ride. I " congratulate you on the possession of him. He " was unfit for young Hédoné, from whom I once " thought of accepting him for my own riding, " ey?—It is a royal creature, ey?—It should have " a royal master, ey?" The Knight stared and bowed, acknowledged the honour of his Highness's notice, but understood not the interrogating *ey*, and made no offer of his horse, who stood proudly pawing while the Prince spoke. The heir of Aisthésis smiled, the Knight joined his suite, and after a little corvetting about the meadows, the whole cavalcade returned to Neuron.

Benvolio, who had not forgotten his adventure with the monster which Philochrematos rode, and the danger from which he had saved his companion, took an opportunity on the way to express his surprise that the Iatros would continue to ride a creature which was so evidently watching for a convenient occasion to destroy him. " What do you mean?" said Philochrematos; " it was an accidental " slip."—" And is it possible," cried Benvolio, " that you have forgotten the hideous transforma- " tion that took place, and the perilous state from " which I saved you?" The Iatros stared with astonishment at the Knight, as if he doubted whether he were in his senses. " Let me," continued the latter, " beseech you to look into the praxis of " your syneedeesis to-night." Philochrematos burst into a laugh, and the Prince at that moment repeating an interesting remark, which he always made, in returning towards Neuron, on the beauty of its site, Benvolio was prevented from convincing the Iatros of his escape from a demon, and the subject was never after renewed.

Benvolio by order of the Prince was conducted to a suite of beautiful apartments, where he found

attendants and every thing that could gratify the senses. Many compliments passed between the principal personages of the court and the Knight, who had the honour of dining that day at the Prince's table. To describe the dinner, the conveniences, the manners that reigned, were to paint sumptuousness itself, luxury and voluptuousness. Suffice it to say, that PLEASURE was the idol of Neuron; the people worshipped her in a variety of elegant temples adorned with Corinthian and Composite columns; and the court sacrificed profusely to her, both privately and publicly.

After a day of festivity, Benvolio retired to his chamber, where he prepared for the repose of the night by examining his syneideesis. The side praxis presented him a perspective view of the occurrences he had already seen reflected by it, but they no longer held the foregound, which was now occupied by his victory over the monster that would have destroyed the Iatros. The side parainetes, as at first, reflected only his own image; he had retired from the licentiousness of the day uncorrupted, and stood in no immediate danger. He felt grateful to the Genius, went to rest, and slept sweetly.

Benvolio's first thoughts in the morning turned upon his steed, and as soon as he had dressed himself he went to see him. What was his surprise to find him just led out of the stable superbly caparisoned. "What means this?" cried the astonished Knight; "whose trappings are these? "and what are you that hold the bridle?"—"Seig- "neur," said a courtier advancing to Benvolio, "I am sent by his Highness the Prince of Aisthésis, "to enquire how your Knightship slept, and to give "you the pleasure of knowing that his Highness "condescends to accept the horse."—"To accept

"the horse!" exclaimed the indignant Knight, "to accept what never was offered to him!"— "Seigneur," replied the Prince's messenger, "you "appear to be unacquainted with the customs of "Aisthésis. His Highness's acceptance of any "thing is accounted so high an honour, that it is "hardly considered as necessary to announce his "intention." So saying, he bade the youth who held the bridle go on. Benvolio, enraged beyond the power of utterance, flew to his chamber for his invincible sabre, resolved to perish sooner than submit to so shameful a robbery.

Never before had the Knight's bosom been so enflamed with passion; it was with difficulty he ascended the steps of the apartments: he reeled with excess of agitation, and turned into a wrong wing of the building, where he wandered some time before he regained the room in which he had deposited his trusty weapon. He seized it hastily, drew it, and, striking his bosom with the hand in which he held it, was about to make a rash vow of vengeance, when he felt the handle strike his syneideesis. Fearful of having injured that precious talisman, he opened his bosom to examine it. It was unhurt, but when he looked at the side parainetes, he was surprised and shocked at the scene it represented. He clearly beheld two figures of himself; one naked, unarmed, gentle, patient; the other, accoutred as he himself then was, with the formidable sabre in his hand, inflicting the most dreadful wounds upon his defenceless counterpart, whose blood issued in streams, whose flesh was hewn piecemeal from his bones, by the merciless hand of the furious Benvolio. At length he fell, weltering in his blood. The Knight shuddered at a deed in which he saw himself at once the cruel actor and the injured sufferer; he groaned aloud, unable to

endure the sight, and sunk into a seat as he returned the syneideesis into his bosom, exclaiming; "Such, such are the self-immolators to the most "terrible, the most imprudent of the passions!" Warned by the faithful monitor in his bosom, Benvolio sheathed his sabre, resolving to forego a resentment of which the effects would be felt only by himself.

He sat a long time absorbed in meditation on arbitrary power, and more than once in the spirit of Knighthood had thoughts of challenging the Prince to a trial of arms, which the recollection of the parainetes smothered in their birth. He was still buried in contemplation, when his door flew open, and in a moment his room was filled with Aisthésian guards. He instinctively grasped his sabre, but proceeded no farther. He was surrounded; an awful silence was kept. When the Aisthésians had ranged themselves in order, an effeminate stripling in a rich and gaudy uniform advanced, and thus addressed the Knight. "Know, Seigneur, that you "are a prisoner: the length of your confinement "and the mode of your release depend upon a "circumstance which I am not at liberty to reveal. "If you conduct yourself courteously, these apart-"ments are to be your prison, and while they serve "as such, I am charged with the keeping of your "arms." Benvolio without reply delivered his sword into the hand of this fair commander, and the guard filed off, leaving only twelve men in an outer room to guard the passages of the apartment.

Left to himself, the Knight meditated on the event that had just taken place, which he vainly endeavoured to account for. Why a prisoner? He had robbed no one: on the contrary, he had himself been robbed. Was cruelty the necessary

attendant upon injustice among Princes? What was meant by the length of his confinement, and the mode of his release depending upon a circumstance of which he was to be kept in ignorance? To an ingenuous mind mystery is always painful, Benvolio would have been better satisfied to have encountered at once the full extent of the despotism of the court of Aisthésis. He was not, however, doomed to remain very long in suspense. That very evening he received a message from his acquaintance Philochrematos, who had interest with the officer of the guard, desiring him not to be uneasy, as the Prince was not in the slightest danger of his life, but would certainly be perfectly well again in a short time. This message, indeed, served only to increase the mystery into which he had been plunged; but early next day he was saluted by the sound of a herald's trumpet in the court, and soon after his door opened, and in came the officer of the guard accompanied by Philochrematos. "Worthy Knight," said the youth, "you are at liberty, and I have it "in command to announce to you that his Highness "the Prince of Aisthésis holds you in high consi- "deration, although he deems it right, for strong "reasons, to decline accepting the gift you in- "tended him. He has illustriously declared that "none is so worthy of the beautiful and spirited "steed as yourself, and he has sent him back to "be at your command. I am further ordered to "signify to you, that his Highness expects the plea- "sure of seeing you mounted the next equestrian "day in the wood of Delight." Benvolio bowed, and requested that his Highness might be informed, that he submitted with due respect to his Highness's determination of declining the steed, and that he should avail himself of his Highness's condescension to have the honour of appearing in the wood of De-

light. The officer promised that this answer should be conveyed to the Prince, and withdrew, leaving the Knight and the Iatros together and alone.

"I congratulate you, Seigneur," said Philochrematos, "on the issue of this affair."—"I thank you," said Benvolio, "but what can all this mean?"—"In two words," replied the Iatros, "you have "happily escaped from the antipneumatic plaister."—"And pray," enquired the Knight, "what kind "of a plaister is that?"—"A royal one," replied the Iatros, "for stopping the breath of those who "are deemed unworthy of breathing. It is fixed "closely over the nostrils and mouth of a person "devoted, and sticks as close to the skin, as the "skin does to the flesh: you may divine the "result."—"This," said Benvolio, "may be a "royal mode of suffocation in Aisthésis, but it is a "most inglorious device against Knighthood.—" "And you may add," said Philochrematos, "as "cruel as inglorious."—"I am still in the dark," continued Benvolio, "as to the cause by which I was "brought into this jeopardy."—"You must know," said the Iatros, "that the life of a Prince is so "highly rated, and so guarded, in Aisthésis, that "it is not enough to punish all voluntary attacks "upon it, but the remotest causes animate or in-"animate, however innocent, are condemned to "destruction. The latter are consumed in fire, the "former receive the antipneumatic plaister. Now, "when the Prince did you the honour to accept "your horse, he imagined, (princes are sometimes "apt to imagine that they can do any thing they "wish,) that he could ride him, as he saw the "creature gentle under you: and had he before be-"lieved it possible to tame him, he would have ac-"cepted him sometime ago from young Hédoné. "But as he prides himself on riding well, he could

" not bear to have a horse in his stable which he " dared not mount. Trusting now to the apparent " gentleness of the animal, he thought proper to " have him, and yesterday on its being brought " to him from you, he boldly in the presence of his " attendants endeavoured to back him: but the " horse shook him off as he made the attempt, and " the Prince fell in such a manner as to stun himself " and dislocate his shoulder. It was immediately " spread about that he was dead. The horse was se- " cured, and a guard ordered to march and seize " you. Before this order was executed he recovered " his senses; I was with him, and as I believed him in " no great danger, I spoke to my friend the officer, " and urged him to confine you in your apartments. " Had the Prince died, both you and your horse " would have been condemned as unworthy of " breathing, and both would have had the anti- " pneumatic plaister applied. This, then, was the " cause of your jeopardy."

While the Knight thanked Philochrematos for the good office he had rendered him, he reprobated the injustice and despotism of the custom, and declared it would be a good cause for the Nousaisthésians to extirpate the whole nation of Aisthésis. The Iatros undertook to defend the custom some other time, but he was now going to the Prince, and must necessarily be punctual. He then took his leave, putting the Knight in mind, as he went, of his rendezvous for the wood of Delight, which Benvolio promised not to forget. After the Iatros was gone, the Knight stood some minutes absorbed in thought, which he concluded with this reflection; " I was about to knock my head against a " wall through resentment to a prince—fine re- " venge! I conquered my passion, and immediately " revenge is taken for me, without my inter-

" ference: the Prince is stunned and dislocated into " common sense and justice, and my horse is " restored." So saying, he confessed that the Genius managed resentment best, and went down to welcome the noble creature, who knew his master as he approached, and neighed a salute.

CHAPTER VI.

The nature of fashion and taste in Aisthésis—The office of suggester—The Knight takes a view of the capital—A school of science—A painter's antichamber.

The Prince's fall, which had like to have proved fatal to Benvolio, like other things that run into contrary extremes, was not only the cause of his horse being restored to him, but of the Prince's peculiar favour, and thence of the general estimation, for in Aisthésis, as in most other despotic monarchies, the smile of royalty was the measure of merit. Benvolio failed not to be in the wood of Delight on the day appointed; he entered with a Nousaisthésian who had been introduced to him by his friend Philochrematos, previous to the time of the Prince's appearing there.

The whole court of Neuron and the chief persons of the city were upon the ground, mounted on superbly caparisoned horses, or lolling in rich easy carriages, of which there were only three varieties of form and ornament. As this struck the eye of the Knight, he remarked it to the Nousaisthésian, and asked the reason of it. " Seigneur," I replied Krites, for that was the name of his companion, " I " know not whether you have observed it, but it is " not only in their carriages that this threefold va-

" riety prevails, it is so with every thing that is the " subject of taste. In this country the people have " no fancy of their own, it is a kind of intellectual " exertion to which they are not equal. It is easier " to follow than to lead. It has long been an es- " tablished law that the Prince shall be entitled to " set the example in all affairs of taste, and at one " time a tiresome uniformity of ridiculous incon- " gruities prevailed, till the Princes of Aisthésis " wisely adopted the measure of employing a " Nousaisthésian *Suggester*, whose office consists in " discovering the Prince's fancies, and displaying " them to advantage. On his being appointed, he " attempted to discover that the Prince left all mat- " ters of taste open to the lead of every one whose " fancy was sufficiently striking to obtain followers: " but the Suggester nearly lost his place for this " pretended discovery, which his employer denied " to have ever entered his mind. However, upon " showing that there was no danger of many lead- " ers, and that variety was desirable, he was permit- " ted to select two Aisthésians, and two only, of " different sexes, to set fashions under his direc- " tion. At first there was some difficulty to find " any to follow the new leaders, but the Prince " himself encouraging it, in the progress of time " the people of quality divided into three modes of " taste, though the far greater part adhered to the " Prince's; merely as Prince, however, for, in fact, " though they differ in fashion they are all puppets " in one hand, it being a point agreed upon with the " selected leaders that the Prince's Suggester was " to be their's also."—" Suggester!" muttered Ben- volio. " You seem surprised at such an office," said Krites, " but before you are much longer in " Neuron you will acknowledge the policy of it."— " But why not a dozen leaders licensed?" asked

Benvolio. The Nousaisthésian smiled. "If the "principle," he replied, "were understood, there "is no reason why there should not be a hundred; "but though it is evident to common sense that all "the merit of fancy lies in the Suggester, such a "master is he of his art, that the leaders privately "flatter themselves that the taste they spread really "flows from themselves. Even the Prince, who be-"lieves himself, by the art of his Suggester, to be "the sole fountain of fashion, is not well pleased to "divide the appearance of it, and were it not for the "obvious loss of pleasure consequent on a dull uni-"formity, so far from extending the privilege, the "old law would assuredly be enforced."

As Krites said this, the Prince on horseback, with his retinue, entered the wood of Delight, and the Knight and his companion being near the entrance immediately catching his eye, he rode up to them, and accosting Benvolio assured him that he was well pleased to see so accomplished a Knight at the court of Neuron, the pleasures of which he hoped would induce him to make a long stay. Benvolio expressed his sense of the Prince's condescension in the most graceful manner, and joined his train, who all vied in eagerness to show respect and honour to one so courteously distinguished by a Prince. They one and all expressed their wonder at the gentleness of the celebrated steed, and at the ease with which his rider managed him. These expressions of wonder were, however, carefully concealed from the Prince, though the caution should seem unnecessary to one who had displayed such magnanimity in the restoration of the horse. It was, no doubt, owing solely to the force of habit among the courtiers of Neuron. Be this as it may, after an hour's parade over a flowery turf the Prince left the wood of Delight, which was soon clear of all

the company, who, finding no inducement to remain there after the departure of the Prince, hastened elsewhere in quest of pleasure.

Benvolio having intimated to Krites his desire of taking a closer view of Neuron and its inhabitants, an appointment was made to meet at the house of the latter as soon as Benvolio had laid aside the equipment of Knighthood, and assumed the apparel of an Aisthésian, for the greater convenience of executing his design. The fashionable tailors of Neuron, who were all foreigners, piqued themselves upon the expedition as well as on the elegance of their work; the Knight was therefore externally soon metamorphosed, and ready to go, on even terms, through the town, and into company. The first thing that struck Benvolio as he strolled over the town with Krites, were streamlets of odorous water that flowed through the streets, at once cleansing, cooling, and perfuming every quarter of it. The inhabitants were at an enormous expence to conduct this water by magnificent aqueducts, from a hill at a considerable distance, which was famous for being covered with fine aromatic herbs, with the fragrance of which the stream was impregnated by nature, considerably increased by art; there being a number of settlers on the mountain employed in collecting and pressing these herbs.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and elegance of the houses, porticos, arcades, and temples, that presented themselves to the view: the exterior every where offered convenience and gratification, while in the interior of the habitations reigned luxury and licentiousness. Benvolio observing parties following one after the other through a portico into a large building, enquired of his companion the nature of the amusement they were going to. "Let us join "the throng and see," said Krites; "you have pro-

" bably given it its proper appellation, but it is " commonly denominated a school of science. The " building is divided into several apartments, con- " taining a library, and a variety of apparatus to aid " the communication of knowledge. But, though " there are lectures on different branches of know- " ledge twice a day, you will find this school of " science nothing more than a promenade of idle " people, who come to see and be seen: let us try." Saying which, being privileged to take a friend, he conducted Benvolio to the portico, and they entered.

They followed the train immediately to the lecture-room, which they found almost full. It was a spacious apartment formed by circular seats into a kind of amphitheatre, leaving just room enough on one side for a table and a lecturer. The subject was the elements of all things. It was ingeniously handled, and the lecturer took much pains both by reasoning and experiment to impress it upon his audience, who, to do them justice, preserved due decorum and silence. Indeed the experiments were calculated to amuse as well as instruct.

On leaving the lecture-room Benvolio observed to Krites that the Aisthésian quality could not be a frivolous race, if they understood and enjoyed what they had heard, which by their attention they seemed to do. " And many of them," replied Krites, " do absolutely persuade themselves that they part- " ly understand and completely enjoy this lecture. " There is a catch-word in almost every thing, " which, united with the sway of fashion, is very " powerful. The word *nature* is a kind of spell, and " to attend to abstruse subjects, without knowing " any thing about them, is the present rage at Neu- " ron." As he said this, Krites was met by a party of his acquaintance.—" Who would have thought," said a damsel, " that —" she made a pause—" that

"what? my love," replied Krites. "I forgot what "I was going to say," cried the young lady with a simper, and walked on with her company. Her brother, who was following, stopped, and bowing to Benvolio, assured him that his horse and himself were the admiration and talk of all Neuron. The Knight would have frowned at the compliment, had he not thought the complimenter too insignificant; taking no notice of it therefore, he asked the youth how he liked the lecture he had just heard. "Oh! "very fine," replied he, "but all about nature is "so attractive, the occult science particularly is so "wonderfully adventitious."—"Adventitious!" exclaimed Benvolio. "My friend is very right," said Krites, "so far at least that it was foreign to this "evening's lecture."—"Exactly so," replied the young Aisthésian.—"Shall we have the honour of "seeing you at the play, Seigneur?" continued he, addressing Benvolio: "it is a fashionable night, "and all Neuron will be there." Benvolio bowed, the youth bowed, and walked on.

Krites then led his friend through the apartments, which were every where furnished with the instruments of science. These were surrounded by groups of Aisthésians, and shown to them like wild-beasts by keepers who were Nousaisthésians. The account of them was given briefly, yet the enquirers always ran from one to another in the middle of it. There were large tables in all the rooms, on which were deposited satires, lampoons, and accounts of what was passing in Neuron. Round these tables the company crowded, some reading, some listening, some talking, but nothing long, and parties succeeded one another expeditiously, catching their transient pleasures, and gliding off for new ones. The company having walked from room to room soon went away, and left Benvolio and his friend alone

with the persons employed to take care of the place, and it evidently appeared that for the generality the establishment was mere parade, there being only a few Nousaisthésians settled at Neuron who entered into the spirit of it, and profited by the advantages it afforded.

From this school of science Krites led his friend to pay, as was fashionable, a morning visit to a painter, who had lately settled at Neuron, and whose pieces had obtained him a great many patrons and patronesses. "Is he so accurate, then, "in his resemblances?" asked Benvolio. "It ne- "ver struck me that he was," replied Krites; "he "gives more attention to high finishing: I fancy he "owes more to the *freedom* of his style than to any "thing else."—"There is merit in a bold pencil," said Benvolio. "Perhaps you will think the species "of boldness into which this artist has given," replied Krites, "merits a halter rather than a wreath."

Benvolio was soon convinced of this on following an Aisthésian family into the painter's antichamber, where he found himself in the midst of naked figures male and female. Benvolio's blood, which was not apt to fly irregularly from his heart, rushed into his face, and he knew not how to meet the looks of the ladies with whom he had entered. He looked to the ground, then to the ceiling, pinched the arm of his companion, and after a while ventured to give an enquiring peer through the corner of his eye at the company. The company, without exception, were engaged in examining the surrounding pictures; how naturally the skin was painted, how beautifully turned the limbs, how admirably every muscle was detected in their operation in the various attitudes, the attitudes how expressive of the emotion intended to be displayed. "And is it possible," said Benvolio in a whisper to Krites, "that a woman can be-

" hold such sights, and not sink into the earth ?"—
" Seigneur," replied Krites, " you are in Aisthésis;
" in Neuron, the capital of Aisthésis."

" Krites !" said a young lady who had been gradually drawing back to catch the proper distance from the point of view of her object, " look at that " back and shoulders, and tell me if it is not well " done: all the way down the whole is so natural." Benvolio, whose modesty now gave way to indignation, exclaimed, " How do you know, lady, whether " it be natural or not ?" The young lady laughed, and said that she saw such pictures every day. " Then I no longer wonder at your judgment, " lady," replied Benvolio, " nor at your unabashed " examination of sights which confound a stranger " like me." The young lady renewed her laugh, and continued admiring the picture. The Knight declared that it was inconsistent with his profession to remain in such a room, and having no desire to see the master of it, he drew Krites to the door at which they had come in.

" Is every painter's antichamber like this artist's ?" asked Benvolio, as they left the house. " There is " not a similar one in Neuron," replied Krites, " for no Nousaisthésian of real merit would aban- " don the delicacy observed in his own country; " and even those who are not above mediocrity will " not publicly expose themselves to the censure of " their countrymen."—" How is it then that the " man whose house we have left is so hardy ?" demanded Benvolio; " for there is, indeed, as you " forewarned me, a freedom of style which is the " summit of boldness."—" The fact," replied Krites, " is that he is the offspring of an Aisthésian female, " by a Nousaisthésian, whose country he assumes. " He has inherited some of his father's acuteness, " and all the licentiousness of his mother. He is

" admired in Neuron, but would not be tolerated in " any part of Nousaisthésis."

The Knight and his friend now fell into discourse about Nousaisthésis as they walked along, which excited in the former a strong desire of passing immediately on to that part of Dokimasia. He was, however, persuaded to see more of Aisthésis first, and having visited the principal quarters of Neuron, he appointed to meet Krites in the evening and accompany him to the play.

CHAPTER VII.

Aisthésian theatre—The play, players, and poets—Dress and accomplishments of the beaux and belles of Aisthesis—Musical entertainments—Theatrical suggesters—Death of a poet.

Benvolio and his friend were punctual to their engagement, and entered the theatre a few minutes before the drawing up of the curtain. Krites conducted the Knight to the middle of the house in front, and when they were seated asked his opinion of the *coup d'œuil*. " It is elegant, tasteful, and " spacious," said Benvolio, " but I fear all this will " be destroyed by defect in the *coup d'oreille*. The " principal end in the construction of a theatre " should be the distinct conveyance of the dialogue " from the stage to every part of the house, and no " collateral beauty can atone for the failure of that. " This spacious area menaces a deprivation of the " sense of the piece to be performed, of that which " is to support the showy appearance."—" You for- " get, Seigneur," replied Krites, " that you are at " Neuron, where show supports the drama, not this

" the show; consequently the first consideration in " the construction of an Aisthésian theatre is justly " that which affords room for *spectacle*."—" I un- " derstand you," said Benvolio, " this theatre is " devoted to pantomime and dance."—" Pardon " me," replied Krites, " the most regular pieces " of the Nousaisthésian poets are frequently repre- " sented here."—" To what purpose?"—" That " the Aisthésians may say they have seen them: " the first piece this evening is a very celebrated " one written by Ywato."—" Then," cried Benvo- lio, " I beg we may move within hearing: yonder " are some vacant places near the stage."—" But " you will lose much of the splendour of the after- " piece."—" I readily consent to that," said the Knight; at the same time accompanying his friend to the vacant seats.

The curtain drew up, and the play began. The story of the piece was an interesting one. A young man of rare endowments, without fortune, but of a haughty spirit, after saving from death the beautiful daughter of a rich nobleman, had married her against the consent of her father, and they were both, in consequence, deserted by him. In a short time they were reduced to the most urgent want and distress: fruitless applications were made to the unrelenting father, who was one of the highest ma- gistrates of the state. In despair the youth yields to the persuasion of his dearest friend to join in a conspiracy against the government, and is sworn to secrecy. Unable to conceal from his wife the new emotions of his soul excited by the engagement he had entered into against the state, of which her fa- ther is one of the chief rulers, he appears to labour with the secret: she works upon his heart, obtains a full knowledge of the secret, and prevails upon him to go with her and disclose it to the magistrates.

His bosom friend and the other conspirators are seized, and condemned to die. The situations to which this simple tale gives rise, are of the most impressive and moving kind. The warm effusions of love in the hour of distress, so much more felt by a spectator than the most ardent in the hours of joy, the upbraidings of a lost friend for treachery, remorse for betraying a friend holding out his hand to save his betrayer, the bitter reproaches heaped on the beloved and lovely instigator of the treachery, and the well-wrought struggle between rage and love, are master-pieces of poetic action.

The part of the heroine was performed by a Nousaisthésian actress of unrivalled powers: every tone, look, and gesture was addressed both to the heart of the untaught Aisthésian and to the judgment of the Nousaisthésian critic, of whom there were many in the house. The Knight himself was enchanted. She did all but realize those scenes in which she was upon the stage, and she so inspired the actor who played her husband, that notwithstanding an evident deficiency of countenance and person, he seemed to be the very character he personated: he loved, raged, soothed, menaced, forgave, grieved, and submitted in the truth of nature. Benvolio observed it to Krites. "That man," said the latter, "possesses but "indifferent talents, nor was he ever before trusted "with a chief character. He is positively inspired "by the actress, to the astonishment of all the cri- "tics: and the Aisthésian ladies who turned up "their noses at him last season, now admire him "beyond every thing. The fluctuation of opinion "is not always so reasonable. Have you heard of "the theatrical phenomenon which has appeared in "the remote parts of Aisthésis?"—"I have not," said Benvolio. "A young boy unanimously pro- "nounced by every audience before whom he has

" appeared, to have the powers of charming in a " very superior degree. He has been so highly " extolled in the country, that the Neuronites have " sent for him, and the whole town are on tiptoe " expectation to see him. He is to be here to- " morrow, and plays in the course of a few days. " Every seat in the house has been engaged for a " long time past. Should you like to be present at " his first appearance ?"—" Certainly," said the Knight. " I have a seat then at your service," said Krites ; " you will dine with me on the ap- " pointed day, and we will come together."

This engagement was made at the conclusion of the play, between which and the subsequent piece Benvolio had time to look round and examine the house. The *tout ensemble* was brilliant, the building displayed much taste, so far as it related to a showy architecture, and it was well lighted. The company was of the first rank and fortune, the Monarch was in a private box, the princes of Aisthésis were seen in different parts, and every thing confirmed the information given to Benvolio by the *enpassant* friend of Krites in the school of science, that it was one of the *beaux jours* of the theatre.

However dazzling the general appearance, the Knight was not blinded to the minuter objects within his ken, and the first thing that struck him was the indelicacy, not to say indecency, of the manner in which the ladies were dressed. He was inclined to think that they studied at the painter's, where he had blushed in the morning, more how to expose a quantity of nakedness, than to ornament their persons with becoming apparel. Those who had prominent bosoms arranged them for the conveniency of the spectator, and those who were narrow chested, poor things, erected in imitation linen protuberances, which gaped at an awful dis-

tance from the flat neck to which they were fruitlessly annexed. Plump, lean, or cushions of fat, not an arm was covered below the shoulder, and the thin garment that covered the body was made to display the shape and turn of every limb.

As for the male part of the company, they displayed an effeminate attention to their dress, which was gaudy and overcharged with ornament. A smile and a nod, sniffing the scent bottle, and offering the bonboniere, seemed the principal accomplishments of both sexes. Benvolio was yet making his observations, and Krites applying his comments, when the second piece began. This consisted of a series of unmeaning dialogues, strung clumsily together for the purpose of giving some songs in the form of a drama, a species of composition, if not peculiar to Aisthésis, at least the only one attempted by the Aisthésians; and they were more enamoured of it than of the best dramatic works of their neighbours.

The scenery and decorations were splendid beyond description, and viewed by the spectators with ecstasies. If the applause bestowed on the play and inimitable actress who supported it was great, what expression can speak the degree of that conferred on the music and magnificence of the entertainment? "You see the difference," said Krites to Benvolio, "between judgment and passion, "between the heart and the senses. Sight and "sound the Aisthésians are formed to value; but "the objects of the imagination and the opera- "tions of sentiment are foreign to their ideas. "Those raptures flow naturally and universally, "whereas the plaudits given to the play were but "the echoes of a suggester."—"A suggester of "emotion!" exclaimed Benvolio. "They who "travel in unknown regions," said Krites, "re-

" quire to be led. To avoid the shame of erring, " two Nousaisthésian poets are appointed sugges- " ters to the theatre, with seats on different sides " of the house; not that the Aisthésians abdicate " entirely their right, for they not unfrequently are " induced by some look or attitude of an actor to " break out, of their own accord. But it often " happens that the suggesters differ in opinion, " when it is thoroughly ridiculous to hear the au- " dience cease from clapping to hiss, till they ob- " serve the difference between the suggesters, and " it then becomes the fashion to divide, and to clap " and hiss together."—" And are these suggesters," asked Benvolio, " likewise the instruments of rank?" —" No," replied Krites, " the Prince does not " think proper to interfere with the theatre when " he is not present; and when he is, the suggesters " watch his motions, and pay him the greatest de- " ference."—" It is he then who has led the ap- " plauses of to-night?"—" With respect to the " play," replied Krites, " both the piece and the " actress have long been favourites of the town " from habit; and as to the second piece, its merits " being all addressed to the eye and the ear, the " Aisthésians are competent judges, and feel them- " selves independent of the suggesters. Nay, they " have been known in works of fancy and mind to " give way to an impulse against the direction of " the suggesters, in which I think they would have " been supported by a judicious critic. On these " occasions the suggesters are extremely enraged, " and sometimes avenge themselves at the moment " by repeated exclamations of *Beasts! Brutes!* " which the Aisthésians bear with coolness."

The company having now nearly all left the theatre, Benvolio and his friend likewise withdrew, continuing however to talk of theatres, actors, and

authors. Benvolio asked if the players were liberally supported by those who seem to owe so much of the enjoyment of their existence to them. "No "profession or art is half so sumptuously rewarded "at Neuron," replied Krites. "As for the fo- "reign players, (and the principal ones all come "from Nousaisthésis,) they make their own terms, "for they know they must be had. Indeed most "of them can afford to live, and do live, in a sump- "tuous manner, and are admitted into the society "of the highest ranks of the country."—"The "authors, of course," said Benvolio, "are still "more highly estimated and rewarded?"—"It is "but natural to suppose," replied Krites, "that "the inventor should be preferred to the displayer "of the invention, but that is not the case in Ais- "thésis. The poet is not seen, or heard personally, "the actor studies to be seen and heard to advan- "tage; the poet produces thoughts and pictures in "solitude, but it is the actor that gives them effect "and grace. The Aisthésians must have actors, "but they have no need of poets except for their "actors. The reward of an author, therefore, is of "secondary consideration: not but that if he pos- "sess entertaining powers, and will condescend to "pipe at a feast, he will be admitted through cour- "tesy. This they have in general too much pride "to do, and are therefore too often personally ne- "glected, while their works are charming thousands."

As Krites said this, he led Benvolio into a public place of refreshment, whither it was the fashion to resort after the play. Here they found various groupes of company, all of whom were expressing their rapture at the entertainments of the evening, and extolling the poet Ywato.

Krites had just ordered some refreshment when a person in ragged clothes entered the room, and

begged of Benvolio to give him a *lodo*, a small Aisthésian coin. The Knight, surprised, looked at Krites, who instantly drew out a *gopa*, a piece of twenty times the value of that which the stranger had asked, and gave it to him with a look of solicitude. The stranger went immediately to the board on which refreshments were displayed, and laying down the *gopa* took up a small simple cake. "It is "he," said Krites to Benvolio, "it is—" Before he could utter the name, the stranger made a convulsive struggle, and fell backward. Benvolio, whose eyes had followed him from the moment his friend had said, *it is he*, and who was now at no great distance from him, sprang forward, and caught him in his arms. The company crowded round him, the face of the stranger was recognized, and there was a cry of, "It is Ywato, it is Ywato." He continued convulsed till he died upon the spot. The person with whom he lodged, a poor Nousaisthésian, lately set up as a manufacturer at Neuron, was sent for, and declared that he had long been without sustenance. His emaciated figure corroborated the declaration, and the poet with whose numbers nations had been charmed, and whose genius had that very night afforded the general entertainment to the city of Neuron, had been left to starve in an obscure corner, and was absolutely choked in his eagerness to swallow a morsel of food.

It was no sooner known that Ywato was dead, than that munificence which might have preserved his life, and yielded him a happy existence, broke forth in innumerable streams to honour his obsequies. His corpse was not allowed to be carried back to his naked room, but was borne to the house of one of the Grandees of Aisthésis. Benvolio was all amazement: "How inconsistent," cried he, "to have no "feeling for him while he had feeling himself, and

"power to manifest a sense of generosity, but to "lavish regard and distinctions upon him the mo- "ment he becomes a lifeless clod."—"You are "mistaken," replied Krites; "it is very consist- "ent in Aisthésis, where the regard and distinctions "bestowed on such occasions are but the price for "the gratification of a species of pride which the "Aisthésians conceive to be very honourable to "them. As I said before, those merits which are "personal are recommendations in life, but they "cease with life, and often much sooner; whereas "those of the genuine poet, which are independent "of his person, are overlooked in Aisthésis while he "lives, but render his name immortal after his death, "and the honour bestowed on the name is con- "sidered as reflected."—"Then Ywato," said Benvolio, "will have a monument erected to his "memory."

CHAPTER VIII.

Honours paid to the poet—The temple of the dead—The difference of those at Phreen—A theatrical phenomenon.

It was the fashion to visit the dead body of the poet Ywato at the house of the Grandee where it lay previous to interment. Benvolio and Krites went through the ceremony, it being understood that it was a compliment expected from all persons of distinction. They likewise followed it to the *Temple of the Dead*, whither it was conveyed with the greatest funeral pomp, and where a magnificent monument was shortly after erected to his memory, by the Grandee at whose house his corpse had lain.

Benvolio observed that of the immense retinue which had followed the bier to the Temple a very small number entered, and of those who did he lost sight the moment the body was deposited. He and Krites were left by themselves at one corner of the Temple. "The Aisthésians," said Krites, "hold "death in abhorrence, and not the less that the term "of life seems fixed at a shorter period than in Nou- "saisthésis."—"Fixed by nature?" asked Benvolio. "So they generally believe," replied Krites, "and "indeed it may be allowed; for the modes of ex- "istence which shorten life are now become tho- "roughly their nature. They have no future hope, "and dread death, yet cannot resist those indul- "gencies which accelerate it. They never enter "into this temple but with the greatest reluctance, "and, shuddering at the gloomy appearance of the "interior, remain not an instant longer than is re- "quisite for the office to be performed."—"To "what purpose erect these monuments with in- "scriptions," said Benvolio, "if they never visit "these regions of their departed friends and rela- "tions?"—"It is," replied Krites, "a useless spe- "cies of immortality, which they think it incumbent "upon them to bestow on those who have no other. "The magnificence of the temple attracts the cu- "riosity of strangers, and they are the only persons "who look at these memorials."—"There is some- "thing awful and grand in this scene," said Ben- volio. "It would be truly so," replied Krites, "if it were considered as the repository of the re- "cords of departed worth gone to its reward. Let "us take a view of the monuments."—"Here is a "master-piece," said Benvolio. "It is very fine," replied Krites; "I am acquainted with the artist, "who lives at Phreen, the capital of Nousaisthésis, "where he ranks very high. The design is grand,

"and the execution worthy the design: but on "whom is it bestowed?"—"It should seem by the "inscription," replied Benvolio, "on one that richly "merited it."—"Read the next inscription," said Krites, "and the next to that, and proceed with "as many as you please." The Knight perused a great number: "Indeed," said he smiling,—"the "tenor of them is much alike."—"It would spare "much trouble," said Krites, "if one general in- "scription were engraved on a tablet at the en- "trance of the temple, ascribing all that was good "and lovely to the tenants of it: adding according "to the Aisthésian belief, that though so good and "lovely, they were now annihilated for ever."—"Is "not the number of temples in Neuron," said Ben- volio, "inconsistent with the renunciation of futurity "by the Aisthésians?"—"By no means," replied Krites: "PLEASURE is the deity to which those "temples are erected; it is the object of their "adoration, and they have not a wish beyond the "gratification of the present hour."

As Benvolio and Krites were about to go out, the former turned to admire once more the magni- ficence of the surrounding pile, and observed to his friend the solemn stillness that reigned. "How "very different," said Krites, "from the temples "at Phreen, which are dedicated to departed spi- "rits. Convinced that our friends, though gone "before us, are capable of looking back, and of "being delighted with our remembrance, we regu- "larly frequent the spots in which their remains are "deposited, we recal past scenes of affection, we "commemorate the virtues we witnessed, we chant "praises, and pray that we may be worthy of join- "ing their society beyond the limits of Dokimasia. "The buildings in general are not so superb as this, "but are upon a very different plan: they are light

" and airy though solemn, nor do we conceive it " necessary to unite gloom with solemnity." Benvolio concurred in this opinion, paid a tribute to the superiority of the Nousaisthésian principle, and declared that he was impatient to visit Nousaisthésis.

The day after the funeral of Ywato was the day on which the young actor, mentioned by Krites, was to make his first appearance. The friends, according to their engagement, dined together, and set out at an early hour for the theatre. As they approached it long lines of carriages prevented their proceeding but very slowly, and they therefore chose to walk.

On foot they found the crowd so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty they reached the door of the theatre, and thence they had to make their way through groups of screaming and fainting Aisthésians, some lamenting the difficulties and labour they had fruitlessly encountered, others making the most extravagant offers for places.

Arrived at their seats, Benvolio and Krites found most of the company already assembled, and others pouring in at every avenue. Never was expectation exalted to so high a pitch. Those who had seen the child, for such he was, in the remote parts of Aisthésis, seemed proud of the accidental priority of gratification, and spent the time previous to the rising of the curtain in rapturous descriptions of the astonishing excellence of the boy, and of various passages in the well known plays which he had conceived in a different light from every other actor, and executed in a style far beyond them. The generality, who were yet to see him, were wondering to one another whether he could possibly deserve the fame he had gained, and many, particularly Nousaisthésians, for it was a principle of the Nousaisthésian to be on his guard against his impulses,

came, resolved not to be duped by the force of artful applauses. A universal agitation pervaded the house, which as the curtain rose broke forth into a long preparatory greeting.

The play proceeded a considerable time before the course of the action brought the hero upon the stage. No attention was paid to the actors, scarcely a word they uttered was heard. The audience continued conversing on the coming prodigy, and the buz of their voices confounded the articulation of those on the stage. At length he entered:—the Aisthésians, without waiting for their suggesters, yielded to their impulse, the Nousaisthésians to the beauty, grace, and nature, that appeared in the young candidate.—All that can be conceived expressive of rapture was now poured forth: clapping of the hands was inadequate to the feelings excited, it was presently lost in the thunder of huzzaing, and caps were thrown into the air. It was a considerable time before silence could be obtained, but when attention became fixed the silence was profound, all eagerly listening to catch the first accents of the little hero. The admiration that followed them was beyond description, and applause was redoubled at every speech he uttered, and at the end of the play the clapping and huzzaing continued till the beginning of the entertainment by those who remained, for many, fully satisfied with the high treat they had received, withdrew upon the dropping of the curtain, and what was very extraordinary, they who remained hissed the entertainment, though an old one, off the stage.

Benvolio and Krites joined in the general admiration; the latter particularly declared that he had long given up all idea of ever seeing nature again upon the stage, but that now it seemed likely to be restored. "How comes it," said Benvolio,

" that this boy has not been secured for the capital " of Nousaisthésis, his own country?"—" For this " reason," replied Krites, " that plays are but of " secondary consideration there, and players do not " meet the same encouragement as at Neuron: there " they are paid for affording occasional amusement, " here they are munificently engaged, and treated " as priests and priestesses to the god of the coun- " try."

CHAPTER IX.

Zelotypus and Agneia.

THE merits of the little Nousaisthésian were now the theme of every circle in Neuron, from the palace to the shops of the artizans and mechanics. Never were admiration and applause more general. There was not a dissenting voice, those excepted which are always looked for; and the negative of which ever enhances the value of genuine praise; many of the players, and a few conceited big boys were his enemies. So decided, however, were his deserts, that all the rank and fashion of Neuron vied in lavishing the most flattering kindness on the little fellow. It was who should have him. Benvolio met him frequently in the best companies, among whom he appeared to be idolized. He feasted with Princes and Grandees, and was conveyed to the theatre in their carriages. He played almost every night, and he never played without increasing his fame.

Benvolio, who found in Neuron much to gratify his curiosity, and in Krites a pleasing companion and delightful guide, allowed himself to be so en-

tangled in engagements that he was under the necessity of remaining longer than he intended in the capital of Aisthésis. But Neuron and all its pleasures would have had little power to delay the Knight in his journey through Dokimasia, had he not become acquainted with Zelotypus and Agneia. They were Nousaisthésians, esteemed the most beautiful and accomplished couple in Nousaisthésis, and every happy constellation seemed to have shed its selectest influence on the hour of their nuptials. Yet had they not been married two years when they found it *necessary* to fix their residence in Aisthésis. Benvolio, ignorant of the nature of that *necessity*, had felt himself attracted to Zelotypus by the good sense of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners. Similar causes rendered the attachment reciprocal, and the Knight spent most of his time at the house of his friend. At Neuron he was of double value to Zelotypus, nor were his merits unacknowledged by the lovely Agneia. Harmony and confidence appeared to heighten the zest of their society, and had Agneia not been a wife, it might have been doubted whether she had not eclipsed the divine Felicia in the memory of the Knight. Indeed it must be confessed that he felt himself rather too much delighted with his situation than was consistent with his design of not being impeded by any pleasure, in his progress through Dokimasia ; but it must not be forgotten, that his delights were of a nature far superior to those of the country in which he was :—they were intellectual and benevolent, they were the delights of the head and of the heart, such as were admitted to be a just excuse for loitering at Phreen, the capital of Nousaisthésis.

Benvolio had been a considerable time thus happy, without his ever having found himself a single

moment alone with Agneia, whom he admired and esteemed. Having no thoughts which he would not equally express before her husband, this had never struck him as singular. He saw that Zelotypus was as attentive as a lover, but he also saw that Agneia had lost no charm in becoming a wife. He would sometimes look at her a moment, think of Felicia, and sigh.

One evening, while looking at her more earnestly than usual, he was so absorbed in contemplating in imagination his own divine mistress, the lady Felicia, that Zelotypus had left the room some moments before he perceived that he was alone with the object at whom he was gazing. "Where," cried he, recovering himself, "where is my friend?"—"Lost, "Benvolio," replied Agneia, with an air of sadness; "I am your friend as well as Zelotypus, and I am "lost; lost to my country, lost to my husband, and "now lost to you."—"What can you mean?" exclaimed the astonished Knight. "Your virtues and "your prudence," replied she, "have hitherto steered "it; but this night you have unwarily dashed upon "it, and we now see each other for the last time. "Pleased with our society, you have been kept "longer in this country than you intended, and you "will now soon pursue your journey to a nobler if "not a happier region, one dear to my heart, but "where I must never again be seen. When you "come there—." As Agneia was about to proceed, the door opened, and a domestic informed her she was wanted. "Say, I come," she answered; then continued—"When you are there, your "ears will be assailed with sad stories of the unfor-"tunate Agneia; give no credit to them, Benvolio; "think not that your friendship has been cast away "upon a worthless woman, but pity and defend me.

" I have not time to say more—farewell for ever!" A tear that had risen to her eye dropped from its resting place. The Knight earnestly beseeching an explanation, would have detained her. She shook her head, repeated her farewell, and left the room.

Amazed and confounded at an event so unexpected, so sudden, Benvolio was at a loss what to conjecture. He had never neglected consulting his syneideesis, and being now alone and agitated, he applied to it. In the praxis as usual, the successive occurrences of his life appeared reflected at gradual distances, and for none had he cause to blush. The parainetes presented no object to alarm him. He remained buried in thought, contemplating in his imagination the tear that had fallen from the eye of Agneia, and her inexplicable, " farewell for ever."

He was not, however, long left to himself; Agneia was but a few minutes gone when Zelotypus returned to the room. There was little change in his appearance, a slight degree of sadness discoverable on his countenance was all. Benvolio flew to him, and with all the candour of an ingenuous mind requested to know why he had left the room so abruptly, and why Agneia had been sent for.

" Benvolio," said Zelotypus, " I am a Nousais-
" thésian, and cannot descend to falsehood; and to
" evade an explanation would be as injurious to your
" character as unworthy of mine. It is a tale of
" sorrow, shame, and mortification; but you ask
" for it, and you shall have it. In my country the
" fidelity of a wife is one of the great sources of its
" happiness, and she who disturbs it is accounted
" unfit to breathe the air of Nousaisthésis. The
" queen is ever watchful to preserve female purity,
" and to remove whatever may tend to contaminate
" it. From this and from the superior mental en-
" dowments of my countrywomen, infidelity is

" rarely, very rarely, heard of in that land of " good sense and virtue: but it does sometimes " occur, and then it is the province of the Queen to " publish an edict partly monitory, and partly de- " claratory of the punishment to be inflicted on the " person who has disgraced herself. The latter " consists in an alternative of banishment or death. " To you who have never been in Nousaisthésis it " will be a curious paper; I have one in my pocket, " and you shall read it."—" Heaven forbid," cried Benvolio with emotion, "that you should mean to ap- " ply your discourse to Agneia."—" Have patience: " whatever you hear is now required by candour, " friendship, and truth:" said Zelotypus, taking from his pocket-book a paper which he presented to his friend, who read as follows:

" Seeing that the customs of Nousaisthésis, with " the entire concurrence and approbation of my " royal consort, have reposed in me the guardian- " ship of female manners and virtue, and do enable " me, and require of me, to take proper steps for " removing such females as disgrace the nature of " Nousaisthésians: I Alethea, Queen consort of " Nousaisthésis, publish this edict. Soundness of " intellect, mildness of disposition, and chastity of " person, are the characteristic qualities of my " countrywomen. The first of these may be im- " paired by misfortune, the two others can never be " lost but by a baleful corruption of our nature, " which has bestowed upon our souls so great a su- " periority over our bodies. The woman who be- " comes an adulteress, or, being single, so far for- " gets her duty as to swerve from our laws of pu- " rity, does not deserve to breathe the air of Nou- " saisthésis: now as Agneia, the wife of Zelotypus, " hasbeen declared by Geronto, the son of Rapiros, " to be guilty of the most shameful crime of adul-

" tery, the proofs of which have been given by him " in due form, without being denied by any Knight " as the champion of the arraigned, I do decree " that Agneia, the wife of Zelotypus, is unworthy " of the name of wife, unworthy of her sex, un- " worthy of breathing the air of Nousaisthésis, " and that if she be found within the dominions of " our royal consort after the term of seven days she " shall be deprived of the life she has so shame- " fully disgraced: and be it done accordingly."

Benvolio's surprise as he read was unspeakable, and as he concluded the decree, he boldly pronounced it founded on a false accusation. " It was " made but too evident," said the unhappy husband, " and my mind respecting Agneia is fully " settled. She has charms so captivating, that, " though convinced of her frailty, I cannot resign " her. By the laws of my country, a woman " leaving Nousaisthésis in consequence of such " an edict is considered as completely divorced " from her husband, who is at liberty to take an- " other wife, if he suffers her to depart without " him: but if he accompanies her in her flight, he " loses that privilege ever after. Agneia added " falsehood to infidelity she swore she was true " to her vows; she swears it still. She receiv- " ed the edict with the utmost calmness and in- " difference: 'My fame is tainted,' said she, 'but " my virtue is uninjured; I shall meet death " with pleasure; I shall be found in the capital of " Nousaisthésis after seven days are past!' In spite " of conviction, I was half persuaded of her inno- " cence: to prevail upon her to live I assured her " that she was as dear to me as ever, and to prove " it, declared my resolution to accompany her in " her flight, if she would consent to live. Oh! " with what ardour and how long did I sue in vain

" for that consent: nor was it till I had sworn to
" die with her that she listened to my entreaties.
" I forced her away from Phreen before the time
" limited had elapsed, and we were suffered to
" pass unmolested through the rest of the country.
" Here she is safe, for the Aisthésians are so defi-
" cient of mind, that there is no fear of her being
" attracted by any of them. Her words, her
" looks, her air, immediately confound those who
" dare to discover a licentious hope. I had been
" lulled by this behaviour, if not into an oblivion of
" the past, into a reliance on the present: but,
" alas! no sooner does a congeniality of mind dis-
" cover itself, than she is in danger."—" Is Zelo-
" typus then ignorant," said Benvolio, " of the
" vows of a Knight?"—" I say not, Benvolio," re-
plied Zelotypus, " that a dishonourable intention
" has insinuated itself into your bosom; but your
" look this evening was too long and too ardent not
" to be understood; I know Agneia to be weak,
" and if there is a pang keener than another, it is
" that of doubting her inclination. Be not sur-
" prised at this confession, candour is essential to
" a Nousaisthésian, and though may have sunk
" in the opinion of my countrymen for accompany-
" ing a wife who had disgraced herself, yet am I
" still a Nousaisthésian. My sincerity will save me
" many pangs, and will forward your original de-
" sign of hastening through Aisthésis.—Farewell."

As he said this, he put out his hand in token of friendship at the moment of parting. Benvolio grasped and held it. " Unhappy man!" said he, " it is you who are unworthy of living in Nousais-
" thésis, and not Agneia. Illicit love is not the
" only passion disgraceful to the soul: it is indeed
" ignoble, but the passion that possesses you is an
" infernal one. It is not Agneia that is impure,

" but Zelotypus that is jealous. Instead of defending " your virtuous wife—" —" Had she been virtuous, " this arm, this heart, would have done her jus- " tice," exclaimed Zelotypus, interrupting Benvolio, " but a Nousaisthésian cannot defend what " he knows to be wrong. I was not passive on slight " grounds: I had full conviction of her infidelity. " I was placed by the friend who afterwards became " her accuser in a situation whence I beheld her dis- " honourer leave her chamber at the dawn of day."— " Some deception practised on your temper," said Benvolio. " Geronto is an honourable man," replied Zelotypus. " Oh! the fact was but too clear. " But I adored her, forgave her, sacrificed myself " to her, and will not be robbed of her." Saying which, he drew his hand suddenly from Benvolio's grasp, and, repeating his farewell with a melancholy air, rushed from the room. The Knight in sorrow turned up his eyes to Heaven, and left a house from which, after enjoying in it so much rational pleasure, he now felt himself suddenly and unjustly excluded.

Returned to his apartments, Benvolio meditated on the passions of men, and regretted that even the best natures were liable to the inroads of some of the most malignant. He was more willing to build his opinion of Agneia on the judgments he had formed in his intercourse and observations, than upon the evidence of a jealous man's eyes. However fair and beautiful, however animated and warm on the subjects of discourse, never had a loose glance sullied the eye, never had a doubtful allusion disgraced the lips of Agneia. Benvolio beheld in her the counterpart of the chaste and adorable Felicia, and lamented that it was too late to offer himself as her champion.

After musing a considerable time, he was pre-

paring to retire to bed, when a stranger, muffled in a cloak, requested admittance. The hour was late, the disguise suspicious: Benvolio instructed his servant to desire the stranger would call in the morning. The servant returned with a message, that the stranger's communication could not be deferred. The Knight, whose soul never knew fear, placing his sword within reach, ordered the person to be admitted. The figure that entered was so enveloped in a loose outer garment, that, for ought Benvolio could distinguish, it might be one of the monsters of Dokimasia. The servant who opened the door stood at it as if suspecting some danger, and unwilling to retire. The figure advanced without uttering a syllable. "Stop where you are," said Benvolio, "and let me know your business." The stranger was still silent, but nodded towards the door, on which the Knight commanded his servant to withdraw and shut it. "Secure it:" said a female voice in a whisper. Benvolio, more alarmed than he would have been at the sight of another such monster as that from which he had rescued Philochrematos, advanced to the lady, and taking her by the arm, was going to conduct her to the door, when the cloak dropped to the floor, and discovered the lovely wife of Zelotypus.

Trembling, tottering, she seized the arm of the astonished Benvolio to prevent her falling, and faintly uttered, "I beseech you!" More and more amazed, he led her to a seat. "I intreat you," said she, in a low voice, "to let it be your first "care to prevent all risk of my being seen here." Benvolio looked irresolutely in her face. It was lovely indeed, but its loveliness bore a stamp of dignity which commanded respect. He left her seated, and went out to give orders that none should approach the apartment. When he returned, he

found her composed, her tremour had left her, she rose with ineffable grace to meet him, took him by the hand, and led him to a seat by that on which he had placed her.

The Knight had not forgotten nor neglected the use of his syneideesis. Notwithstanding the history delivered by Zelotypus, he had no apprehension of any danger from Agneia, yet her arrival at his apartments disguised was extraordinary, and that he might not slight the gift and advice of the benevolent Genius, he excused himself for a moment, and withdrawing to another chamber, looked at the parainetes of his syneideesis. The first object that presented itself was Agneia. Heavens! what a look! the beauty of her countenance became irradiated: a celestial glow of innocence suffused her cheeks, she pointed to the skies and vanished. He returned his syneideesis to his bosom, and flew to the injured Agneia.

"Benvolio," said the lovely wife of Zelotypus, "strange as this visit must appear to you, and repugnant as it is to my own sentiments, I am persuaded that it is a wise step, that I shall not lose "your esteem, and that I shall restore my husband "to his country and to happiness; and shall form "then withhold me? No, I come boldly: look at "me, my friend: is it the boldness of infamy that "my countenance displays, or that which arises "from the consciousness of innocence! Benvolio, "I swear I am innocent of the crime of which I "have been declared guilty. Zelotypus has communicated to you the sentence against me in "Nousaisthésis, and his own conviction. The "former I do not merit; the latter I in some degree "deserve since I consented to live. That consent, "however, he wrung from me, assisted by the affection I bear him. Zelotypus is the best of men;

" intelligent, generous, amiable: he has but one " fault, and I am the cause of it; jealousy is the " bane of his peace. Distrust of a woman's virtue " is so mortifying, so odious, that it might justify " contempt and even hatred in her mind. But a " Nousaisthésian is accustomed to make a distinc- " tion between inherent vice which springs from " the heart, and failings which are the effects of " reason deceived. Jealousy was sown in the " heart of Zelotypus by no common hand, and ma- " tured there by no common means.

" Our attachment may be dated from our in- " fancy: we were educated near each other. When " the time arrived for him to visit the different " parts of Dokimasia, the pain we felt at parting " convinced us that our hearts destined us for each " other. A Nousaisthésian at that period of life is " not allowed to enter into engagements of marri- " age; but as far as the expression of the soul on " the countenance could be a pledge of love, the " engagement was mutually made. In his absence, " Geronto, my false accuser, solicited my hand— " I denied it.—He used every means in his power to " alter my resolution, but in vain, for Zelotypus " had entire possession of my heart. When he " found that my resolution was not to be shaken, " his love changed to inveterate hatred—'twas unlike " a Nousaisthésian, but there are some such—he " desisted from his solicitation with a brow clouded " with the most tremendous anger, and with these " words, *you shall repent, you shall suffer*, empha- " tically and malignantly spoken. I have *not re-* " *pented*, Benvolio, for I prefer my present for- " tunes with my husband to the unbroken fame " I might have preserved as the wife of Geronto: " but his other denouncement has been fulfilled " —yes, I have suffered, Heaven knows how I

" have suffered! It is not enough to be innocent:
" Oh! the *reputation* of innocence is dear, infi-
" nitely dear to my soul. But to my story.

" In a short time Geronto appeared to have re-
" covered his ease; he was no longer the sport of a
" hopeless passion; he seemed even to have for-
" gotten his resentment, and more than once in
" conversation with me bantered himself on his
" folly. He soon after left Nousaisthésis. Deli-
" vered from his persecutions, my happiest hours
" were now spent in thinking of Zelotypus, and in
" unwearied exertions to render myself worthy of
" him.

" After an absence of two years he returned to
" Phreen, and soon, with the approbation of all
" our friends on both sides, declared himself my
" lover. In the course of the year we were marri-
" ed: how happily rolled on that and the succeed-
" ing one! At the end of that time Geronto return-
" ed to Phreen. He had met Zelotypus abroad,
" and had cultivated an intimacy with him without
" knowing that we were the objects of each other's
" choice. He renewed his intimacy, and appeared
" to have lost all recollection of having ever ad-
" dressed me as a lover. Consummate hypocrite!

" Among the friends of Zelotypus there was a
" youth whose name was Cherbin, a mild, gentle,
" inoffensive creature, one of those characters that
" without making a strong impression upon any
" heart, awakens a general fondness. My husband
" loved him, and bade me love him: and so I did
" most innocently. This poor boy Geronto pitched
" upon for the instrument of his vengeance. I soon
" observed in the eyes of Zelotypus the effects of
" the poison which had been infused into his soul,
" but without suspecting the nature of the cause. I
" caught his looks wandering from me to Cherbin,

" and from Cherbin to me: I blushed without " knowing why. Time, increasing the malady, " betrayed the nature of it. I avoided Cherbin, " forgetting that to do so was showing a conscious- " ness of some kind. It added fuel to the flame, " particularly as it sometimes happened in spite of " my caution, that he was with me alone when Ze- " lotypus came in. At length my feelings would " allow me to be silent no longer: I threw myself " into my husband's bosom; I kissed his hands; I " bathed his cheeks with my tears; I besought " him to banish from his bosom passions that were " unworthy of it. He disclaimed any such passion, " and was hurt that I should entertain a suspicion " of the kind. Still he pressed me to his heart, " and we renewed our vows of love and constancy.

" We were still repeating the effusions of our af- " fection, when Zelotypus received an order from " court, which required his immediate absence. " While he was away, that I might avoid Cherbin " without appearing singular, I resolved to refuse " myself to all company. I saw none but my nearest " relations. Guess then my astonishment and in- " dignation, when ten days previous to the ex- " pected return of my husband, an officer from the " Queen demanded to see me, and presented her " Majesty's signature to one of the foulest charges " that can be exhibited against a woman. Not " even innocence could enable me to endure with re- " signation the horror of such a charge. It appear- " ed by the tenour of the writing, that Geronto was " my accuser, and poor Cherbin my accomplice. " Accusations of this kind seldom occur in Nousais- " thésis, not only because my countrywomen are " virtuous, but because the support of them is dan- " gerous where the proof is not very clear; for the " accuser employed must give a general challenge,

" and maintain his assertion by personal combat " against any Knight who may appear as the cham- " pion of the accused. On the other hand, no " Nousaisthésian will become a champion on such an " occasion without feeling a conviction of the inno- " cence of the unfortunate person. I bade the " officer assure her Majesty, that I was guiltless, " and that I should be ready to repel the accusa- " tion on the return of my husband to Phreen, and " that in the mean time I would seclude myself " from the sight of her Majesty's subjects.

" Far from apprehending that the charge would " be supported with any credible testimony, or that " I should want a champion, my only fear was that " among those who should rise in my defence, Ze- " lotypus would insist upon his prior right. This " made me wretched, for I knew that Geronto was " more expert in arms, and I trembled for his life " even more than for the consequences of a disas- " trous issue to my fame. At length he arrived; " but oh! how changed! emaciated, dejected, " grave, but in expressions of love still ardent. He " spoke of the accusation with deep sorrow, but " with no marks of resentment against the accuser. " I attributed this to the weakness of malady, for he " was evidently ill, and I even derived comfort from " the reflection that he could not be my champion, " persuaded as I was that many would be ready to " answer the challenger's trumpet.

" Zelotypus grew worse, and on the day of trial " could not be removed from the house. Oh! that " dreadful day! Spare me the mortification, Benvo- " lio, of a circumstantial recital: suffice it to say, " that my husband had enrolled his evidence against " me; that he had been interrogated by the " Queen's examiner, and had declared that in com- " pany with my accuser he had seen Cherbin leave

" my chamber at the dawn of day; that he believed
" me faithless; and that Geronto was actuated by
" friendship towards him, and love of the pure laws
" of the country. My heart sunk, while a murmur
" of disapprobation ran throughout the court, but
" whether it was the voice of condemnation or of
" doubt was not clear; nor had it ceased when a
" trumpet sounded, which at that moment was the
" signal that a Knight desired to ask a question: an
" awful silence instantly took place, when a noble
" youth rose, and bowing to the Queen, called upon
" her Majesty's examiner to repeat himself the tes-
" timony he had taken. This he did just as it had
" been read. The Knight then bowed again to the
" Queen, and said that as a Nousaisthésian he was
" bound to abandon the intention he had formed.
" He retired, and at the same time five more dis-
" tinguished youths left the court.

" Cherbin, for the sake of form, was summoned
" to appear; and as he could not be found after the
" morning mentioned in the charge, he was de-
" clared to have fled his country in dread of merit-
" ed punishment for the guilt which he had con-
" fessed in confidence to Geronto. My sentence
" followed; a black mantle was thrown over me,
" and I was hurried home in a vehicle, on which I
" sunk senseless. When I recovered my senses, I
" found myself in the arms of Zelotypus.

" I came to myself by degrees, and it was
" some time before the full recollection of my
" miserable state returned to my mind. It was in
" vain to upbraid Zelotypus, who now acknowledged
" himself to be fully convinced of what he called
" his misfortune, and I therefore determined, as my
" last refuge, to embrace the alternative of death,
" given in my sentence, by remaining at Phreen
" beyond the time limited. This resolution remain-

" ed unshaken till I found Zelotypus determined to " share death with me. Injured as I was, when I " began to reflect, I could not but be convinced that " some powerful delusion had betrayed my husband's " senses, and that his actions, except the survival " of his love, were afterwards founded upon prin- " ciple. I forgave him, and hoping that one day, " through the means of Cherbin, or some provi- " dential event, my innocence might be proved, I " consented to live, and to accompany him to Neu- " ron. Here, as you know, we have lived some " time in perfect harmony and affection; but jea- " lousy has taken such fast hold of his heart, that he " cannot enjoy that peace which ought to be the re- " ward of his virtues. The futile race that inhabit " Aisthésis give him no pain, nor does he object " to the society of those foreigners who occasionally " reside here, while they show no uncommon atten- " tion to his wife; but several have been dismissed " on account of some unusual compliment or look, " which he has ingenuously owned to me at the " time, betrayed, in his opinion, a rising inclination, " which it was better to smother in the beginning. " Such, Benvolio, is now your case. Your words and " looks have long been directed undistinguishingly " to both husband and wife, till the reverie that " overtook you, and in which your looks, though to " me they appeared, what they were, the effect of " a temporary absence of mind, conveyed to him " the conviction of a dangerous tendency.

" I have now, my friend, as briefly as I could, " made you acquainted with the chief circumstances " of my story. It was a necessary preface to the " subject of my visit."—" It is a painful story, " lady," said Benvolio: " would I had been at " Phreen at the moment of the charge being pro- " claimed!"—" Nay, you shall not wrong my coun-

" trymen," cried Agneia, " nor your friend Zelo-
" typus. I had not wanted a champion had they not
" believed me guilty. But you may be my cham-
" pion yet, and that on the best of grounds. I have,
" within two days, unexpectedly discovered a means
" of tracing poor Cherbin."—" It would be fortu-
" nate, indeed," exclaimed Benvolio, " to find him;
" but found or not, I swear, lady, if it be not too
" late, I will immediately proceed to Phreen, ac-
" cuse Geronto of being a false Knight, and chal-
" lenge him to repel my charge by a formal com-
" bat."—"A challenge is now too late," said Agneia,
" unless grounded on some striking testimony of
" falsehood. Were Cherbin discovered by my
" means, and confronted with Geronto by a Knight
" determined to support his testimony, the villain
" might yet be foiled, and circumstances might ap-
" pear to establish truth."—" Tell me," cried the
Knight eagerly, " where I shall seek young Cher-
" bin, and I will instantly set out to find him."—
" Blessed be the hour that brought you to Neuron!"
exclaimed the enraptured Agneia, " a new hope
" springs in my soul. Oh! Benvolio, I know the
" full value of your undertaking my cause, and were
" your fame and prowess less than they are, I should
" scruple to allow your appearing in it; but expert
" and powerful in arms as Geronto is, a victory to
" you is certain."—" The more powerful he," re-
plied the Knight, " the prouder shall I be of that
" victory."—" My gratitude far exceeds expres-
" sion," said Agneia.

She then took from her finger a ring, and show-
ing it to Benvolio, continued thus: " This ring was
" the gift of Zelotypus to Cherbin, before his mind
" was poisoned by Geronto. The day before yes-
" terday, while Zelotypus and I were at a jeweller's,
" I observed the ring among many others. Lest it

" should awaken painful reflections in the mind of " my husband, I drew his attention to other objects, " and soon after went away. We had not gone far, " when meeting a person whom Zelotypus wished to " accompany on some affair, he left me to proceed " home by myself. I seized the opportunity of re- " turning to the jeweller's, and, having purchased " the ring, made enquiries respecting it, by which I " learned that he had bought it of an Aisthésian, " who had found it as he travelled near Nariston, a " small town of Nousaisthésis, at a very great di- " stance from Phreen, but within a day's jour- " ney of Neuron, and not much out of the di- " rect road to the capital of Nousaisthésis. I " asked for the person of whom the ring was " bought, but he was unknown. Whether it " were really found or stolen, hope assures me " that in placing it in your hands, it will lead to " the discovery of its master." So saying, she presented it to Benvolio, who, putting it on his finger, declared to Agneia that it should never be separated from him, until he had found the owner of it, and vanquished the perfidious Geronto. With the warmest protestations of gratitude, Agneia now took leave of the Knight, and, resuming her disguise, was fortunate enough to return home undiscovered, before Zelotypus's usual hour of going to bed. She had run a very great risk, but the object in view was the greatest to her. Besides, she depended upon Zelotypus waiting her summons before he came to her chamber.

Benvolio, charmed with the character of Agneia, and proud already of the adventure that awaited him, gave orders to his servants to make preparation in the morning for his departure from Neuron. Before he retired to rest, he again examined his syneideesis: the side parainetes presented only the unspotted

mirror; in the side praxis he beheld a pleasing succession of images; the recent scene with Agneia seemed starting from the frame, encompassed with a radiance which reflected a splendid light upon the mirror. A delightful glow pervaded his bosom as he returned his syneideesis to it and retired to bed.

CHAPTER X.

The Knight's progress—His fruitless search at Nariston—His journey to Phreen—The furious combat he fought there, and the issue of it.

In the morning, while his servant was arranging things for their journey, Benvolio went to take leave of Philochrematos and Krites. To the Iatros he deputed the office of apologizing to the Prince, and those from whom he had received civilities, for his abrupt departure, which was the result of a duty unexpectedly imposed upon him by the laws of Knighthood. With his friend Krites he passed an hour, and took some refreshment.

"You have been longer at Neuron than you "at first intended," said Krites, smiling; "but a "knowledge of the laws of chivalry, no doubt, tran- "quillized the mind of Zelotypus respecting your "friendship with the beautiful Agneia."—"Krites," replied Benvolio, "Zelotypus is a most unhappy "being, and his wife a most injured woman. But "how comes it, if you are acquainted with the "story, that you have never once hinted at it in our "conversations?"—"Because," replied Krites, "it "is one of the principles of a Nousaisthésian's con- "versation not to report what may injure or degrade "a fellow creature, unless his silence be injurious "to society; and especially if there be the slightest

" suspicion on his mind that the report is unmerited, " or if he believe amendment to have followed sor- " row. Nor should I now have led to the subject, " but that I was solicitous to find whether our senti- " ments concurred on that unfortunate affair. I " never credited the guilt imputed to Agneia."— " You never manifested greater judgment," replied Benvolio, " than by your discredit of it: I would " stake my life on her honour—." The Knight, in the warmth of his feelings, was about to disclose the cause of his sudden departure from Neuron; but he checked himself, as it might be important to keep it secret till he had found Cherbin. " Then what a " villain must Geronto be?" said Krites. " Ay," replied his friend, " an arch-demon, though a Nou- " saisthésian."—" I thank you," cried Krites, " for " the compliment of your *though* to my country; but " it was never pretended that there were not excep- " tions to the general character: nay, there are " constant emigrations of Nousaisthésians, whose dis- " positions, by some bias received in the course of " their youth, become in time more congenial to the " habits of Aisthésis, where they settle for life. " These, from the very circumstance of their intel- " lectual superiority, refine on the vices of the coun- " try, and, in the end, sink to a state of indolence " and sensuality, even lower than that of the in- " habitants. Geronto is ambitious of the pure re- " putation of his country, but I know him, in spite of " his best efforts to sustain its character, to be self- " ish, proud, and revengeful. He stands high in " Phreen, where you will meet him."—" I hope " so," said Benvolio, whose feelings again outran his resolution. He recovered himself, however, by enquiring of his friend how the crime that had been imputed to Agneia was punished in Aisthésis. Krites smiled at the question. " Adultery," said he, " is

" not considered as a crime by the laws of this coun-
" try. Any man that can afford to pay for it is al-
" lowed to commit it."—" How do you mean, *pay*?"
exclaimed the Knight. " That, too," said Krites,
" is an extraordinary custom. Though a man is not
" considered as committing a crime against society,
" and punished for the benefit of the whole commu-
" nity, he is held to be guilty of a private injury in-
" dividually to the husband, and a certain number of
" persons are appointed to make an estimate, ac-
" cording to the rank and supposed feelings of
" the injured man, and to adjudge him a sum
" of money as a consolation for his wife's prank.
" But this is not so absurd as the positive law in
" another instance of corrupt manners. If an Ais-
" thésian is discovered to have tainted the mind of
" the daughter of his neighbour, to have seduced
" her from her duty, to have made her swerve from
" virtue, the law adjudges him to pay her father a
" sum equal to his servant's wages."—" I can only
" say," exclaimed Benvolio, with uplifted hands and
eyes, " that the *pneumatic plaister* itself is not so
" surprising."

The Knight now took leave of Krites, and re-
turned to his apartments, where he found every
thing ready. He delivered the keys into the hands
of the Prince's chamberlain, whose house was con-
tiguous to that of which he had occupied a wing,
and, mounting his noble courser, took the road to
Nariston, followed by his servant.

Smooth ground and a busy mind shortened the
distance: Benvolio halted for the night at a small
town on the borders of Aisthésis, which he passed
next morning at sun-rise. The face of the coun-
try, on entering Nousaisthésis, differed little from
that which he had left; but there was a striking dis-
tinction in the nature of the cultivation. The soils

of both were luxuriant, but in Aisthésis the productions were allowed to take their own course; some things grew in wild abundance, while others, for want of training and room, dwindled and spent themselves without ripening. On the contrary, in Nousaisthésis, those that were too luxuriant were checked, and the slower and scarcer plants stimulated by care and culture, so that a general plenty was secured, while the striking appearances of utility added a new pleasure to those of nature. The greatest contrast was in the strength, activity, and health of the inhabitants, and in the intelligence and skill they displayed.

As Benvolio approached Nariston, he saw many persons on the road, some coming from and others going to it. He enquired of several if they knew the name of Cherbin: it had never been heard of in the country. At Nariston his enquiry was not more successful: no person of that name had ever lived there. A hope yet remained if a claimant for the ring could be found, and the Knight had it described and proclaimed through the whole town. Every body came to look at it, but still no claimant appeared. Benvolio, after spending some weeks to no purpose at Nariston, vexed and mortified at the failure of his enterprize, resolved, notwithstanding, to proceed to Phreen, to punish Geronto at all events, though it should not be in his power to accompany his challenge with the mode of proof which was now necessary for the restoration of Agneia.

While at Nariston, he had made several acquaintances, one of whom begged to have the pleasure of accompanying him to the next town, in the way towards the capital. Benvolio was happy to have his company, and they set out together. The Knight's disappointment dwelt upon his mind, and, without revealing the original cause of his anxiety, he talked

to his companion of Cherbin and the ring. "I know "not," said the youth, "the cause of your anxiety "to discover Cherbin, but you make me almost as "anxious as yourself that you should find him, and "who knows but he may be heard of in the town "whither we are going: though, perhaps, he has "changed his name, and may have some reason for "wishing not to be known. I lately heard of a story "of a young man who had a warm friendship for "another, for whom he would have sacrificed his "life. The friendship was mutual, and for some "time nothing happened to disturb their happiness. "The friend of this youth married a lovely woman, "who, with the approbation of her husband, en-"tered into their bond of friendship. Soon after, "the notice bestowed by his wife upon their friend, "though innocent, became painful to the husband, "and his misery was evident. The young man re-"solved to remove the cause of it: he left the town "where they resided, retired to a very great dis-"tance, and determined that no communication "should take place on either side for a length of "time. He has so completely concealed himself, "that no enquiry has been able to trace him. Per-"haps he may be the Cherbin you are in search of, "having taken another name. If you would trust "me with the cause of your wishing to find him, "(for the restoration of a ring of little value can-"not be the cause) it is not improbable I may assist "in discovering him."

Benvolio gazed at his companion, whom he had found a mild, amiable, inoffensive youth, and combining his story with the description Agneia had given of Cherbin, he was suddenly persuaded that he was in company with them an he sought. "Will-"ingly," replied the Knight. "Have you ever "heard the names of Zelotypus and Agneia?" con-

tinued he, keeping his eyes fixed upon him. "Where "do they live?" asked the youth, without betraying any emotion. His evasion, however, of a direct answer, confirmed the suspicion of Benvolio, who replied that they once lived at Phreen. "And do "they not still?" exclaimed the youth. "Are you "not acquinted, then, with the public events at "Phreen?" said the Knight. "The distance," replied he, "is great, and many things do not reach "Nariston: besides, I have been out of the coun- "try, and it is not long since I returned."—"Ag- "neia," said Benvolio, "has been declared, by a "sentence of the Queen's, unworthy of breathing "the air of Nousaisthésis." The youth turned pale as the Knight spoke, and he asked, in an agitated voice, the cause. Being told on an unrepelled charge of adultery with Cherbin, he shrunk in his head and cried, "Oh Heavens! is it possible! un- "repelled! Who was the accuser?"—"You are "agitated," said Benvolio, "you no doubt know "these persons: the accuser's name is Geronto. The youth drew in his steed; the Knight followed his example. "Seigneur," said the frantic youth, dropping his bridle and clasping his hands, "my "tongue is not accustomed to imprecations, but I "cannot restrain it from blasting the villain. Ge- "ronto! perdition seize the wretch! I will go to "Phreen—I will confront the villain, and, spite of his "skill in arms, I swear"—"Stop," cried Benvolio, "swear not to take the honourable task which Ag- "neia herself has appointed to me. But I can no "longer doubt that I am talking with Cherbin."— "Knight," said the youth, "I have no longer rea- "son to conceal myself. Zelotypus thinks, or "thought me dead; and that he should continue to "think so, till time had fully subdued the only un- "worthy emotion of his mind has been the motive

" of the sacrifice I have made to friendship and to " virtue."

Delighted with his adventure, Benvolio embraced Cherbin, and proposed that they should return to Nariston, until his friend could prepare himself for so long a journey. This was agreed to as a necessary delay. Benvolio gave Cherbin a circumstantial account of what had taken place at Phreen respecting Agneia, and of Zelotypus's prevailing upon her to live and accompany him to Neuron; of the jealousy that still tormented his soul; of the event respecting himself; of Agneia's visit, and of the ring, which he now delivered to its owner. In return, Cherbin informed the Knight of all that related to him. " Trifling as the loss of my ring would have " been," said Cherbin, " I consider it as one of " those events which the invisible powers of good- " ness are frequently observed to direct for the " purpose of justice and retribution. I was early an " orphan, Seigneur, and was removed to Phreen " while very young. I was kindly treated in many " families, and formed some pleasing friendships, " none more pleasing than that with Zelotypus. I " was, perhaps, too much of an idler for a Nousais- " thésian ; but my idleness was accompanied with " attentions to whatever could please others, and as " I showed a great love of what was right, and de- " testation of what was wrong, my want of assiduity " in the severer studies was not objected against me. " When Zelotypus married, I was admitted to his " house with all the familiarity of a favourite rela- " tion. Both he and Agneia lavished kindness upon " me. Their smiles gave a double relish to my life " —I delighted to partake in their conversation, " their reading, walking, riding. I did every thing " to make them love me, and I loved them ; but if " ever my love of Agneia was accompanied in my

" mind with impure desire, with a thought unworthy " of her or of Zelotypus, may the self-devotion with " which I banished myself from their society, and " the resolution I took to be less happy that they " might be happier, be set down against me as acts " of hypocrisy and deliberate wickedness! May the " invisible Genius that oversees the affairs of Doki- " masia place me on his list for the caves of dark- " ness and despair! Among the most intimate of " the friends of Zelotypus was Geronto, a youth " highly esteemed at Phreen, both for his virtues " and accomplishments. He first pointed out to me " the uneasiness that began to disclose itself in the " heart of Zelotypus; but I was not readily con- " vinced that I was the cause of his misery, till I " found Agneia avoid me. Geronto completed my " conviction, by pointing out circumstances that had " failed to strike me, and, in fine, by confessing to " me that Zelotypus had confided to him the secret " of his wretchedness. I wanted no more to resolve " on the part I should take: I opened my mind to " Geronto. It did not at first meet with his appro- " bation, but he soon altered his opinion, and saw, " or pretended to see, my intention in its proper " light.

" About this time Zelotypus was sent from Phreen " on some state affairs; Agneia secluded herself; I " never saw her. I arranged my affairs, and bury- " ing my motive in the bosoms of Geronto and my- " self, I took leave of Phreen, apparently for the " purpose of travelling, but determined to fix my- " self for a long time out of all reach of communica- " tion with it. With this view I journeyed first through " Aisthésis, where I assumed a different name, and " after a circuitous route settled at Nariston, where " I have formed some pleasing connections. Re- " port makes no way in Aisthésis, so that what

" passed after I left Phreen did not reach me ; and
" as in this country, facts injurious to the fame of
" others are soon suffered to pass into oblivion, I
" never heard those mentioned which I have learned
" from you. It was, on the other hand, agreed with
" Geronto, that if Zelotypus should entertain any
" idea of my being dead, it should be encouraged.
" Nay, I now believe that Geronto himself thinks
" me dead ; and more, that he imagines me mur-
" dered by an Aisthésian assassin employed by him,
" for to no other being in Dokimasia can I attribute
" such a design, having offended none. On quitting
" the confines of Nousaisthésis, I was accosted by a
" traveller, who, knowing the country, rendered
" himself extremely useful to me. We travelled to-
" gether the greater part of one day. When we
" parted he presented me with a ring, which he
" said had the virtue of keeping the giver always
" fresh in the memory of the wearer, and he made
" me promise him to wear it constantly on my finger,
" at least while I was in Aisthésis. This I made no
" scruple to do, and allowed him to put it on him-
" self. I had not proceeded far when I was over-
" taken by another traveller who had met my former
" companion. He seems to have been sent by the
" benign Genius of Dokimasia, to preserve my life,
" to confront the villain Geronto. I learned from
" him that the person from whom I had parted was
" generally considered as one of the monsters of
" Dokimasia in the human form, and on my men-
" tioning the gift of the ring, he charged me, if I
" valued my life, to take it off. I was then informed
" by him that there existed in Aisthésis wretches
" who lived by administering death in so secret a
" manner that it was almost impossible to trace the
" cause of it ; that so unlikely an instrument of death
" as a ring had been known to effect it, the metal

" being alloyed with a substance containing a power-
" ful venom which, by a continued contact with the
" skin, infused itself into the blood in the course of
" a few days. I had afterwards full proof of the
" ring I had received being envenomed, by having
" it fastened to the foot of one of those little crea-
" tures which the Aisthésians devote as vermin to
" destruction. Having no suspicion of Geronto, I
" could not figure to myself any one desirous of my
" death, and as for Zelotypus, I knew his mind to
" be too noble." Cherbin concluded his narrative with solemnly assuring Benvolio, that he had never been in Agneia's chamber, and therefore could never have been seen coming out of it by Zelotypus, on whom a deception must have been successfully practised by some device of Geronto's. Benvolio embraced Cherbin, and they congratulated each other on the prospect of that genuine delight which springs from the redress of wrongs. They were soon prepared for their journey; nor, however engaging the scenes that presented themselves in Nousaisthésis, did they linger on the way; their pleasure lay at the end of it, and they suffered nothing to impede their progress.

It happened at this time that there were great rejoicings at Phreen for the marriage of one of the royal family. The court passed the greater part of the day-time in a pleasure camp: magnificent tents and awnings being pitched in the beautiful extensive meadows around Phreen. The family of Rapiros was greatly distinguished, and no one stood in higher estimation among all ranks than the hypocrite Geronto. Tilts and tournaments formed a part of the sports on the festive occasion, in which Geronto stood unrivalled. He had repeatedly signalized his prowess, till no Knight was found bold enough to encounter him. With all these advan-

tages, and in spite of the esteem he forced both by his valour and sentiment, yet could he never obtain the meed of love, for he demanded it proudly as a right.

Intelligence of the camp and festivities reached Benvolio and Cherbin long before they were near the capital. It gave them new spirits, and it was resolved that Cherbin, clad as a Knight in complete armour, should, by a herald, demand admittance to the presence of the Queen, and declare to her Benvolio's intention to accuse Geronto of infamous falsehood against Agneia, and to support his accusation by personal combat. As they approached, they heard the rejoicings talked of by all they met, and the wonderful feats performed by Geronto made the burden of the song. At length they came in sight of the tented plain, the gay view of which was crowned with the domes and spires of Phreen. The beauty and activity of the scene defy description; the whole country seemed alive and in motion. Arrived at the lines, Cherbin sent forward a herald, the sound of whose trumpet drew the attention of all within hearing, and presently crowds gathered to enquire what new encounters might be expected. The herald having executed his duty returned with permission from her Majesty for the admittance of Cherbin, who immediately rode into the camp.—Meanwhile, the King, with the Queen, the Princes, and the whole court, assembled under the awning spread near the royal tent. Geronto stood forward in a conspicuous situation, looking with smiles of self-complacency for the approaching Knight. Cherbin dismounted at a little distance from the awning, and giving his horse to his servant advanced towards the court. Disguised by the head-piece of his armour, he was not recognized. Having made obeisance in

form, according to the ceremonies of Knighthood, he thus addressed the Queen:

"I appear here to pray your Majesty will com-
"mand Geronto, the son of Rapiros, to prepare to
"maintain the false accusation he preferred against
"Agneia the wife of Zelotypus, there being arrived
"a Knight who will make him retract what he has
"said before he leaves the camp, or, in the presence of
"your subjects, cut out his perjured tongue." The report of this challenge in a moment spread throughout the camp and town, and already every Nousaisthésian, man and woman, began to pray for the restoration of the injured Agneia. "Knight," said the Queen, addressing Cherbin, "do you know that it is now
"too late to depend on the issue of a combat, and
"that in Nousaisthésis we require strong additional
"proofs of innocence?"—"The Knight challenger
"brings those proofs," replied Cherbin, "but, with
"your Majesty's permission, he hopes they may be
"postponed until after the combat, if the challenged
"Knight have no objection to it." The summons to the field on this ground was so sudden and unexpected, that his conscience stung him before it was shielded by his acquired boldness, and for some moments he felt tortures worse than death: however, the disgrace of appearing backward, his confidence in his own strength and skill, and above all, the thought of crushing the enquiry by his victory reanimated him, and he soon lost all remorse and all fear: when therefore the Queen addressing him asked: "what says Geronto?" he assumed all the ease he was master of, and with a careless smile replied: "Your Majesty's subject asks but the time
"necessary to arm." Saying which he bowed and retired.

Cherbin was now called upon to insert in the

book of challenges the name and titles of the challenger. He simply inscribed "BENVOLIO." The name immediately ran through every mouth. The fame of the Knight had long reached Phreen, and his very name was of itself a strong testimony in favour of Agneia's innocence, for he was well known to be a terror to the wicked, and it was generally presumed that he would not have undertaken Agneia's cause without proofs of the justice of it.

The lists were already prepared, the people crowded round them, and the court, the judges, and marshals took their places. When it was told to Geronto that Benvolio was the challenger, his heart again sunk, but it being impossible to withdraw now without disgrace, he thought of his own power, and of the celebrity that would attend a victory over such a Knight: resolving therefore to exert all his strength and dexterity, he repaired to the lists, where he found his adversary ready for the combat. "Traitor!" cried Benvolio, advancing to meet him, "as I am certain that the accusation thou preferredst against the wife of your friend was invented "from a most abominable and wicked motive, I "maintain here before all that thou hast infamously "traduced her, and that thou basely liedst in all "that thou didst advance against her." Geronto instantly replied with wonderful boldness: "Knight, "no longer noble, since thou hast become the champion of disloyalty in a wife, I can think of thee only "as an abettor of crimes, and as a foul adulterer thyself: wherefore I maintain that thou liest thyself, "and that thou deservest to be burnt alive, or drawn "in quarters, as an example for future ages, to all "disloyal wives, and base seducers." The herald at arms now gave the accustomed signal, upon which the Knights couched their lances, and set their horses forward with such impetuosity that both lances

broke short at the gauntlets, their bucklers, coats of mail, and head-pieces met in dreadful shock, and the Knights fell together to the ground, still however grasping their bridles, and stimulated with an ardour and desire of victory, which soon reseated them on their coursers. Throwing away the broken part of the lances, they drew their swords, and a combat began so fierce and extraordinary that harrowed all the feelings of the spectators, who declared they had never seen a single combat so furiously fought, or better maintained, than that between Geronto and Benvolio. The former long exerted himself, well knowing what he had at stake; but the latter reflecting on the justice of his cause, now seemed to redouble his efforts, so that his adversary, no longer able to endure the fury of his blows, and being wounded in several places, did nothing but endeavour to ward the blows which were incessantly showered on every part of his body. Benvolio, perceiving this, and eager to put an end to the fight, aimed a stroke with all his force upon his helmet, by which it was cleft in two, and Geronto, stunned, reeled from side to side, and fell from his horse. The Knight then alighting, with the handle of his sword beat off the head-piece of his enemy, and placing his foot upon his breast, turned the point of his weapon to his throat, as if with a design to put him to death, saying; "Vil-"lain, the hour is come when thou must go and "account with the Genius of Dokimasia for the "falsehood and treachery thou hast committed "against the innocent wife of the man thou pre-"tendedst to call friend."—"Knight!" replied Geronto, "have mercy; and, at least, do not so "hasten my death as to deprive me of an oppor-"tunity of communing with my conscience, and of "making all the reparation in my power to the in-

"jured Zelotypus and Agneia."—"Abandoned "wretch!" said Benvolio; "on condition of that "reparation being amply and publicly made in "presence of her Majesty and the fair ladies of her "court immediately, I consent to spare thy life, and "to leave thee to the mercy of thy sovereign."

The vanquished Geronto, now as abject as he had been proud, was conveyed to the foot of the throne, where he entered into a particular confession of his wickedness and treachery towards Agneia. He stated her repulse of his love as the motives of his revenge, and declared how he had played upon the weakness of her husband's heart, and made him jealous of Cherbin. At the mention of Cherbin, who was now standing near the foot of the throne, still concealed in armour, he was asked by the desire of her Majesty, whether Cherbin was not seen by the husband of Agneia coming out of her chamber at the dawn of day, and what had become of him. "Murdered," he replied, "murdered "by an Aisthésian, whom I employed for that pur-"pose, and who had previously personated him in "the scene I had contrived in order to impose upon "Zelotypus." While he was making this confession, Cherbin had loosened the straps which fastened his head-piece, and took it off. The guilty Geronto confounded, trembled in every limb as his eyes surveyed the well-known figure, and Cherbin addressing the throne, confirmed the confession of Geronto, and gave an account of what he related to Benvolio, concluding with an avowal of having left Phreen to sacrifice his own happiness to that of his friend's. This noble motive obtained the loud and unbounded applause of all present: it spread from tongue to tongue till every soul in the camp was loud in Cherbin's praise. The triumph of the injured Agneia filled every bosom with delight. The sentence

against her was immediately abrogated, and a number of noble Nousaisthésians were appointed to repair to Neuron, in order to conduct her back to Phreen with every honour. Geronto was ordered into confinement till her arrival, to await the sentence she should herself pronounce upon him: and Benvolio was invited to reside at Phreen. It was his intention to continue some time in the capital of Nousaisthésis, to partake of the many exquisite and rational enjoyments it afforded, but his first object was to restore his friends Zelotypus and Agneia to peace, fame, and their country, and he solicited permission to attend the deputation to Neuron.

CHAPTER XI.

The Knight's return to Neuron.

So eager was Benvolio to carry himself the tidings of the events at Phreen to Zelotypus and Agneia, that he resolved not to wait the movements of a deputation, and having rested a day to recover the fatigue he had suffered in the combat with Geronto, he obtained permission of their Majesties to set out immediately to announce to the injured Agneia the happy issue of the enterprize she had entrusted to him. Cherbin would gladly have accompanied him, but from motives of delicacy he resolved to return to Nariston, and not appear again at Phreen, till he was assured by Zelotypus himself that he had completely subdued a passion which had been attended with such unmerited misery to Agneia.

After an absence of little more than a month Benvolio again arrived at Neuron. The surprise of

Zelotypus and the gratitude of Agneia were unspeakable. Zelotypus on his knees implored forgiveness of his lovely wife, whom an artful and revengeful villain had led him to wrong in the tenderest point, and from that moment his bosom was freed from the most bitter, most corroding of the passions. Benvolio was received into the house of Zelotypus as a brother, and his admiration of Agneia far from giving pain to his friend became a source of delight to him.

The Knight lost no time in paying his court to the King and Prince of Aisthésis, whom he informed of the pleasure which the Queen of Nousaisthésis enjoyed in the happy restoration of Agneia's fame, apprizing them at the same time of the honour that awaited her of a deputation from her Sovereigns, to request her return to Phreen, where she was already re-instated in the grace and favour which were her due. Neither the King nor Prince seemed to partake the ardour with which the intelligence was imparted. "Knight," said the Prince, "I think it "beneath a monarch to interfere in the amours "of his subjects. Mercy! what an endless labour "would my father be involved in were he bound to "decide upon the intrigues of the Aisthésians!" Benvolio was about to discuss the theme of virtue when he suddenly recollected the pneumatic plaister, that admirable specific for procuring submission to the will and opinion of Aisthésian Princes. He bowed in silence, and soon withdrew. He found more sympathy in his friend Krites, who was now freely admitted to the house of Zelotypus. Indeed, so convinced was the happy husband of Agneia of his wife's virtue, and so thoroughly was jealousy rooted from his breast, that while they were waiting for the deputation from Phreen, his house became the resort of all the Nousaisthésians of note at Neuron.

Benvolio now visited all his acquaintance, and among other unaccountable Aisthésian events found that the little Nousaisthésian actor was grown out of favour among the Neuronites. His voice had been discovered to want melody, and a still more wonderful discovery had been made that he was a boy and not a man, consequently not of a size for a hero or a lover. "How is this?" said Benvolio to Krites, "has he so suddenly lost those graces of action and "delivery which won all hearts?"—"Come and "judge for yourself," replied Krites, "we have "time to get places before the play begins."—"Places, so late? then the theatre is not so crowd-"ed as when we saw him."—"We shall get places," said Krites, smiling. They did easily get seats, yet the house was far from being empty. There were a great many Nousaisthésians at Neuron who judged for themselves, and whose opinions a number of the Neuronites followed: these would not forsake the young actor. Many others went to the theatre from habit, or from not knowing what to do with themselves. Benvolio found no difference in the figure, voice, or acting of the young Nousaisthésian. The suggesters were neuter by agreement: some hisses were heard in one corner of the theatre, but they were overpowered by the plaudits. "There is an "evident change without a cause," said Benvolio. "Nay," replied Krites, "what think you of the "fickleness natural to theatrical audiences in gene-"ral for a sufficient, if not a good, cause? But there "are other causes not half so innocent. For in-"stance—

* * * * * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

A

VOCABULARY OF THE PASSIONS.

———The passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half-extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. THOMSON.

TO

S. J. PRATT, ESQ.*

YES! I have dar'd to string again those chords,
That ev'ry minstrel boasts his claim to strike;
So sweetly struck, dear bard of sympathy!
So sweetly varied by thy magic hand.
These are the Passions! these the mental chords!
Oft have I heard them, pliant to thy skill,
In full vibration fix the ravish'd ear,
And swell the raptur'd heart. E'en now they swell,
Resound, and captivate the admiring land.

In Henry's † heart when self-love yields the palm,
And filial piety triumphant reigns,
Say, ye disciples of the idol self!
Where will ye mark your God's ubiquity?
"Mar my best hope," he cries, "e'en love constrain,
"Let Henry suffer so his sire be blest."
Say ye, 'tis fancy all, and all romance?
Know, ye suspicious tribe! that truth and nature
Dispose the Poet's base, though fancy gild

* I have been much indebted to Mr. Pratt through a great portion of my life for kind offices; and since the public have received my offerings with indulgence, it would be ungrateful in me to doubt whether the incitement to scribbling and publishing ought to be reckoned among them.

† See Family Secrets.

The fabrick. But if ye doubt it still,
Go, from Amelia,* *glean* the existing fact,
And learn of sympathy to venerate
The pure emotions of the expanding soul,
Nor bound to selfish views a Seraph's beamings.
Have you beheld her to the village tripping?
And have ye seen the philanthropic sage,
Seen and believ'd, who from the source of wealth
Could nobly truant 'mong the Cambrian hills,
And scramble far o'er dizzy precipices,
To judge the circulating stream of life,
And renovate the pulses of a friend?
And have you heard the name of Howard there?
In the small coffer peep'd with crimson'd cheek?
And own'd the skill that medicines the soul?

Bright, sacred flame! from fires celestial caught,
That in communicated bliss absorbs,
Or melts, or purifies all selfish joy.

Oh! master of the theme! triumphant lord
Of busy man's best passions and his worst!
To whom the precious talisman is giv'n
To spring the tear, or start the joyous smile,
To kindle rapture, or the heart dismay!
Here view the traces I have dar'd to mark
Of fountains pure, and deviated streams,
And turbid torrents deluging the soul.
Here cast thine eyes upon the adjusted chart
Of what in action thy enchanting strains,
And high-wrought volumes captive into life.

For there the Brothers† dignify thy scenes
With noble contrasts of the soaring mind.

* Gleanings in Wales: Letter xiii.
† Cahracters in Family Secrets.

All just; whether each chord responsive sound,
Or rigid reason catechize the blood,
Or placid mildness urge the golden mean.
There Stuart's * darker breast and Demon nerves,
Show the foul currents swept from nature's plan.
There, honest Partington*, fair habit's child,
Habit of nature cherish'd, not averse,
Shapes uncouth terms to pure benevolence:
For such there be by guileless habit form'd.
There too we weep thy other Henry's † fate,
Corbett's † remorse, the rage of civil war,
And Emma's † grief, and Raymond's † gen'rous love.

In lively pictures trac'd, or simple rules,
The cause is Virtue's—Prosper it, Oh, man!

* Characters in Family Secrets.
† Characters in Emma Corbett.

VOCABULARY OF THE PASSIONS.

Dieu des êtres pensans, Dieu des cœurs fortunés,
Conservez les désirs que vous m'avez donnés,
Ce goût de l'amitié, cette ardeur pour l'etude,
Cet amour des beaux arts et de la solitude:
Voilà mes passions. VOLTAIRE.

As happiness and misery depend chiefly, if not altogether, upon the exercise of the passions with which God has endowed us; what they are, their origin, power, and effect, should be early inculcated into the minds of youth. The habits of managing them should be begun long before the intellect can form any notions respecting them; but at the very glimmering of the understanding, a knowledge of them should be gradually insinuated into, and impressed upon the mind. The advantages of making young people betimes acquainted with the faculties and passions of man are incalculable. It is this knowledge which should be the chief object of education, and which should be connected with the cultivation of the mother tongue.

Languages, whether ancient or modern, are but secondary concerns to individuals, and are more agreeably attained, as well as more permanently impressed, when they are found to be types of ideas, already acquired, and not a jumble of syllables, forced without meaning upon the memory, or, what is worse, with a false meaning, coined by the fancy when left to itself.

The first stage of life is employed in collecting ideas by the senses, and affixing to them proper words as their representatives. For the knowledge thus gained we are chiefly indebted to nature, and can scarcely err, if furnished with, or not restrained from, opportunities. Simple ideas want no developement from an instructor; what an infant requires are words: these it is the duty of its guardian to supply; and we may rest assured, that according to the objects, language, and conduct to which they are accustomed, children will think, speak, and act. Although the care of preceptive instruction be therefore less troublesome, the care of example is peculiarly necessary at the commencement of life. It is the seed-time of the soul; the imperceptible host of embryo vices and prejudices are upon the wind, and when the soil is exposed, will usurp the room intended for cultivation. The random influence of surrounding minds is continually shed, and where it falls will grow. From neglect at this period will arise all the future difficulties of eradicating those errors, which are indeed seldom completely rooted out.

Ethics, and physiology are rarely taught in a regular manner, excepting at the Universities; and even there at an age when the passions have made rapid strides towards despotism. The time, in my opinion, to commence these studies, is somewhere in the second stage of life, when the prejudices are not yet multiplied, and when those that may have been formed in the preceding period, might be extirpated without difficulty, and the seeds of truth and of virtue be more easily sown.

Arduous and exalted is the task of instructors: they who merit that title stand high in the sight of reason and of God. They are not linguists, they are not penmen, draftsmen, teachers of melody, or

the graces of posture; they are the vicegerents of Heaven, and the moulders of the human soul.

Whatever study be the immediate object of the pupil's application, such a tutor's discourse will be always accompanied with the display of truth, of virtue, and of piety. His language will be adapted to the capacity of his hearer; with the forms of various languages he will instil real knowledge, and with knowledge, goodness. There is no profession in which excellence of mind and superiority of intellect are more requisite. The understanding may be early led to enter upon the survey of itself, without leaving marks of pedantry behind. It is neither profound philosophy, nor the vain pretension to it, with which the imagination of children is to be clothed; but as their affections and passions arise, and as they appear in others, they are to be discovered, and pointed out, so that the mind may gain an habitual vigilance, in suppressing the noxious, and in moderating the best. To secure dominion over the latter, and yet to be constantly employed in their gratification, seem to be the secret of happiness; in other words, to be innocent and active. He, whose conscience reproaches him not, and who is unremittingly engaged in grateful pursuits, must, if penury or health prevent it not, be a contented man. To make others wise, or happy, should be the aim of every one who takes a pen into his hand. Oh! that it were the lot of mine, to scatter only a few seeds of wisdom, or of bliss!—Man! thy passions are thy bane, and the bane of others; but be comforted, for it is in thy power to make them the sources of pleasure and delight.

The passions are the springs of virtue, and they are in their nature and origin good, and intended for the benefit of mankind; but it is the channels into which they diverge, that render them perni-

cious, and form them also into the springs of vice. Even envy, and avarice, the most odious of our emotions, are to be traced up to untainted sources; the former, in general, arising from the desire of excellence, and the latter from the wish of estimation. Secure the stream where it first threatens deviation, teach it to flow within the bounds originally prescribed by nature, it will then run with a clear and smooth current, and bear along with it both pleasure and virtue.

Passion may be defined a movement of the mind, occasioned by some strong impression made upon it, either by external objects through the senses, or by the power of imagination. The cause, the agency, the effect, are wonderful. A person enjoying the utmost tranquillity, by a slight turn of the head, shall be thrown into the most tumultuous perturbation. You are walking alone in the fields, and calmly enjoying the serenity of the weather: you have gone past a stile, and, before you perceive it, are half over a meadow, where a large bull is grazing: your eyes, unexpectedly, meet his, in which you discover a savage fierceness: the half wild monster rounds his neck and moves towards you; he bellows, he quickens on you. The sight, by the inexplicable magic of nature, throws your blood into quicker circulation; your eyes dilate, your heart palpitates, and your limbs tremble—your mind is affected, and put into great commotion—the commotion of the mind is passion, and the passion you now feel is fear. Again, a beloved person lies dangerously ill: you think of the probability of death—your mind is agitated by the thought—this agitation is also the passion of fear, but it is the fear set in motion by imagination; for your friend recovers.

Having premised thus much, respecting the pas-

sions in general, I will now proceed to define them; to show their origin, detect their deviations, point out their tendencies; and, as the title of my paper suggests, treat of them in alphabetical arrangement.

ANALYSIS OF THE PASSIONS.

Sources.	*Regular Passions.*	*Deviations.*
AMBITION.	DESIRE OF POWER.	Avarice.
	DESIRE OF FAME.	Envy.
ANGER.	INDIGNATION.	Retaliation.
	RESENTMENT.	Revenge.
		Rage.
		Fury.
		Fretfulness.
		Moroseness.
		Surliness.
		Hastiness.
		Sullenness.
ANTIPATHY, or, AVERSION.	NATURAL REPUGNANCE.	Hatred.
		Malevolence.
		Rancour.
		Spite.
		Misanthropy.
CURIOSITY.	DESIRE OF INFORMATION.	Futile curiosity.
		Dishonourable curiosity.

Sources.	*Regular Passions.*	*Deviations.*
FEAR.	TIMIDITY. TERROR. HORROR. AWE.	Cowardice.
HOPE.	RATIONAL HOPE.	Chimerical hope.
JOY.	CHEARFULNESS. MIRTH.	Exultation. False spirits, fictitiously procured. Malignant joy. Cruelty.
LOVE.	SELF-LOVE. SEXUAL LOVE. PARENTAL LOVE. ESTEEM. FRIENDSHIP. PATRIOTISM. PHILANTHROPY, BENEVOLENCE, CHARITY. GRATITUDE. PIETY.	Pride. Arrogance. Haughtiness. Vain-glory. Vanity. Jealousy.
SHAME.	BASHFULNESS. DIFFIDENCE.	Shame of doing good.

Sources.	*Regular Passions.*	*Deviations.*
SORROW, or, GRIEF.	MELANCHOLY. DESPONDENCE. CONTRITION. REMORSE.	Despair.
SYMPATHY.	PITY. TERROR.	Vicious sympathy.
WONDER.	ADMIRATION. ASTONISHMENT.	

AMBITION.

This passion is the desire of great things; or rather of those things which transcend our present state or attainments. It is an essential quality in man to aspire; it marks the superiority of his spirit above the rest of animals; and, in no slight degree, indicates his immortality. Aspire, my children! but let your ambition be fixed on those objects that legalize the passion. Whatever tends to the exaltation of your nature is the legal object of ambition. Cast your eyes to the summits of intellect, and virtue; and strain every faculty to accomplish the ascent.

The passion flows regularly, and purely, while it runs towards real greatness; it deviates into a turbid stream when attracted by imaginary grandeur. How far the desire of power, of popularity, of fame, of wealth, are deviations, can only be known from

actions; they are not necessarily corrupt. The ambition of Cicero induced him to be the support and the father of his country; that of Cæsar impelled him to its destruction. Personal aggrandizement, with no ulterior view to the will of God, cannot be the end of a laudable passion; but every wish to rise should be accompanied with the desire of moral improvement, and extended utility. The tendency of native ambition is the melioration of the soul, which is true greatness; and every step we take, we advance nearer to the father of all grandeur. The tendency of false ambition is the depravation of the soul—power is sought for the gratification of vice; and no means are rejected, however base or horrid.

THE DESIRE OF POWER.

In every situation of life the desire of power is visible. To be able to undertake, and, to do well, what is undertaken, is a laudable ambition. It is from this passion, generally associated with the hope of profit, that every good man strives to be excellent in his calling. But the desire of power, which has obtained a peculiar title to the name of ambition, is that, which has political greatness in view. To be a main-prop in supporting, and an active instrument in conducting a state, is an eminence well worthy this passion. Without this, society would be dissolved, or left to the random influences of the other passions. The statesman is an honourable character, and stands foremost among the benefactors of mankind; but it is a character which requires, more than any other, the most transcendent talents accompanied by the greatest virtues. The military character is connected with the state, and the ambition of defending one's country, is equally laudable with that of

guarding and regulating its laws. But the moment the good of the state ceases to be the grand object of the passion, when personal aggrandizement supersedes patriotism, and military ardour becomes a fever of conquests and triumphs, the stream of ambition runs foul. Tully, and the Scipios, Aristides, and Epaminondas were statesmen and generals; Sylla, Dionysius of Syracuse, and Alexander of Macedon, were conquerors and tyrants.

The genuine gratification of pre-eminence is the good of others. Let a man of the most extensive power exert the whole, or rather all he can of it, upon his own individual pleasures; in what narrow limits will it be confined! Unloving, and unloved, the senses may be acted upon for a while, but the heart can know no joy. On the other hand, he who uses his means in diffusing happiness, is soon conscious that his enjoyments are unbounded; and not only where he does good, but where he fails, he is equally beloved.

The power, arising from wealth, may prove to be one of the most rational blessings of life; and it is not, therefore, a wonder that it should be the universal pursuit. It enables a man to improve his own faculties, and to diffuse knowledge, and delight around him. With riches a man can do almost any thing. It is only to be lamented, that he can do evil as well as good; and that in the pursuit of them the sight of their true use is too often lost; that they are spent on vices, made the means of parade, ostentation, and luxury; or hoarded, to manifest the very impotence of power.

It seems that inequality of conditions is necessary to those modes of life now marked out for the human species: at present, the very word society implies inequality. It is one of the ends of society to secure to individuals those advantages which

have been honestly obtained, either by their own labours, or by those of their friends and families. But for this, where should men look for any terrestrial happiness, which is the chief end of association? These advantages secured, nothing can be clearer than that inequality must follow. I put this out of the question, as being a decided axiom. I wish it were as clear an axiom that the inequality was a chief source of social happiness, which, I think, it ought to be. It depends entirely upon those who gain the vantage ground; for wherever Nature bestows power, she bestows it for service.

To expel disease, injustice, and impiety, belongs peculiarly to physicians, lawyers, and the ministers of God—the power is in their hands, and in making use of it they spread comfort and happiness. The grand distempers of a state, are poverty and vice; and, to eradicate these, is the peculiar province of the rich. All power proceeds from the treasury of Nature; and those to whom she dispenses it are the ministers of her will. Resolve to obey her will, and no man can be too ambitious.

THE DESIRE OF FAME.

The desire of fame is almost as general as that of power, and is also a laudable ambition. Men desire to be known, and to be spoken of; and as the desire of being well spoken of is an incentive to virtue, this passion should not be extinguished, but regulated. Cicero assures us, that the desire of glory is the chief passion of the best men:—*trahimur omnes laudis studio, et optimus quisque maxime gloria ducitur.* Fame for useless and trifling qualities is absurd and ridiculous; for talents, without virtue and piety, odious; for virtue and piety though unaccompanied with great talents, delightful; and for talents,

virtue, and piety united, is the summit of human glory.

Although the desire of extensive reputation be a fair passion, it is to be considered that its very existence depends upon the exclusion of far the greater part of mankind; and that, therefore, the genuine incentives to talents, virtue, and piety, are to be sought elsewhere than in mortal voices. Out of the terrestrial sphere there is, perhaps, no such thing as fame. The book of nature contains the registry of all things that are passing: beyond the limits of this world they are seen at once, and seen for ever; and the sigh of pity, that rises from the village is as extensively perceived as the blow given in the capital. The little stream of fame runs meandering along this globe, but is lost in the ocean of eternal intuition, where every heart will appear under its real colours, and the reward of the good be love.

AVARICE.

I judge avarice to be a deviation of the passion of ambition. The desire of power and esteem lurks at the bottom of the love of gold. To no other spring is it possible to trace this propensity; as the fear of want itself must arise from the desire of possessing what we dread to lose. It is, however, unnatural and disgraceful to the mind of man. "A "covetous disposition," says Tully, "is to be avoid-"ed: for nothing more stongly marks a narrow soul "than to love riches; or an honourable and noble "one than to despise money if poor, and to use it "beneficially and liberally if rich. Be cautious too," says he, "of coveting even glory, for to desire any "thing too eagerly is to endanger independence,

"the grand object of every wise man's ambition."* Did we not know it to be a fact, we should hardly be able to credit, that there are men, whose only enjoyment of money is to hoard it. If, as I verily believe it to be in the present state of the world, it is the intention of Providence, that the rich should be the stewards of the poor, and are appointed by God to soften the rigours of their condition, what will the miser have to say for himself? Yet in stamping avarice with the odium due to it, let us be careful not to infringe upon the respect due to those virtues, which prodigals would fain confound with it. Economy and frugality are as distant from avarice, as beneficence and liberality, and, indeed, may be called the handmaids of the latter. On the other side, let not the miser deceive himself under their names. By the following characteristics he shall know himself, and be fully enabled to distinguish the vicious passion from those virtues: wholesome and agreeable food, fuel, good clothes, a convenient house well furnished, servants; nay farther, horses and carriages, are all either necessaries, or desirable comforts. I think I allow a full scope to the virtues of economy and frugality, when I say he is not a miser, who, in order to attain these comforts, is sedulous in the amassment of money. Nor is he a miser who, already possessing these, still amasses, with the view of providing them for his offspring. But he is a miser, who having enough to provide these, does not enjoy them, but goes on hoarding heap upon heap. He is a miser,

* "Pecuniæ fugienda cupiditas: nihil enim est tam angusti animi, tamque parvi, quam amare divitias: nihil honestius magnificentiusque quam pecuniam contemnere, si non habeas; si habeas ad beneficentiam liberalitatemque conferre. Cavende est etiam gloriæ cupiditas; eripit enim libertatem, pro qua magnanimis viris omnis debet esse contentio."

who having more than will supply these, holds the filthy dirt within his gripe instead of scattering it with profusion. And he is a miser, who out of his permitted economy, contrives not frequently to rob himself largely, in order to solace the woes of beings no otherwise related to him than as they are the children of God.

I have made use of an expression, at which, perhaps, minor critics will be ready to bay—the impotence of power: but surely the miser's power may be said to be impotent; for the vice of his heart deprives him of the power of using it. *Tam deest avaro quod habet quam quod non habet.*

ENVY.

Envy I judge also to be a deviation of the passion of ambition. It is that uneasy emotion which is felt on the advantages, be they what they may, that are in possession of others. The genuine nature of ambition is to aim at the attainment of excellence, for the sake of its beauty and utility; it becomes spurious when it struggles comparatively through the mere desire of superiority; and thus we see, it is the quality of great minds to love, and to praise their competitors; while sordid spirits hate and defame them. From the eagerness for superiority, first engendered in the spirit of Lucifer, sprang this diabolical depravity of the passion. It is a foul and disgraceful disorder of the soul: let it be detected and crushed. While we desire and pursue real advantages, we only obey the voice of Nature; but the moment we are irritated at those of another, we attend no longer to her; we resign ourselves to envy.

Envy is a shame-faced monster, that assumes a variety of disguises, and in general passes unexamined; but may be easily discovered. And as for the heart it seizes upon, from that it shall not be

concealed; however ingenious it may be in deceiving others and itself, let it be sensible of the dominion of envy from this unequivocal character; that it excites uneasiness at the advantages of others.

The mind that is so ignoble as to become the prey of this passion, readily yields to its malignant suggestions. Its aim is to detract and to degrade; and there is no degree of crime to which it will not impel, from the sneer of malice to the perpetration of murder.

To know the baseness of envy, we have only to reflect upon its operations. It does not, like most of the other passions, propose to itself either profit or pleasure; but solely grieves that others should be possessed of their enjoyment, and exists by constant depredations on virtue, on beauty, and on every species of happiness. It is a striking inconsistency of this passion, that it proclaims in fact what it denies by insinuation and slander; for no one envies an inferior, and to envy is to confess superiority in the object envied.

It has been remarked that those who have personal, and other adventitious defects, are envious? "Because," says Bacon, "he that cannot possibly "mend his own case, will do what he can to impair "that of others, excepting these defects light upon "a very brave and heroical nature, that shall dis-"pose a man to make them additional sources of "honour, by achieving excellence in their de-"spite."

If the remark be just, it seems to urge in those cases a double care in providing a proper support for the mind; for that, like the body, must have something to sustain it. "It will," says the same great genius, "either feed upon its own good, or "upon others' evil; who wants the one will prey "upon the other; and who is hopeless of attaining

" to another's virtue, will seek the level by depress-
" ing another's fortune." From these remarks it is evident, that this unnatural pursuit of detraction and degradation, this disease of the soul, may be prevented, or cured, by supplying the mind with a lasting fund of its own virtues to satisfy itself. Begin soon, my children, to do such things as memory may dwell upon with pleasure; obtain early the desire of making others happy; establish the habit of attending to the innocent wishes of those with whom you live; and let your words and actions be ever ready to promote the good of all! Knowledge, and accomplishments, entertain and delight; but a conduct that produces happiness to others, is the food that fills the soul, and generates that celestial health which cannot be affected with the corroding humours of envy.

Are we then never to blame? Is the daw to be suffered to strut in the feathers of the peacock, and not a plume to be extracted from his train? Detection and censure are the weapons of just indignation; but unless the former clearly precede the latter, it may be suspected to arise from malevolence. To a good heart censure is ever painful: it belongs properly to the understanding, and is a part of its duty. It is the office of reason to discriminate between virtue and vice, in all their degrees; and to be just in dealing respective praise and blame: but it should be the quality of the heart to open its avenues to praise, and carefully to question blame before it receives so noxious a guest. It should endeavour, too, to attach odium upon guilt, which is unchangeable, and to be lenient, as far as can be, where vice is not inherent, and where it is possible it may give place to virtue.

Sluggish commendation is a prominent mark of an envious mind. They who praise decided merit

with a *but*, an *if it were not for*, and a *yet*, may be rather said obliquely to condemn than honestly to extol.

As ambition deviates into false conceptions of what is great, envy pursues the imaginary train. There is no ideal object of petty ambition on which it does not work; equipage, furniture, dress, table; nay even defects, if they be fashionable, the diminutive shoe of a belle, or the slender calves of a beau.

Children are not early subject to envy. The first perceptions of an infant are peevishness or complacency. It is according to the treatment it receives —both those perceptions are natural; but it is not for some time after its birth that an infant can be said to feel them, not till it begins to distinguish objects. Its first cries proceed from unpleasant sensations, felt by its corporeal organs; its first smiles are at the breast, and are the effects of those that are pleasant. When, from repeated observation, it has become acquainted with the person who fetters it in swaddling clothes, and the person who nourishes it with milk, it begins to be angry or to love.

These, if we except curiosity, are the only passions of infancy. After some time jealousy may be excited in an infant. If another infant be put to share its milk, before it has become acquainted with the countenance of the mother, it is not jealous, but afterwards it would probably be so, not from nature, for many are not so, but from the conduct of those about them. If the second infant be placed at the breast of any woman beside the mother, it would give no pain to the other, even though it were hungry; a proof of the absence of envy. Children do not begin to be envious till they are praised and rewarded for excelling others, and are treated contemptuously, and punished for being excelled. We may say what we will in favour of emulation, it

is the foster-mother of envy; and it is greatly to be wished that youth could be inspired with the desire of excellence rather than of superiority. For I cannot bring my mind to believe that ambition is so odious a thing as it has been represented, though under brilliant colours, by Mr. Burke; who, I think, has too hastily ascribed to the Deity the planting in man the love of comparative excellence.* That it does exist in man, and very generally, there is no denying, though I cannot but think it a deviation, and that the love of positive excellence is a much superior passion, which, added to the imitative faculty, is a mean of forwarding the improvement of the human race, more worthy of the Supreme Being. I do not believe that the solution of a single problem of Euclid was the result of this vain ambition; or that Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries sprang from a desire of excelling Leibnitz or Des Cartes. Did emulation excite us to love as well as to admire the person, and to wish to attain his excellencies, yet love him for surpassing us, there would be nothing different in it from the love of positive excellence; but when it excites competition only to produce in man the satisfaction of excelling his fellows, and to give "a sort of swelling and triumph to his mind," I think it, even though it does not proceed to the length of envy, a deviation of pure ambition, and am fond to hope that the attainment of excellence, particularly in sublimer objects, more naturally arises from the love of excellence itself; for I will be bold to say, that it is more acceptable and congenial to the great and adorable source of all excellence.†

* See his Sublime and Beautiful.

† If excellence be said to bear in itself a comparative sense, still the *more* and the *less* may relate to the *subject alone*, without a personal reference.

Children seldom envy one another for their enjoyments, and never till they have been taught by example. The boy who breaks the most tops, wins the most marbles, has the most pocket-money, or largest cake, is not envied; if he tyrannize or vaunt, he is hated or despised. But children are taught at home to compare the situation of their parents with that of the parents of their companions; to affix imaginary value to things, and to hate all superiority. Envy is thus sown. It is a passion from which the human heart might be more generally exempt, if care were taken to inform children of its nature, and to inculcate early, that the happiness of others is a genuine source of delight, while selfishness provokes universal disgust, and terminates in misery.

ANGER.

Anger is a turbulent emotion of the mind, arising from something that offends us. This passion affects in various manners and degrees. Like every other passion, its source is natural and pure, and it is only in its deviations that it becomes vicious.

Seneca, who, upon this subject is to be carefully studied, says, that anger proposes revenge, or punishment. But as I take it in its most simple signification, to be that state of the mind when it is affected by an offending object, I conceive the disposition to revenge or punishment is only to be imputed to it in some of its varieties. It is not unusual to be angry with a person, whom, far from intending to punish, or to injure, in any degree, we would guard from the slightest pain.

It is an involuntary emotion, indicating disapprobation; and it is so, I understand, that *we may be angry without sin* As an uneasy emotion, it might be the boast of the old philosophy to subdue it en-

tirely; but I doubt whether it would be true wisdom; for, as its tendency is to prevent future offence, the manifestation of it may, by deterring provocations, correct the faults of others. In one point of view, anger appears amiable, when it is provoked by any act tending to the injury of virtue. Whoever, without comparative exultation, is sincerely angry at vice, gives a proof of goodness, and his anger will be mingled with a degree of scorn, which in some measure, by degrading the object, relieves the pain of the emotion. This species of anger is termed indignation.

What a beautiful subject for the canvass does this pure emanation of the passion afford! "Begone," said Olivia to her pretended lover, on discovering the impurity of his views, "you shall see me no "more. I am grateful to nature for having guarded "my heart against the villain I was to despise." Throw this emotion into a lovely face and a graceful form; contrast it with the confusion of the seducer; finish your work with a masterly hand, and you may place your picture beside the most interesting pieces of the art.

So far this passion proves at once the testimony and the guard of virtue, and appears to have been implanted in us for those purposes. It is both useful and beautiful; and, therefore, the eradication of it should not, by any means, be included in a system of ethics.

Here a caution naturally occurs, not to give way readily to anger against any one, on the representation of others, with the purity of whose testimony we are not thoroughly satisfied. The hope of exciting indignation, and thereby of vilifying character, is the food of slander; that monster, engendered at the bottom of the foulest currents of a deviated and a vicious passion. The tongue that traduces, and

the heart that easily yields its anger to an uncertain tale, are instruments that are made the scourge of virtue, and which retard her steps in the progress to heaven.

I have mentioned anger as merely indicative of disapprobation, or attended with scorn; but not as accompanied with resentment: which I judge to be, not a simple manifestation of anger, but an active propensity to put the offender to confusion, for individual gratification: and here the passion begins to deviate. I should be sorry to think that the *pleasure of punishment* was natural to the mind, however common it may be found. The sovereign contempt of the stoics, or rather, the mild forbearance of christianity (for stoicism is apathy) seems more congenial to the nature of our race. Punishment cannot be the gratification of a noble mind; it is simply a duty, and a very painful one. It may be a duty to ourselves, to our family, to our friends, or to society; but if any one find a pleasure in it, let him suspect his spirit to have swerved from its constitution, and to be now vitiated and depraved.

The clown, whose quarrels are decided by his fists or his cudgel, is impelled by a brutal instinct; and the courtier, who uses his pistol or his sword, sacrifices to a point of honour. The former would be ashamed but to think of way-laying his adversary, and the latter politely requests him to take the first shot. These resentments arise, in a great measure, from the laws of self-preservation, and are commonly unpremeditated: but it is the part of man to regulate his finer instincts, and wholly subdue the coarser ones. His resentments are rational, just, and, perhaps, indispensable, when they tend to the future prevention of crimes, of injuries, and of insults; but are coarse instincts when flowing from the precipitation of the blood. As for the impulse which ac-

tuates men to draw their swords in single combat, it appears to me, that nineteen duels in twenty are fought chiefly in order to support the reputation of personal courage, which is necessary to the character of a gentleman, and that this effect may be traced more frequently to pride than to anger. This adamantine law of honour has withstood all the attacks of reason and of religion; and so horrid is the stain of cowardice, that man will run any risk rather than incur its attendant infamy.

But resentment, so far as it leads only to reparation, when that can be obtained by moral means, is natural; and thence arises pleasure, but not from the punishment of the offender; for, when a good man says he is glad to hear that a villain has been punished, the gladness he expresses does not consist in the thought of the pain the villain has suffered, but of the reparation that has been made to individuals, or the benefit that has accrued to society.

We cannot, however, watch resentment too closely, for besides that it is a mixture of pride, it forms an essential part of a deeper deviation of the passion of anger—it is the corner stone of revenge.

REVENGE.

Revenge is that degree of anger that rankles at the heart, and breeds malignity and vengeance. It returns injury for injury: it goes farther, it sets no bound to its vengeance, and, like misplaced ambition, refuses no means that offer to gratify it. Is revenge a natural passion? If so, it is not a deviation, and I lose my aim in supporting the original purity of all the passions.

I conceive it to be a maxim, that our judgment concerning the nature of any thing, is to be formed from its perfect state. Music is the perfect harmony of sound; an apple is the perfect fruit of a certain

tree—now though music and apples may be bad, yet if we do not judge of them as they are *good*, we shall form a wrong notion of their natures. Nor does the preponderance of quantity signify: a single just chord shows harmony to be the nature of music, and one good apple is proof that the tree would naturally bear others, were it not from *some extrinsic cause*. By the same rule we are to form our judgment of the heart. If we meet with revengeful men in the world, we, also, meet with men endued with a forgiving benevolence, and we have only to establish which is the more lovely in the sight of God; that which is lovely must be the perfection, and the other must be degeneracy. The inference is, that revenge is not natural to the breast of man, but a degeneracy arising from those mysterious extrinsic causes which have given birth to other evils that have invaded the earth.

However mysterious the cause, it is evident that human nature has received a hurt; for as disease cannot be the natural state of the body, vice cannot be that of the mind; and we may lay it down as a rule that whatever is not lovely, is not in its origin natural; for virtue may be called the health of the soul. Of the nature of incorporeal spirits we can say little, excepting from analogy; but if there are beings that can deliberately return evil for good, there must be such spirits as devils; if there are beings that return good for evil, there must be angels. The nature of man, as we have seen in the article of ambition, is to aspire: every return of evil sinks him towards the diabolical standard; every act of good exalts him; and in proportion as he is superior to the desire of retaliation, he approaches the original purity of his nature.

There is an action related of the unfortunate Savage, the son of the cruel Lady Macclesfield, which

does honour to the world, and sets the principle of forbearance in a strong light. He had been brought to a trial, on the issue of which his life depended. A woman, who had been present at the transaction for which he was tried, and who was suspected to be suborned by his unnatural mother, was produced as an evidence, and swore roundly against him; the Jury gave a verdict of guilty, but the prerogative of the Crown was exerted, and Savage was saved. Sometime afterwards he accidentally found this woman in the deepest distress; and afforded her the immediate relief she wanted, by giving her the half of the only guinea he had in the world, accompanied with a very gentle rebuke for her conduct towards him. Compare this with the proscribing spirit of the triumviri, on the overturn of the Roman Commonwealth, and your sensations will decide upon it.

Are we, then, tamely to submit to injuries and to insults, and to suffer villany and arrogance to triumph? By no means. Our very peace frequently depends upon showing that we will resist: but spirit differs widely from revenge. Some offences deserve only our scorn; while, to prevent the consequences of others, it is our duty to bring the offender to punishment; but punishment, properly understood, is the result of justice, not of vengeance. It is the province of spirit to secure dignity to virtue by genuine anger, by animated resistance and reproof; not to enjoy a malignant delight from the effects of retaliation.

RAGE.

Rage is the extreme of the passion, breaking tumultuously over its bounds. It is both disgraceful and dangerous. It overwhelms the faculties, and impels to the commission of absurdities and horrors. Alexander stabbing Clitus for not flattering him, is

a full comment. In its excesses it approaches to madness, and is termed fury.

FRETFULNESS.

Fretfulness is a frequent tendency to a slight degree of anger, on trivial occasions. Peevishness and petulance are synonymous to it. This disposition, if not criminal, is extremely unamiable, as it tends to interrupt the pleasures of our associates.

MOROSENESS.

Moroseness is an habitual disposition to be angry or displeased, on all occasions. It is less active than its brother surliness, which is apt to growl a little more.

HASTINESS AND SULLENNESS.

There are two other deviations of this passion, the opposite of each other; hastiness and sullenness. Hastiness is quick anger, rises soon, and is soon dispelled; and so far it has the advantage over the other irregularities of anger: but it is nevertheless dangerous, and leads to mistakes that are attended with shame. Sullenness is an obstinate prolongation of petty anger: it preys upon the heart of the angry person, and is very disgusting to every observer.

ANTIPATHY, OR AVERSION.

Antipathy, or aversion, is an emotion produced by a natural and insurmountable repugnance to some things. It is the reverse of sympathy, which is that affection of the mind, by which we are interested in objects from some natural similarity. We may conjecture that prior to the introduction of evil, the sensation of aversion was unknown; but no sooner was there an idea of perception to which the term offensive could be applied,

than it became natural. We feel a natural repugnance to pain, to fetid smells, to nauseous drugs, to harsh and discordant sounds, to horrid objects—and good minds feel no less repugnant to vice. Thus far the passion runs pure, and keeps its bounds. But, as it is provoked by what is dissimilar, it follows, alas! that corrupt hearts will have antipathies to what is good: as there are some diseases of the body, in which the purest viands become loathsome, and the appetite craves only trash.

HATRED.

With antipathy hatred is closely connected; and can hardly be said to branch from it, while excited through the organs of corporeal sensation, or by the proper objects of intellectual detestation; the fixed hatred we feel to pain on the one hand, and to wickedness on the other, are well founded and natural antipathies; but at the point where hatred joins malevolence, a deviation takes place, and boundless devastation ensues.

As we are aware of the influence of habits, and know that the strongest reason is generally worsted by those sturdy tyrants; it is the indispensable duty of the guardians of young minds, to fortify them with such as enlist on the side of nature; and to plant the weightiest artillery they are masters of, against all those that are her enemies. In the present state of things, the true objects of hatred and of love may, as children grow up, be easily misconceived, and habitual antipathies be mistaken for natural repugnances. Mr. Pennant, in his Zoology, has given a curious history of a toad, to show that the prejudice which custom has excited against that inoffensive animal, is ill-founded; and I think it will appear that such dislikes are usually bequeathed, as the defects of the person are not uncommonly trans-

mitted, from sire to son. Of the tribe of habitual antipathies, I shall only observe, that they are themselves the objects of a just odium; and particularly after that period of life, when we are supposed to have placed ourselves under the dominion of reason.

Hatred, when it deviates from the natural repugnance of antipathy, and is directed towards persons, is generally accompanied with ill-will, and is a deplorable passion. If love be the most delightful emotion, what must hatred be, which is its reverse? I admit the difficulty of attaining the celestial perfection of loving an enemy; but so painful is malevolence, that the wonder is, how any well-disposed mind can give it room. We may be displeased, angry, and sometimes bound to resent; but from the malignity of hatred the bosom of man must be free, or he must be miserable. Yet, how many are slaves to this passion! And what trifles become causes of the most inveterate animosities! It generally invades the breast that is already the prey of pride, or of envy; and, sad to tell! those who cultivate virtues and talents are too often doomed to be its objects. Let not him, however, who desires to be beloved, and finds himself frequently disappointed, be dismayed; let him deserve to be beloved, let him covet only the love of amiable minds, and if he find but one sincere and affectionate friend, let him bless God for his share, and patiently submit to the aversion of sordid spirits.

Rancour is a fixed malignant degree of hatred; and spite is the mischievous hatred of a paltry mind.

MISANTHROPY.

Misanthropy is a hatred of the human race generally. That man should be man-hater is surely unnatural; yet the misanthropist has something to say for himself. He is usually a disappointed philoso-

pher; one, who has set out in search of the virtues, but has unfortunately stumbled over crimes and vices. A race of hardened criminals, of beings selfish and insensible, must be odious; such has he found those with whom he has mixed; such has he read of in the history of his species; such he judges the whole mass of mortals, and detests them. His own frailties have been magnified, and his virtues have been disregarded; while gold, almighty gold, is set upon the altar, and every man bends his knee to the massy god.

This is the specious ground of the misanthropist, from which I think it is not difficult to dislodge him, and to drive him to his citadel of pride or of envy. The envious are consistently misanthropists, for it is their nature to detest every superior. The proud, even where their pride is of the purest kind, arising from the consciousness of virtue and of talents, are apt to expect a deference from all mankind; but as all mankind are in pursuit of their own happiness, it is possible for many, in the hurry and bustle of the pursuit, to forget to include in their attention some who deserve it. The proud man, who places his bliss on the respect of the world, will hate them for their neglect; whereas, the genuine philosopher, who has made up his happiness within himself, expects no homage, and sees not the faults of mankind with hatred, but with concern. He mingles with men for their sake more than for his own; and ten to one he finds among them, or makes, some amiable countenances and sympathetic hearts, to feast and rejoice his soul.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity is one of the passions with which nature spurs on mankind in the road of knowledge. It is the desire of being informed; its object is novelty.

It is a principle which very early discovers itself in the infant mind, and in that state cannot be too diligently watched, or too cautiously directed. Although, in an advanced state of the understanding, innocence and ignorance are very different qualities, in the early progress of the intellect, the latter may often protect the former. This passion is of a craving nature, and will, if possible, be satisfied: if it find not wholesome food, it will feed upon trash; and, therefore, to supply it properly is one of the secrets of education, by which an able and respectable tutor expedites his task in the improvement of his pupil.

FUTILE CURIOSITY.

Futile curiosity is a deplorable imbecility of the heart. You shall see gossips thrusting their noses into every filthy corner, to see what is lying there, merely for the pleasure of imparting the important discovery to a neighbour gossip.

But filthy and contemptible as is futile curiosity, it is loveliness itself when compared to dishonourable curiosity. Obtaining information by unwarrantable and base means, prying into secrets, listening in private, opening letters or peeping into them, and attempting to corrupt and sift those in whom confidence has been placed, are strong proofs of a degraded nature.

FEAR.

We have already seen what Fear is:* and it may be defined, a painful emotion impressed upon the mind by the perception, or conception, of any kind of danger. This is a passion that pervades animated nature, and, as it respects personal safety, is in-

* Page 153.

stinctive, being one of the guards of self-preservation. I believe that the most courageous and furious monsters are susceptible of it, if taken unawares; but in men, there are many instances of a constitutional intrepidity, that has set it at defiance. When a ball burst through the ceiling of an apartment where Charles the XIIth was dictating to his Secretary, the latter involuntarily laid down his pen: the King, *unmoved*, asked what he meant, and ordering him to resume it, continued coolly to dictate. I do not apprehend that Charles's courage was that amiable valour which is consistent with the finer feelings of the heart, but rather a wonderful insensibility that excites admiration, unmixed with either esteem or affection. He was the

"Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain."

That noble presence of mind which is attained by surveying danger on every side, and preparing to oppose it, is the result of habit rather than the gift of nature, and distinguishes the hero from the madman. The king of Sweden would have taken a bull by the horns, and been gored to death, sooner than have thought of casting his cloke over them, to blind the animal and secure his retreat. This is evidently a passion as natural to the human race as to all other creatures, and he who does not obey its dictates, to secure his personal safety, when he may do so without prejudice to his virtues, acts not as he ought to do.

Fear is not cowardice, but cowardice is vitiated fear. The emotion that I say is natural, is not the *timidity* of a hare, but the alarm of a lion,—it is the instinct that warns him of danger. To avoid danger ignobly is not the characteristic of man. He is not a timid animal, and all the fear he knows is readily dissipated by his finer passions, and his virtues.

Friendship, love, gratitude, pity, honour, patriotism, are beams that dispel the terrors which envelope pain and death, and danger then becomes the sunshine of his existence.

But personal safety is, perhaps, the narrowest province in which the dominion of this passion is exerted. There are a thousand real goods, and ten thousand imaginary ones, which in desiring to obtain, we dread to lose. And there is a multitude of evils, the anticipation of which creates the agitations of fear. These anxieties respecting uncertain events are some of the chief sources of misery; and it is the part of wisdom to subdue or regulate them. Such as tend to awaken foresight, and to instil prudence, are by no means to be repressed, but rather reduced as nearly as possible to calm meditation; while the perturbation that arises from idle and ill-founded apprehensions, about events not essentially concerned in the real interests of happiness should be discarded, as unworthy the bosom of a rational creature.

TERROR.

Terror is excess of fear: and it is also the term given to the passion when thrown upon the mind by the agency of sympathy, to which I refer it.

HORROR.

Horror is produced when terror is accompanied with detestation. The action of Virginius, in stabbing his daughter, produces terror,—it was an act of exalted virtue: the action of Alexander, in stabbing Clytus, produces horror,—it was a detestable action. The murder of Duncan is doubly horrible; for it was perpetrated by him

"Who 'gainst his murderer should have shut the door,
"Not borne the knife himself."

Whatever is against nature produces horror; because, to natural beings it must be detestable.

AWE.

Awe is almost the reverse of horror, being a degree of fear accompanied with, or rather proceeding from, *reverence*. What notions of terror accompany the contemplation of unlimited power! When we lift ourselves above the world, and consider the globe on which we tread as a great ball, twirled through space at the rate of near 70,000 miles an hour, how terrible does it appear to the imagination, and how insupportable would it be to the senses, were they not adapted to the confines of the atmosphere! The terror so produced is changed into awe, when with unlimited power we combine the thought of unlimited goodness. We know that the power of God could unhinge and annihilate the system: we know, also, that his goodness is the source of felicity, and whether felicity be ultimately effected by a continuation of this globe, or by its destruction, the mind rests in security on Omnipotence, in which it cannot be deceived. Its apprehensions are mingled with gratitude and with admiration; and terror is lost in love and in awe.

A degree of awe is justly inspired by very eminent and virtuous characters. But the sensation and uneasiness which is felt by some minds, in the company of men distinguished for birth or wealth, is not awe, though often termed so; for it may possibly be mingled with contempt or indignation; neither of which can be blended with the deference of respect. It is rather the secret anguish of pride.

The reverence attached to places devoted to worship, and especially when aided by the sublimity of magnitude, and the solemnity of the appropriate architecture, will also excite this emotion. We na-

turally have a respect and affection for whatever belongs to, or is connected with, one we love or revere: if so, the respect for places of worship should be universal, and the violation of them be held a breach of the law of *nature*. Perhaps I should have said of *religion;* but as I allude only to human nature, I think the phrase justified; for were I to define man, I should certainly not omit his religious propensity in my definition.

COWARDICE.

Cowardice deviates from natural fear; and is that torrent of the passion which neither honour, virtue, nor religion, can stem. No man is contemptible for shunning danger: but to seek personal safety at the expence of any noble mark of nature; to be so frozen to life, or to ease, that the beams of the better passions cannot warm the blood into that genial flow of courage, which is given to man for the protection of his just happiness, both individual and social, and for the support of his dignity, is indeed a vile and contemptible degradation of fear.

Cowardice includes not only the fear of death, but the apprehension of any disadvantage whatever, which it scruples not to avoid, by means vicious or dishonourable. I would not be understood to allude particularly to duelling, which I have already slightly mentioned: the avoiding of a duel may, or may not, be cowardice, according to the circumstances attending it; and it may be even bravery; but cowardice is generally the want of that courage, which true honour, virtue, or religion should inspire.

TIMIDITY.

Timidity is a disposition to be easily frightened, or alarmed; but it has no affinity to cowardice, for it is not inconsistent with honour and virtue; nay,

it is sometimes amiable, as in the fair sex, when not carried to an absurdity; but it cannot be laudable in men, as it is a want of firmness.

HOPE.

This panacea of the soul, if not the most lively, is the most flattering emotion of the mind. It is raised by contemplating the probability of attaining a desired good: the probability, however, being such as to leave the event in some suspense; for the nearer we approach to certainty, the nearer is the destruction of hope: when we no longer doubt, we no longer hope.

Hope has been long considered as in possession of the best anchor for the voyage of life: and on a sea so spread with shoals, where too the weather often proves too boisterous for the pilot, it is happy for us that she is ever ready to cast her anchor, and to keep us from total wreck, till gentler gales succeed to waft us to the shore of bliss, to which we shape our course. So far Hope is friendly, is rational; and we may with confidence engage her in our service. He that hopes wisely will seldom have his expectations balked; or if balked, the disappointment itself will prove the foundation of still better hope.

CHIMERICAL HOPE.

Chimerical hope, however, should be early brought under subjection, and the mind taught to reject all those visionary schemes of imaginary joys and advantages, with which the brain of inexperienced youth is too apt to be infested. Much grief, error, and disappointment would be prevented, if care were taken in youth to regulate the imagination; which, employed properly, is a valuable and delightful faculty;

but misemployed, leads to discontent, to horrors, and to madness.

The nature of life, its extent, its enjoyments, should be clearly displayed. What ought to be hoped, what may reasonably be hoped, and what it would be folly to hope, form some of the most serious considerations of education; and it is the indispensable task of every parent and guardian to impress them early on those minds that are committed to their care. He who is left to pursue through life hopes that are not likely to be realized, will travel from stage to stage of misery, and conclude his journey in despair; whereas he who hopes rationally prepares for disappointment, and extends his views beyond the temporary relays of sublunary expectation:—

> Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
> Alteram sortem bene preparatum
> Pectus. HORACE.

JOY.

Joy is the emotion felt on happy occurrences. It is always a delightful, and when excited by proper events, an amiable passion. It is in some degree disgustful to observers when rising from trivial and low causes, or when it appears immoderate: for in the former instance, it is the mark of weakness; and in the latter, it borders upon exultation. Till the understanding, however, has had time to ripen, it is otherwise; for it is never disgusting in children. When joy is the effect of the happiness of others, it is the most amiable of the passions. It is the reverse of envy; and as that has been called a diabolical, this may be termed a celestial passion.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is a mild, even joy, not called forth

on any uncommon occasion, but proceeding from a smooth tenour of life, and from a mind that is not a slave to any of its passions. Its chief foes are vice and misfortune: there cannot be any kind of true joy, where there is vice; and where there is virtue, even misfortune may be borne with a degree of cheerful patience.

MIRTH.

Mirth is a talkative kind of joy, usually attended with laughter, and is the natural result of man's sociable disposition. If it flow from genuine spirits, from true wit, or comic humour, it is a desirable emotion; but false spirits fictitiously procured, the noise of infective laughter, and the turbulent merriment of wine, are joys ill suited to noble minds.

MALIGNANT JOY.

That there should be a deviation of this passion, and that a very foul one, bespeaks the sad depth of depravity to which the human soul may sink. All malignant pleasure, all malevolent delight, if pleasure and delight they can be, diverge so abruptly and so oppositely from the pure source of joy, that we can scarcely be led to trace them thither. I am inclined to think that we confound terms in giving complacent phrases to sensations produced by horrors, and to believe it impossible that the gratification enjoyed by vicious spirits has the slightest claim to the distinction of happiness. Who, for example, can allow the name of pleasure to be associated with cruelty, or grant to the heart of a tyrant the possession of delight? Such, however, is the state of language, that very different perceptions and sensations receive the same appellations; and he who triumphs at the torture of a fellow-creature has a lexicopha-

nic title to a word, fit only for the philanthropic bosom of a Howard.

There is a stimulus attending all the depraved passions, how or why arising I pretend not now to enquire, which, for want of another word, perhaps for want of an appropriate idea, we call the pleasure of each. But he who reflects cannot fail to observe, that there is no analogy whatever between the stimulus of a villain, and the bliss of a noble heart.

Many of the common amusements of life appear to be attended with this depravity, though, in truth, it is otherwise. Hunting, shooting, and fishing, to a nervous habit of body, and to a scrupulous delicacy of mind, seem to be cruel sports. The weakness and disproportion of the animals pursued, the spilling of their blood, the agonies of death, and the deprivation of life, take the shape of horrors to a tender heart: but when reflection assures us that they are proper food, when observation has shewn the means of obtaining them to be curious, and habit has rendered it agreeable; when we find the exercise conducive to health, and are conscious that we are not offending the Creator, the idea of cruelty vanishes, and we find these diversions consonant to reason as well as pleasing to our sensations. I argue generally, however, and by no means intend to cast an imputation on the scrupulous and tender heart, which, on the contrary, I own I prefer, admire, and love.

All infliction of unnecessary pain for gratification; the stimulus of slander, of envy, and of every vitiated passion, are the most lamentable of all deviations; and we can scarcely trace them to the clear and exquisite fountain of joy. This obscurity, however, is owing to the black streams of malignant emotions, that mingle with, and corrupt its purity.

LOVE.

In the essay upon this passion* the general nature of love has already been defined to be, "That "noble, genial, and warm affection of mind excited "by amiable objects; that, while it exalts the soul, "communicates inexpressible delight to every part "of the human frame." Having there particularly treated of the passion as it exists between the sexes, I shall here confine myself to throwing out such hints for consideration, as relate to the other branches of this divine emotion. And first of

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is defined by Rochefoucault to be the love of self, and of every thing for its sake; but "*nullius addictus jurare in verbo magistri*," I shall take leave to define it, the love of self for the pleasures which it is in the power of consciousness to bestow. It has been generally understood, that the opinions of that celebrated author, on this subject, have fixed an odium upon the nature of man. It is no wonder that Swift, and others, who take pleasure in contemplating the deformities and nausea of the world, should join in receiving and propagating the odium. Nature in corruption is all the nature they see, and then

> As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
> From nature, they believe them true:
> They argue no corrupted mind
> In him; the fault is in mankind. SWIFT.

Rochefoucault and Swift were not among the first discoverers of the corruption that had taken place in man; but they are among the foremost who de-

* Page 9.

light in making him so corrupt, that even his virtues become contemptible. So much has been said upon this famous topic, that it is hardly possible to throw it into any new light. Indeed, I think the whole question determined by a single sentence of the author of the Maxims himself. "Self-love," says he, "just as it happens to be well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue or vice." And what is this but saying, that the odium, or amiability of self-love, depends upon the state of the mind? All that can be granted to Rochefoucault is, that self-love is a base and detestable principle in base and detestable bosoms; and we accept in turn his concession, that it is a genuine, pure and amiable principle, in genuine, pure and amiable breasts. He who loves virtue, because it gives him pleasure, takes a pleasure in virtue; the terms are convertible, and it is a play of words to say we love every thing for the sake of self-love.

Self-love, in good minds, is more dependent upon the other affections than those are upon this supposed *primum mobile* of the heart:

> Sordid souls are ever in distress,
> To bless himself, each must a second bless.
> SYMPATHY.

If it be said, that there are more corrupt than genuine spirits, I answer as before, that the nature of any thing is not marked by its quantity, but by its quality; and that too by the best.

PRIDE.

Self-love has its deviations, which it is our business to observe, to avoid, and to float our bark down the genuine stream. The chief vicious emotions that take their rise from it are, pride, vainglory, vanity, and jealousy.

Pride, as it teaches us to value ourselves on qualities that really exalt us, and to keep at due distance those that really degrade us, is a noble virtue; but when it assimilates with arrogance and haughtiness, it is vicious and contemptible.

VAIN-GLORY. VANITY.

Vain-glory is that value we derive from spurious causes, and vanity is an over-eager self-approbation, whether the cause be just or spurious, important or trivial.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is evidently a deviation of self-love. It is the pain felt on apprehending the diminution of the affection of one dear to us, attended with displeasure at the cause. To be loved by the woman we love, is so delightful to the heart, that whatever has the appearance of rivalship is a dagger to us, and as we fancy the favoured object to gain on the affection we would appropriate, our reflections are tortured by the loss we sustain. In the love that exists between the sexes, it is impossible to admit a communion of affection:—

> Che chiascun per te sospiri,
> Bella Nice, io son contento:
> Ma per altri, oh Dio, pavento
> Che tu impari a sospirar. METASTASIO.

To be happy, the lover must reign supreme, must triumph in the heart of the object beloved. On the slightest appearance of a rival, that is, of one to whom the most distant hope is given, even though never to be realized, of being admitted to a participation of that mixed affection treated of in the essay before alluded to, jealousy must ensue: and the reason is obvious, for such a hope involves a notion of the breach of the virtues of fidelity and chastity.

The continuation of doubt increases the emotion; but certainty puts an end to it, and indifference or despair takes its place. This jealousy seems to be a natural effect of the delinquency of one of the lovers, and can seldom happen in a union of true love: but that ready jealousy, which is the offspring of a suspicious disposition, is a compound of selfishness and conscious unworthiness.

Friendship partakes in some degree of this passion; but then it arises only from the neglect of the friend, and not from rivalry; for friendship freely admits that communion of affection which would be the destruction of love.

I have said that children learn early to be jealous, but it is the fault of those about them. In the class of parental duties there is not a more important one than that of impartiality, and of manifesting an equal degree of affection for every child; or making each sensible that love can only lean most to where there is most goodness. The effect of showing personal or other capricious distinctions, is more pernicious than can be calculated. Envy, hatred, strife, despondence, are the deplorable fruits of parental partiality; but, by an equal disposition of love, not only jealousy may be kept from the bosoms of children, but they may be made soon to see the beauty of preferring one another to themselves, and to gain habits of mutual attention, that will strengthen fraternal attachment.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

I have placed self-love foremost in the family of love, but I doubt whether the natural affection of man as a parent should not have had the precedence. It is the fashion of modern philosophy to resolve this affection into self-love: in which case the latter will be often found opposed to itself; for

if self-preservation be the first law of nature, of course of self-love, how shall we reconcile with it that prompt devotion of one's self to danger, and even to death, for the sake of children, which we see effected by this passion? I shall leave it to be reconciled by the disciples of the Gallic Duke.

If it be said, that there are few parents in whom it prevails so far; if I am told, that even he who declared that—"whether they are maimed or perfect, sickly or robust, each of them is a sacred deposit, of which the parent is to give an account to Him of whom he received it; marriage being a contract made with Nature as well as between the parties—" that even Rousseau sent his children to the Foundling Hospital, and never after enquired for them,—I have only to observe, that for this and every other deviation, we may be sorry that the examples are numerous, but that Nature herself is pure; and that parental affection, to the height I have mentioned, is consonant to her laws. Do we not see it carried to this height even by many of the lower order of animals? And though in them the interest abates with the maturity of the offspring, in man it rises, or should rise, into that consummate friendship, that naturally impels parent and child to devote self to the safety and happiness of each other.

This delightful disposition of the mind is, indeed, too often destroyed by the fangs of selfishness. The habit of pleasures inconsistent with it prevails against Nature, whose ties are broken; and we see persons, in whom the same blood flows, more careless and indifferent to the felicity of each other, than to the care of a favourite brute; and even mothers forsaking their daughters with the apathy of an ostrich.

This kindred love spreads from the parents, and becomes the source of attachment among brothers

and sisters, descending to their children, and branching through the various degrees of relation as far as the blood can be traced. What a pity is it that this pure and delightful affection should ever be interrupted: and that paltry interest, or envy, is allowed to creep into the soul to disturb it!—Oh! my children! cherish the blessings Nature lays before you. Love one another; support one another; and to your affection add virtue: then, is there no situation in life that you will not find replete with comfort; but be assured, if ever you become careless of the fate of each other, that your best spring of joy will be dried up. Other friendships are fragile; and to gain or to preserve the esteem and respect of what is called the world will often require sacrifices, which you will deem infamous. Keep, then, this refuge of fraternal affection ever in store, and the frowns and scoffs of the world shall never have power to pierce through the consciousness of innocence and the smiles of fraternal love.

ESTEEM.

Esteem is a mild affection founded on the virtues or abilities of its object, and is the chief basis of

FRIENDSHIP.

This affection ranks in the family of love, and is that which we feel for another, independent of motives arising either from blood or sex. It may be formed with relations, nevertheless, and between persons of a different sex: in the latter, it is very easily distinguished from love; but in the former they become inseparably blended. It has this superiority over natural affection and sexual love, that it is less dependant upon instinct, and more essenti-

ally founded upon esteem; a virtuous disposition being a necessary quality in friendship.

I mean not to be among the number who say that it is only a name; but, with Tully, to place it next to virtue in the scale of good, *virtute excepta, nihil amicitia præstabilius:* yet I allow that what commonly goes by its name is nothing more than an implied contract of mutual flattery; of which self-love, wealth, and power, are the undoubted sources. I conceive that such a mockery of friendship may be pleasant enough to those whose understandings are not blessed with much discrimination; and a very tolerable substitute as long as the deception lasts: but to such as have penetration, this species of mummery will pass for just what it is; and a man in possession of very superior power and fortune, who is at the same time a man of sense, will have to regret in general the difficulty of finding a real friend, and be driven to other consolations, which his riches may afford. However, in every situation of life, the seeds of friendship are sown with the seeds of virtue; and where the latter take root, the former *may* be matured.

Real friendship, once formed, must be supported by confidence and sincerity. Distrust and dissimulation are its deadliest poison. The odious maxim of living so guardedly as to be prepared for perfidy, is wholly inconsistent with this affection. Friends may prove perfidious, but the baseness of suspicion must not contaminate the fountain of friendship. It is, indeed, a lamentable case, where an open, ingenuous, and warm temper, reposing in full confidence all its feelings and its secrets in the bosom of a base spirit, finds itself betrayed. Corrupt, however, as the nature of man may have become, there cannot be many so truly diabolical: and when it does happen, the beings that perpetrate such horrors can

scarcely be considered of our species; but rather as infernals permitted to assume the form of mankind for inscrutable purposes.

"We are commanded," said the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, "to forgive our enemies, but we "are no where commanded to forgive our friends." If by this, Cosmo meant that God does not require us ever again to confide in, or associate with these spirits, I agree in his opinion; but if he supposed them left open to his revenge, I dissent from him: because revenge is itself a Satanic passion, and devils are a kind of enemy whom we cannot safely combat with their own weapons, which are double edged, and cannot be handled but to our own destruction.

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism is affection extended to, and bounded by the states of which we are members. It is founded on the impracticability of an universal community. That the division of men into separate states arose from the will of our Creator is fully manifested, among other proofs, by the variety of languages on the earth. This division, however, may have been the result of events originating in the corruption of man; and therefore patriotism is, perhaps, more an artificial than a natural passion.

When great advantages are to be derived to a portion of mankind from an union of the efforts of a circumscribed number of men, exclusive of the rest of the world; and that these advantages cannot be attained but by such union and such exclusion; a just and well-founded patriotism takes place. It is in fact the love of community, and not of place, not of soil: it is an attachment to the regulations, the laws, and the virtues that pervade the country, and not to the country itself; and we love our country-

man, because he unites in supporting those regulations, laws, and virtues, not because he drew his first breath within certain limits of the globe, where we first drew our own.

As on the efforts of individuals depend the safety and happiness of the whole, it becomes the duty of every man to give his particular assistance to the general weal: he who performs this duty with alacrity, nobly sacrificing all private interest to the public welfare, whether he be a monarch or a subject, a prime minister or a parish boy, is a patriot; and the disinterested sacrifice he makes of his time and talents, merits all the glory deservedly bestowed on patriotism.

Although I have described this passion as having little reference to soil, I do not mean to asperse local attachments; for

> Dear is that shed to which the soul conforms,
> And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

PHILANTHROPY.

Philanthropy, benevolence, and the Gospel charity, are nearly synonimous terms; and signify an active affection for the human race in general. The philanthropist takes an impartial view both of virtue and of vice: considers the original nature of man with admiration, and his degradation with concern. He cannot love the vicious as the virtuous; but he loves them so much as to wish for their reformation, and to do all in his power to effect it. There is a similitude in his affection to that of the natural affection of a parent, who loves even those of his children whom he cannot esteem. It is a celestial principle; and of the proofs of the divine mission of our Saviour, none is more convincing than the universal philanthropy that pervaded his life and his doctrines.

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is a warm affection, by which we are prompted to acknowledge kind offices, and to delight in praising and serving the person from whom we have received them. In this sense, it is an emotion of which none but degenerate spirits can fail to be susceptible.

When gratitude is merely a duty, arising from obligations that are so conferred as to be rendered painful, it is not of the family of love. He who desires to repay a benefit, because it is burdensome to him, is actuated by a wounded and a laudable pride: and to a good heart the inability of discharging such a benefit is intolerably painful. We cannot satisfy our hearts by reflecting that the person who has conferred an obligation of this sort is an unworthy spirit, and that, therefore, the obligation carries no duty; which in the sight of God I believe to be the truth: with the feelings of a man, however, it is hardly possible to be easy until an adequate return is made.

The difference between genuine gratitude and this painful desire of disburdening ourselves of obligations, is very great. The former, though ever ready to return its services, never contemplates a discharge of the affection excited by kind offices; for, besides that the emotion is a very pleasing one, it never can be discharged; whereas, the latter thinks only of repaying the obligation, in order to get rid of a burdensome duty.

He who lends his money, and boasts of it, has served, and therefore conferred an obligation: but it is that kind of obligation, which the repayment of the money totally discharges. It is a strong observation of Lavater's, whose knowledge of the face and of the heart seem to be concurrent, that—

"The creditor, whose appearance gladdens the "heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sun- "beams, and his foot on storms"—which is as much as to say, that he resembles the Deity, who in actions of beneficence produces that species of gratitude that flows with love, and charms the heart; while it infers, that it is a common, paltry soul, where selfish benevolence attempts to extract gratitude from the pangs of sensibility.

God forbid that I should have the slightest appearance of being the advocate of ingratitude; the blackest of vices! but in discriminating the passions, we must point out the genuine from the spurious, and must distinguish those that exalt virtue, from those that puff up vice and folly. Indeed gratitude is so natural and so strong an affection, that in a breast not completely degenerate, it cannot be easily suppressed, but by the conduct of the benefactor.

Antipathy and genuine gratitude can never mingle. Actions that create disgust destroy this affection: and there are some that dissolve it even as a duty, removing at once every painful sense of the obligation. "I can owe nothing," says Seneca, "to the villain, who having lent me some money, "afterwards sets my house on fire, or poisons my "child." What gratitude can survive the malice of slander, the malignant plans of undermining domestic felicity, the diabolical attempt of sowing disrespect and hatred in the bosom of a daughter, and jealousy in the heart of a beloved wife? What gratitude is due to one who benefits you for selfish ends, and in benefiting tyrannizes? And what gratitude can outlive an infamous breach of confidence, a treachery, that after the repose of years, betrays and magnifies the frailties of youth?

I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress, or a friend.
Treason is there in its most horrid shape
Where trust is greatest, and the soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own guards. DRYDEN.

To defend, however, the mind from ingratitude, it is to be observed, that on this, as indeed on every occasion, truth and sincerity are the foundations of right and wrong. I address the recesses of the heart: every one knows what passes in his own, and he, in whom kind offices excite no gratitude, may prepare to swear allegiance to the prince and sire of ingratitude;

——— in whom all good proved ill
And wrought but malice. MILTON.

PIETY.

Piety is reverential affection. As it relates to the Deity, it will suffice to refer to my preceding essay on adoration; as it relates to filial love, I will here offer a few observations: and in this view it is a mixture of natural affection, gratitude, and esteem.

It is a common remark, that the instinctive, or natural love of children towards their parents, is not so powerful as that of the parents towards their children; and the reason given is, that it is more necessary in the one than in the other, the preservation of the offspring being greatly dependent upon the strength of parental love. I believe this to be true at first, yet I should be sorry to conclude, that the affection remains always unequal; or that a child, as it grows up, does not love its parent as ardently as it is loved. To make amends for the deficiency of the filial storgé, gratitude early comes in aid of it. Children begin to be grateful at the breast, and a fondness takes place, that grows with their growth.

It is, perhaps, owing to the substitution of nurses, that ever the remark above alluded to was made; for it is evident that an infant prefers its nurse to its mother. Did young mothers know what inexpressible delight there is in suckling their children, and at the same time did they consider, that this infantine gratitude is the substitution which Nature appoints to raise filial to a par with parental affection; few, I believe, in comparison to the present number, would be found ready to resign the delight. They would not suffer dissipation, vanity, or the ill-grounded apprehension of destroying the beauty of their bosoms, to prevail upon them to neglect so sweet a task. The joys of the mother would repay the hours of confinement, and their very nurses can instruct them how to preserve that beauty they fear to lose, till Time convinces them that every personal charm must yield to him.

As children advance in years, their love naturally attaches to those from whom they receive instruction, when it is given with affection and mildness. The early separation from their parents to be sent to schools would certainly be another great cause of the imperfection of the filial affection, were not their impatience excited for the vacations by comparing the indulgencies of home with the restraints of school. The gratitude, therefore, which takes place in infancy, will be, if not wholly suspended, at least enfeebled, in the subsequent stage of life, if much is not done on the part of the parent in proofs of kindness. As they grow nearer to maturity, esteem must perfect the work of instinct and gratitude, in order to complete the equality, or mutual energy of the emotion.

I conceive, that of a child thus raised, the natural affection would be nearly, if not altogether, equal to that of the parent. However this be, the in-

stinctive affection is very strongly implanted in both, where nature is not degenerate. Personal defects on the one hand, and incapacity of intellect on the other, rather tend to excite compassionate affection; but the deficiency of nature, the depravation of the heart, produces abhorrence. It is to be hoped, and I believe, that there are few instances of paternal depravity, similar to that recorded of the mother of the unfortunate Savage, or of a want of filial piety in general, as a duty; but still as an affectionate emotion, it can, when infancy is past, spring only from gratitude and esteem; and where these causes do exist, the deficiency of piety in the breast of a child is a sure mark of a most deplorable depravation of nature.

SHAME.

Shame is an emotion arising from the consciousness of guilt, defects, or misconduct, real or imaginary. It is a genuine feeling, but must, like some others, have been unknown, antecedent to the introduction of evil. Whatever we ought not to do, we ought to be ashamed of doing. The degree of uneasiness attached to this passion will be proportioned by sensibility to the nature of the guilt, defect, or misconduct. Habitual vice has, at times, totally eradicated shame from some minds; while, on the other hand, there is a constitutional quickness, which renders some sensible of this emotion, not only without just reason, but even on occasions that are extremely honourable.

The bashfulness of a young woman springs from her respect to purity; and diffidence, which in itself is amiable, will often create a perplexity very similar to shame. An ingenuous mind also feels a considerable degree of this emotion, on being overvalued; for, if we would be what we are thought to

be, we blush at the deficiency. In this view, shame is very amiable; and Sir Harry Beaumont, in his elegant dialogue upon Beauty, mentions it as capable of adding much interest to a lovely face. In no view, indeed, is well-grounded shame other than laudable: it always marks a sense of wrong, or of deficiency; and, at the same time, an openness to conviction, and a desire of perfection. The mind that feels it, is prepared to retrieve its errors; to atone for guilt; or to aim at excellence:—but we may justly set him down upon the scale of demons, who can knowingly do wrong without remorse; can injure a fellow-creature without compunction; and offend his Maker without contrition.

SHAME OF DOING RIGHT.

There is such a deviation of this passion. A false education, by which the prejudices in favour of a number of vices, far from having been rooted out, are confirmed, is the means by which this salutary emotion is forced from its natural channel. The virtues opposite to fashionable vices bring blushes upon the faces of many.

Fashion is nothing more than the opinion and practice of a multitude, to defy which, indeed, requires considerable courage. But an early habit of discriminating between prejudice and rational conduct will give that courage. This habit it should be the grand aim of education to instil; and they who have been taught to estimate the right will blush only at doing wrong.

SORROW OR GRIEF.

Sorrow is the passion we feel upon calamities: consequently it has a variety of avenues to the heart, and the degree in which it affects depends not only on its causes, but on the sensibility of the mind,

Of sensibility it is difficult to determine the portion, without which virtue itself would be less amiable; but as indifference reduces the soul below even animal life, I think it were better to err in cultivating the sensibility of the heart, than to run a risk of blunting it into apathy:

Venti inquieti
Son nel mar della vita
Gli affetti, anch' io lo so; ma senza venti
Non si naviga in mar. MET.

As we find the state of things at present, sorrow is a natural attendant on humanity. Like antipathy or shame, it is the child of evil. Misfortune is nothing but the deprivation of some good, or the occurrence of some positive evil; between which, indeed, there is scarcely a distinction; the deprivation of good being an evil, and positive evil a deprivation of good. If we rejoice at the acquisition of what is agreeable, we as naturally grieve at its loss. It does not come within my present plan to investigate the difference of real and imaginary good; but it is evident how much the dignity of all the passions depend upon their just discrimination. Whether real or imaginary, however, sorrow is proportioned to the degree of attachment bestowed upon the object we lament; and on trivial or absurd occasions, it becomes disgusting or ridiculous.

Grief, in the best minds, is not easily allayed; for while we "bear as men we must also feel as "men," and the most wholesome advice can go no farther, I think, than to moderate it with reflections on the quick lapse of life; at the conclusion of which, we have every reason to hope, that sorrow, patiently borne, and especially if suffered in the cause of virtue, will be repaid with double joy. There are many wise modes of alleviation, to which we are bound to resort; but none so soothing as in

communicating our feelings to a friend; to one who we believe loves us, and on whose fidelity we have a perfect reliance. By concealment, grief corrodes the heart, and friendship is the balm that soothes and heals.

Time usually impairs the force of this passion, but not always. A strong imagination will sometimes feed it so long with the most flattering views of the object, that grief will fix upon the habit and settle into melancholy; for melancholy is but habitual sorrow, which often proceeds so far as to derange the understanding. The indulgence of grief is therefore dangerous; and its excess ought to be guarded against by the united power of religion and philosophy. "*Dolores autem si qui incurrent, nunquam, vim tantam habent, ut non plus habeat sapiens quod gaudeat quam quod angetur:*" that is, there is no sorrow which may not be made the ally of wisdom. And in this spirit the poet says,

Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love.

DESPAIR.

The loss of hope, which, according to its object, is a more or less serious misfortune, is attended with an emotion, which, on trivial occasions, can hardly be termed a passion, being merely a belief of the improbability of an event taking place; but when the event is of importance, the emotion on the loss of hope is violent grief, emphatically styled despair.

CONTRITION. REMORSE.

Sorrow, as it relates solely to our own actions, is termed repentance, penitence, contrition, or remorse. To a thinking being, the consciousness of bad actions must inevitably be a source of remorse. Whatever those actions be, whether they have been

committed against virtue, or against piety, both reason and revelation teach us to atone for them by the sincerity of repentance; and by reparation, where that remains possible. Actions, once committed to the registry of time, cannot possibly be cancelled—What a strong guard against crimes and vices would this reflection prove, were not reason so often swept from its post, by the overflowing torrents of deviated passions! But though they cannot be recalled, they may be atoned for, and even turned to advantage; "for that single effort, by which we "stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is it-"self a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred "acts of justice*." This is a soothing, but a dangerous doctrine; for it is to be feared that present temptations will be aided by the anticipation of future penitence. Of one thing, however, we may be assured, that the penitence, necessary to atonement, must be a sorrow deeply sincere and bitter.

SYMPATHY,

Including PITY and TERROR.

Our Creator having formed us with passions, and evidently intended those passions to be the means or security of happiness, an unnatural attempt to eradicate them, in order to attain the negative ease of apathy, or a state of indifference, cannot but be sinful. In phlegmatic constitutions, how degraded does the nature of man appear! It is true that sensibility equally subjects the heart to pain as to pleasure; but the pains that arise from sensibility are enviable pains, because they generally spring from the most amiable motives, and raise the affections of great and good spirits: while apathy, however convenient to a

* Goldsmith.

paltry, listless set of nerves, is contemptible and odious.

I have no doubt that the spurious philosophy of apathy, which was maintained by the stoics, is a deviation of that pure ambition by which we are excited to elevate our nature. It was a maxim among them, that the fewer their wants, the more they resembled the gods; and that not to be moved by sublunary pains and pleasures, was the proof of a great soul. By the way, it is very striking that their gods were gifted with all the vilest of the human passions.

How far superior spirits may be endued with feelings, or some mode of affections analogous to our feelings, is a metaphysical enquiry, which must terminate in conjecture; but probable conjecture is a good ground for reason. Joy, which is a passion, is itself the principle of bliss; and from love, the very thought of creation seems to have sprung. It is highly probable, that together with refined faculties, refined affections constitute a part of superior natures; and that their happiness, far from consisting in the paucity of wants, is supported by infinite desires, and infinite gratifications. The nature of the bliss enjoyed by an eternal self-existing being is infinitely beyond the contemplation of human faculties. It is in vain to attempt the subject; yet we may be allowed to say, what appears so evident, that love and communicated bliss mingle in the enjoyment of the supreme nature.

Apathy may produce the ease, if the expression may be used, of a stone; but sensibility must be the means of all pleasure: and with respect to eradicating it, lest it should be the means too of misery, I should think it just as natural to cut off a limb to prevent an occasional finger-ache.

Studiansi, è ver, l'umane
Passioni a destar: ma chi volesse
Estinguerle nell uomo; un tronco, un sasso
Dell uom faria. MET.

It is sensibility, and not apathy, which truly exalts nature; but not a sensibility, however, that opposes reason, and, therefore, though it is to be cultivated, its luxuriances and weaknesses are to be pruned and tempered by fortitude on the one hand, and by a discrimination of just delight on the other.

All the passions, more or less, depend upon sensibility; but sympathy, as it is rather the mean by which nature reverberates an emotion, than an original emotion, is doubly dependent upon it. Sympathy, as I have already had occasion to mention, is that affection of the mind, by which we are interested in objects from some natural similarity. Men of similar pursuits, of similar habits, of similar joys and griefs, readily sympathise; and the general resemblance of the species is the foundation of general sympathy, by which we are excited to feel what others feel, whether pleasing or painful.

It is the pride of the intellect to investigate causes, and it often leaves the plain road, to show its dexterity in discoveries. No difficulty has attended the causes of our participating the pleasures, but our promptness to enter into, and fond participation of, the distresses of others, and the interest we take in things of a terrible nature, have been variously accounted for.

Pity, according to Hobbes and Rochefoucault, is a sense of our own misfortunes in those of other people. We assist others, says the latter, that they may assist us on like occasions. Burke says, we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; while Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, decides that they

can only please while fictitious, and shown as images; for, says he, if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more. Burke's argument is, that if we are induced to approach and to dwell upon sad objects, if we do not shun them, they must give us pleasure; that we enjoy the authentic calamities of history as well as the fictitious ones of romance; and he puts a case, in which he supposes that the finest tragedy, performed by the best actors, would be forsaken on a report of a state criminal, of *high rank*, being on the point of being executed in an adjoining square. He argues also, that numbers would crowd to see the ruins of a city after a conflagration, who never would have thought of going near it before. I have the highest respect for the genius of Mr. Burke, and of all his productions, more particularly for that which I have now in view; but I feel so great a disinclination to the doctrine of receiving pleasure from the real calamities of others, that I cannot admit it without stronger grounds of conviction.

We often willingly approach what is productive only of pain. We are chained to the death-bed of a friend, by the pang of a lasting separation; and grief, *at that moment*, cannot be attended with pleasing sensations, however it may be afterwards mingled with the pleasurable views of the object. If ever a good mind has a gratification in approaching real distress, surely it must arise from the hope of assisting to alleviate; for I cannot but think it natural to shun the sad objects of real life, when there is no hope whatever of contributing in any shape to relieve, unless impelled by admiration; and that this, far from meriting the reproach of indolence which Mr. Burke throws upon it, is, in fact, but obeying the dictates of humanity and reason. It is to be apprehended, that he who can feel pleasure in

the pain of another will be excited not only to find, but to make occasions of gratification; than which what can be more diabolical? I conceive it to be no reproach to have shunned the *Gréve* while a criminal was upon the wheel; and am inclined to believe that the crowds generally attending executions are gathered by motives wholly unconnected with sympathy. Some attend through curiosity, others with no view but that of being in the crowd, and some barbarians, perhaps, for *positive*, not sympathetic pleasure; for that kind of pleasure enjoyed by the Roman Emperor when he fired the city; or when he ordered it to be lighted up with the persons of the Christians, anointed with a combustible preparation, for the easier admission of the flames.

As to authentic calamities, when they are long past, they rank with respect to the production of emotions little, if at all, above fictitious ones; for we are no more acquainted with the personages of the one than of the other. In either case, the energy of our sympathy depends rather upon the powers of the historian and of the poet than upon the bare facts themselves.

The preference which Mr. Burke says would be given to a real execution over a represented tragedy, it is not clear to me would be the case, if *sympathy* were the only attraction. Much must be allowed to the *rank of the criminal*, to the *rarity* of the spectacle, and to the *curiosity* of the spectator. Let the sufferer be a common malefactor, and let executions be so frequent that curiosity shall have little allurement, would the theatre lose a single spectator? Inform a mob, gathered on an execution-day round the scaffold at Newgate, that George Barnwell was going to be played at Drury-lane, or Covent-garden, gratis, and that the first at the doors

would get seats, I rather think that Newgate would be forsaken till the playhouse was filled.

As to the pleasure we take in viewing *ruins;*—it arises from two causes: in the first place, they are picturesque to the eye, and, in the next, they suggest sublime reflections. It is to be observed, that the object must be of magnitude; and then to whatever power its destruction be owing, whether to time or to conflagration, the ideas excited are sublime, and sympathy, for the unseen sufferers, is lost in the admiration of power. Not so where the object is not grand—I once passed through the ruins of a miserable village in France, that had been reduced by fire: pity and pecuniary contributions were raised on travellers, but the remains of the clay cottages had never been the object of a visit.

Upon the whole, I cannot think that it is natural to have any pleasure in the misfortunes and pains of others; and I confess I am glad that I have found no arguments sufficiently conclusive to make me think so: for while I allow that a very great part of our species is degraded and corrupt, and that much malignity prevails among us, I am anxious to maintain man in that exalted state, where I believe he was originally placed. To feel delight in the pain of others disgraces him; and still more is he disgraced by Rochefoucault's selfish sentiment, that he comforts others solely with the view of being comforted himself on like occasions. I believe no such proposition. I believe sympathy to be a genuine disposition of the mind, independent of selfishness, by which the Almighty has strengthened the bonds of social affection. I believe it too to be attended in sorrowful cases with pleasure, when accompanied with the power, or even hope, of alleviation. I believe that we generally pity, and fear

for others, instinctively; and that when we take time to reason ourselves into compassion, our emotions are lost in the cooler wisdom of our duties.

Sympathetic fear, or terror, is a violent emotion on perceiving the danger of another; and is felt in degrees, according to the sensibility of the heart. He must be of a flinty nature indeed, who can with coolness see another seized by a devouring monster, or suddenly buried under the ruins of a falling edifice, or stabbed by an assassin. Sympathy of this kind felt on real occurrences cannot surely be attended with pleasure. If I were permitted to speak for a moment from my own feelings, I would say that I once, through a very transparent sea, saw a man seized, and carried off by a monstrous shark—my whole frame suffered great commotion; but certainly I was sensible only of a most painful agitation.

Why is it then, that in dramatic poetry we are pleased with the representations of mournful and terrible occurrences? The fact is, that whether in real or imaginary scenes, it is the province of sympathy to interest our feelings: but to interest them, it is not necessary that the result should be pleasurable. The pain suffered by another interests us as well as the pleasure he enjoys, and perhaps more. Were the brightest genius on earth to compose a large folio on the subject, I do not think he could discover a better reason than Terence has given in eight words—*Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto*: I am a man, and therefore must be interested in whatever concerns a man: I must, if I am not unnatural, delight in his pleasures, and shudder at his pains.

But, as I have already said, sympathy will not send us in quest of the latter, nor probably of the former, unless other causes concur. A good heart will

seek opportunities to participate happiness, by being the means of conferring it; but I do not know that the purest heart would be allured by any uncommon instance of individual happiness to become the spectator of immoderate joy; unless it were the reward of virtue, talent, or for some ulterior reason beyond the actual joy. Common society, or what is called company, is supported with a view to reciprocal pleasures; its enjoyments are founded on an interchange of ideas, or of politeness; but with sympathy it is little concerned. Sympathy is, indeed, a main support of that uncommon society which is built on friendship, virtue, and talents; whence arise the highest social enjoyments. Yet even by such society those only can be allured who are in a great degree deserving of it. To dramatic scenes, however, we are all strongly impelled; and strongly affected by them: we are always made to love and to admire the character for whom we are to be led into grief: we have pleasure in loving and admiring, but the pleasure yields, and is absorbed in our sufferings at the misery that ensues.

It appears to me, that by compounding Mr. Burke's objection with Dr. Johnson's opinion we may probably arrive at the real causes, as well of our *seeking*, as of our being gratified with, the scenes of tragedy. Dr. Johnson says, "it is because they "are fictions that they please:" Mr. Burke imagines "we should be much mistaken, if we attributed "any considerable part of our satisfaction in tra- "gedy to the consideration of its being a deceit: "that the nearer it approaches the reality, and the "further it removes us from all idea of fiction, the "more perfect is its power." To move the passions is the grand magic of poetry. It is a sublime gift of God to man; and we naturally take great delight in offering ourselves to the proof of its operations.

E un dolce incanto,
Che d'improviso
Vi muove al pianto,
Vi sforza al riso,
D'ardir v'accende
Tremar vi fa.
Ah se alle Muse
Tanto è permesso,
A Giove istesso
Che restera? MET.

I conceive that we go to a tragedy, perfectly prepared to be delighted with the effect of a fiction; but that when the powers of the poet contrive to veil that fiction, to realize his scenes, and to wring our hearts, the sympathy upon which he works is not a pleasure, but the sorrowful interest we are bound by nature to take in the pain of others; of which we are most susceptible in the reality, and which we bring upon ourselves in a theatre, from going in quest of the delight we take in the powers of poetry. Let the audience be informed, that the actor, who was performing Macbeth, had in a fit of fury, or revenge, absolutely sought the man who was personating Duncan, and had savagely cut his throat, but that the play should go on with substituted characters; I think the house would be thinned.

We have lately had a remarkable instance of painful, but noble feelings, impressing a large body of men, which I cannot refrain from doing myself the honour of recording to the glory of the British nation. In the year 1793, when the company of Drury-Lane Theatre were performing at the Opera-House, the news of the death of the late King of France arrived in an evening, just as the curtain was going to be drawn up. It was immediately announced from the stage, and the whole audience,

feeling the shock at once, rose and left the theatre. —Here, I think, we have an example, in which delight could not be mingled. Those noble hearts withdrew, not to behold a sight in the adjoining square, but, because pleasure was incompatible with the reality of horror.

So true is it that men generally avoid tragic scenes, when they are convinced that they can be of no service by the exercise of their virtues, that we find, as the poetic art loses its dominion over the soul, even the best scenes of fictitious terror and pity are represented to thin houses. The present cultivated apathy of many, and the blow that has been given to the expression of sentiment, are causes from which the tragic muse languishes. They, to whom the pain of sympathy is more intolerable than the taste of genius is delightful, improve a happy indifference, and shun all violent emotions: but we may rest assured, that when the pomp of decorations, the horse-laugh of ridicule, and the graces of gesture, supplant the powers of poetry, nature deviates, and taste declines.

On this subject, I have run beyond the bounded and elementary plan of these hints respecting the passions; but before I conclude, I will add, that however difficult it be to conceive sensations of pleasure and of pain co-existing, yet as it is the end of poetry to delight by moving, the delight flows considerably from the preparatory disposition in our natures to be moved by the imitative arts; as we a are pleased with a picture, of which perhaps the real object would be disgusting.

This grand current of the social affections, sympathy, depends, of course, for its purity, upon the other streams that mingle with it. He who sympathises with the envious, the covetous, the revengeful, the malevolent, the coward, the cruel, and the proud, may reckon among his own passions, envy,

avarice, revenge, malevolence, cowardice, cruelty, and pride.

WONDER.

Wonder, or astonishment, is the emotion produced by things uncommonly strange. All novelty excites this passion, in a greater or less degree; and the commencement of life is the period of its fullest influence. Then every thing is strange; and, for a considerable time, one wonder only yields to another. Experience abates the emotion, but it is never wholly stifled: youth and age, folly and philosophy, rustic ignorance and polished taste, every stage of life, and every gradation of intellect, are all supplied with objects to gratify wonder. But while some men continue so puerile as to seek gratification, if not from ordinary, yet from trivial occasions, there are some who have almost ceased to wonder, even in the fulness of admiration; whose minds have been able to take so comprehensive a view of the works the Deity has placed before them, as to wonder at no effects, while they admire and adore the great First Cause of all. This kind of admiration is an emotion, we may justly conjecture to be attendant upon immortality; and in this view, we cannot but esteem it a passion of the highest character.

All wonder is natural; there is no deviation of this passion; yet misplaced, it becomes ridiculous or disgraceful: the clown who wonders at the movements of a watch, and the mathematician, who is surprised at the nicety of his own calculations on the return of a comet, are equally natural; but if the mathematician were to be surprised at the watch, it would be a disgrace to him; and if the clown were surprised that the tail of the comet did not scorch the earth, it would be ridiculous.

It is, in general, advisable to curb astonishment,

or at least the appearance of it; as, perhaps, what creates it in us is only an ignorance, that would reflect no credit upon our education. But this is a delicate theory; for it might lead to indifference and insensibility; and not to admire, where admiration is a proof of taste, is as degrading as to be in ecstacies at trifles. Wonder, however, is, in every view, an innocent emotion, and naturally its own corrector.

CONCLUSION.

It has been my aim, in the foregoing system of the passions, to justify the nature of man, and to bring into view, as well as I could, that sublime picture of it, which, the more I contemplate its origin, appears to me to have been the work of a Being, in whom my mind adores the attributes of a God.

I see a creature, formed with a superior personal beauty; endowed with the desire of excellence; with an eagerness for knowledge; and gifted with the delights of wonder, love, and joy: a pure, a happy creature, worthy the *fiat* from which he sprung.

I see this creature misconceiving excellence; content with ignorance, or pursuing folly; his wonder sunk into stupid astonishment; his love lost in selfishness: and his joys bounded by his senses. A corrupt, a miserable being; that never could have originally so fallen from his Creator.

Which is the nature of this creature?—

It came not within the scope of my plan to investigate the reason why corruption has been permitted: but I have endeavoured to show the origin of our nature to be good; and to point out where commence the deviations that diverge to that corruption. I have traced our passions to sources pure, and worthy of our Creator; I have marked

their just and regular channels, even in our present subjection to evil; and have brought directly into view the unnatural and deplorable courses into which they have burst.

The name of Nature has been exceedingly abused, and we have been accustomed to impute to her much that belongs to vice. In this elemental enquiry she has been restored to her purity; and it has appeared that the perfection of every thing is its nature.

But where is this perfect man? Does he exist? Did he ever exist? There are not wanting, both in sacred and profane history, instances of those who have exalted themselves to the perfection of their nature; and many excellent men do honour to the world even at this day. Yet in justifying the dignity of our race, I pretend not to say that its radiance is not deeply obscured by surrounding clouds; or, that we can catch daily glimpses of that eminence from which it has too surely fallen.

Selfishness and malevolence prey upon the degraded heart of man; and the emotions of his mind have been influenced into a combination with the animal appetites, to sweep him from his station. In the very blood of his parents, lurk the seeds of his maladies and of his vices; and from the ignorance and folly of his first attendants are caught his prejudices and his habits. To attain, or to recover his perfection; to be the creature God created him; and to possess that genuine happiness, which is the result of self-knowledge, and of self-dominion; is worthy of a struggle: and he is most likely to be successful, who meditates, investigates, and becomes thoroughly acquainted with his passions.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY:

Written on the spot, on the Author's birth-day, June 14th.

INTRODUCTION.

The Ruins of Kirkstall Abbey stand about three miles from Leeds, in a beautiful vale, near the banks of a pleasant river called the Aire. The history of them I learned from Grose's Antiquities.

Henry de Lacy, being dangerously ill, made a vow to erect (if he recovered) a Monastery of the Cistertian order; and accordingly, on his recovery, he founded the Abbey of Mount St. Mary, of which Alexander, the Prior of Fountain's Abbey, was ordained Abbot. The Monks being much abused

here, and disturbed by the neighbouring inhabitants, were induced to remove. The Abbot, in one of his journeys, passing through Aire dale, met with certain brothers there who led a kind of erimitical life, and one Seleth acted as their superior. Seleth told the Abbot, that he had been sent by the Virgin Mary, who appeared to him in a dream, and desired him to go and search in Aire dale for Kirkstall, in order to prepare a future habitation for brethren serving her son, the Saviour of the world.

Alexander, delighted with the spot, admonished Seleth and the other lay brethren to adopt a more perfect form of religious government; and applying to his patron, Henry de Lacy, by his interest a grant of Kirkstall was obtained from William de Poitou, the owner.

Henry de Lacy then laid the foundation of the monastery with his own hands; and it was entirely finished at his expense. On the nineteenth of May 1152, in the reign of King Stephen, the translation of the monastery from Mount St. Mary took place.

From the foundation of Kirkstall Abbey, to its dissolution, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, it had been governed by twenty-six successive Abbots. Turgesius, the fourth Abbot, whose manners

are alluded to in the following Poem, was a man remarkable for the gloominess of his devotion, his abstinence, and voluntary mortifications of his body: he was always clothed in sackcloth, never wearing more than a coat and a tunic, even in winter, and no socks. He never tasted wine, unless no other drink was to be had; besides which, he always wept at his devotion, and often in his discourse. He lived here nine years, and then retired to Fountains, where he soon after died.

The picturesque scene of a venerable ruin, a winding river, with a distant bridge, woods in full foliage, the verdure of the neighbouring fields, a village terminating the valley, and the whole heightened by the delightful serenity of the sky, allured the author to pay repeated visits to this charming spot, where the poem to which he has prefixed the name of the Abbey was written.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Primâ dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna.

To find a God, no need have we to shun
The busy town, or seek the mouldering pile,
Or devious ramble by the stream or wood:
The wood, the stream, the solitary pile,
The busy town, nature and art alike,
All, all the great pervading mind proclaim.
E'en this sad bosom owns the HERE divine;
Now humbly trembling for the faulty shrine,
Now swell'd to virtue, glorifying God.

Yet Fancy too, of pleasure and of pain
Alike the ready minister, delights to strike
With varied touch the chords of human hearts;
Impelling these to raise the mingled song,
And those to breathe the silent hallelujah:
Silent alone to sense's grosser organ,
Not less distinguish'd in the symphony,
That bears the glory to the God on high.
Nor is the mingled chorus shunn'd by me,
Tho' Fancy cheer with rural scenes. I love

To trace the streamlet : on the turf to sit,
And rapt by nature, meditate her source.
The wood that plumes the water, and the ruin
Of a solitary abbey full mantled,
As oft by poets sung, with verdant ivy ;
The varied arch, pointed or circular,
A sky serene, the calm of solitude,
Impress my soul with dignity of thought,
And lift it to its sacred fount sublime.

Lone by the glassy Aire, whose winding banks
Bring many a pleasing prospect to the eye,
My steps I bend to where De Lacy's hand
Laid the first stone whence Kirkstall's Abbey rose
In gratitude to heaven for health restor'd.
Eternal Source of all that's fair and good !
Fountain of health and love ! God of all joy !
Who friendship's balm and love's in mercy gave
To solace and to cheer the days of man,
Oh ! health restore to her who comforts mine !
Whose virtues animate, whose love inspires ;
And tho' I bid no fane majestic rise
O'er gothic arches, sublunary meed!
Temples more fair I build, more nobly great,
Than from the lifeless quarry man e'er wrought :
With ceaseless zeal I'll labour to complete
And fashion these, to dedicate to Thee.
Thy Abbey, Lacy ! in its proudest hour,

Ne'er to celestial spirits gave a joy
Like that which rises from a well-form'd mind:
Nor could thy health of greater import prove
Than my Eugenia's, whether she display
The mother's noble part, or give to me
The heav'nly blessings of a faithful love.

Now to the pole, thou half dissolved tower!
Thy shade is thrown by Phœbus' mid-day beams:
Here let me cast my frame along, here press
The turf where sad Turgesius wept and groan'd,
Erroneous deeming torment to be zeal.
But let my heart his gloomy impulse shun,
While at the throne of grace its chambers ope,
And memory displays the long account.

Oh! solemn awful pause!—The soul sincere
Minutely scans the page of life, that page
Where vice or virtue strikes the balanc'd line
To damn a devil, or an angel bless.
Hush then, my Muse! let fancy not arrest
The awful search of earnest memory:
Be lull'd thy ardour for a sacred hour,
And leave me wholly to my life and God.

Oh! solemn pause! from which abash'd I rise,
Nor dare to justify to sight divine,
The egregious frailties of a mingled life.

Now to his northern bounds the sun draws nigh,
And presently completes his polar course;
Then downward to the line of Capricorn
He bends, revisiting the hapless climes
Where the best boons of nature man destroys;
Where earth profusely teems, but slavery reigns,
And the sear'd mind forgets the Christian lore.

Yes! I forsook your scorch'd savannahs; fled
Your tangled forests, and your torrent rains,
Your quicksands, tempests, and tornadoes dire,
Your cloud-capt mountains quaking to their tops,
Your fever'd fountains, and your forked fires,
Your sharks, your snakes, your scorpions; the whole train
Of venom and voracity: but chief
The lash's echo, that proclaims a stream
Of human blood, through quiv'ring vessels drawn.
Yes! I forsook them: never did my eye
Gloat on the glittering dust that blinds the soul,
And sheds false radiance on deformity.
With little skill and less desire to heap,
I daily sicken'd at the ills around me.
Yes! I forsook them: wealth, the mighty spur,
Could never goad me to the general course,
Nor could the syrup of an Indian fruit,
Nor all the dainties of a tropic board,

E'er stifle sighs that in my bosom heav'd
For mental food; philosophy, and God.

Yes! I forsook them! and my mind swells high
With conscious grandeur at the daring act.
What though I threw aside the greater part
Of that which luxury or need supplied?
I gain'd in spirit what I lost in gold;
I gain'd in heav'n what I lost on earth:
Oh! darlings of my heart! I gain'd for you
Health, and hope of wisdom. Oh usury!
The usury of heaven, the avarice,
The lawful avarice of soaring minds.
Then never shall repentance sting my soul,
That I forsook them, and the rugged path
Pursued, that leads to wisdom's haunts divine.
There, my Eugenia! solace shall we find;
There raise our animated fanes to heaven,
And carol praises for thy health restor'd:
Where'er it be—whether that wisdom doom
Our voices rise amid the bustling throng,
Or from some rural scene, like Kirkstall vale,
Where gladder hearts may pour the song divine,
And smiling faces swell the chorus high.
And even now, perhaps, an angel guides
My wandering steps, to find some smiling cot
On Eden's stream, not distant from the site

Where moral Paley meditates, and points
To blissful mansions, and to paths of peace.

Oh! for some years of tranquil life, to tend
The swelling spirits of my growing fruit,
'Till virtue set, 'till piety mature,
And give defiance to the blight or storm!
A hope that reason forms as pleasing Thee,
Vouchsafe to realize, Almighty Parent!
Bless, with thy fostering Providence, the work!
Grant me to execute the noble task,
And train up spirits worthy of creation!
Oh! may their worth my former frailties screen,
And animate my willing soul to give
The rest of life to virtue, and to Thee!

Oh! my Eugenia! how this fervent prayer,
Springing with conscious truth, my bosom warms,
Heals the old humours of a faulty life,
And gives me earnest of some noble hours!

The day declines that marks my years; it glides
Fast to the ocean of eternity,
Where more than half a life is gone before:
Not gone, as said, for ever; for memory,
With faithful talisman, renews, recalls,
The vice or virtue, pang or joy, that's fled,
And stays it to the mind; repeated life!

In one short hour the active soul can glance
Through years on years of its corporeal being:
And mine hath this day ta'en a retrospect
Of frailty, virtue, joy, and sorrow mix'd.
Of joy and virtue, much to thee I owe,
Belov'd Eugenia! and I thank thee much:
Frailty and sorrow I submit to heaven,
And under wisdom's banners list once more.

Kirkstall! farewell! thou solemn mouldering fane!
Grave emblem of mortality! adieu!
Oft shall my memory with joy recall
The hours beneath thy venerable shade
The Muse I courted to a pious strain:
And while the picture of this scene I trace,
Thy wood, thy water, tower, and verdant turf,
And the sweet calm that reigns to end my song;
The hope I'll cherish which now fills my breast,
That humble though the song, it is not lost,
Nor undistinguish'd, joins the heavenly choir;
But that, with angel and archangel hosts,
My grateful voice the general chorus swells,
To laud and magnify the glorious name,
And chaunt all glory to my God on high.
Heaven and earth are of thy glory full!
All glory be to thee, Oh God most high!

APRIL DAY.

Addressed to a young lady, who, after engaging the affections of a friend of the Author's, made him uneasy by her coquetry, on receiving a splendid offer of marriage.

TO NARCISSA.

WHILE April morn her Folly's throne exalts,
While Dob calls Nell, and laughs because she halts;
While Nell meets Tom, and says his tail is loose,
Then laughs in turn, and calls poor Tom a goose;
Let us, my Muse, through Folly's harvest range,
And glean some moral into wisdom's grange.
And, Goddess! thou that dost inspire my lay,
To fair Narcissa lurking hints convey,
In notes melodious as the breath of love,
And sweetest symphonies approv'd above;
Such as the tuneful nymph herself may hear
With pleas'd attention and delighted ear:
Her gentle bosom with sweet song regale,
And point the moral while I sing the tale.

Her faith engag'd, her choice by all approv'd,
The fair Belinda had confess'd she lov'd;
No longer lurk'd conceal'd Love's powerful dart,
That from the unerring bow had pierc'd her heart:

Her generous soul the noble flame avow'd,
And chose young Henry from the admiring crowd.
Her Henry's love the grateful choice repaid,
He long had lov'd, he long had woo'd the maid.
What transports seiz'd him when her hand he press'd,
With strong emotion, to his glowing breast!
His beating heart a passage scarce affords
His joys to utter with enraptur'd words:
" And will Belinda then her hand resign?
" Consent to bless me, and be wholly mine?
" Shall I possess these charms, celestial charms!
" And press thee panting to my longing arms?
" Ye Gods! what joys my future life shall prove,
" No cares to vex, 'twill all be smiles and love."
Thus sigh'd the youth in love his soul away,
Soft echoing sighs the gentle youth repay,
And smiles alternate mutual love convey.
This month, this happy month, whose frequent showers
Bedew the earth, and call forth fragrant flowers,
This month was fix'd to end the pains of love,
Retain its joys, and all its fears remove.

Of mutual love unbosom'd thus, ah say!
What turn of fortune could the rites delay?
A gaudy fop now sees and owns her charms,
And well enforc'd with wealth and coated arms,

Belinda's parents for Belinda sues:
What parents yet could wealth and rank refuse?
Riches to them all mortal bliss display,
Their charms they paint, and urge her to obey;
Tell of each pageant joy they bring, and show
From wealth alone springs happiness below;
With wealth come honour, dignity, and fame,
While love's ignoble and an empty name.

Belinda long the mighty charm withstood,
Of riches, title, dignity, and blood;
Long firm remain'd, long to her Henry true,
Yet wish'd these honours were young Henry's too.
Her heart, a heart of all her sex the pride,
Alas! was still to vanity allied;
Her throbbing bosom mighty contests move,
Fame and precedence militate 'gainst love.
Pleasure and sway prefer their potent court,
And lively visions o'er her fancy sport;
In gay imagination's vest array'd,
No more through sober optics looks the maid.

Some spirit now, by Jove's command, descends,
From whose firm hand a mystic beam depends:
That scale see richly shines with flaming gold,
A silver this with roses twin'd behold!
That fix'd by diamonds, this by silk, above,
And that for Plutus form'd, and this for Love.

An equal balance long the scales maintain,
Now light rears Love, now weightier sinks again:
Anxious each scale the impending issue waits,
And dreads the sentence of contending Fates.

" Rulers of Heaven! for me the cause decide!
" Decide for Love!"—the rosy archer cried—
" Shall wealth my realms hereditary rend?
" With me the empire of the heart contend?
" Forbid it Gods! of high import is this!
" Can Plutus e'er bestow the balmy kiss?
" Give to quaff ecstacies from yielding eyes?
" Or teach the bosom how to sink and rise?
" Instruct each vein to play its raptur'd part,
" And in soft transports urge it to the heart?
" Take heed, Belinda! nor the bliss forego,
" Transporting bliss! that all to Love must owe.
" If now to Plutus I am doom'd to bend,
" With me my joys dependent too must end:
" He, he alone, shall claim o'er marriage sway,
" Chasing true love and happiness away:
" While I, my arrows blunt, my bow behind,
" Resigning age, and now by youth resign'd,
" Shall fly the climes that worship yellow clay,
" And to my mother's Paphos shape my way."

Thus spoke the God of love. From the other scale
His fell opponent now began to rail:

" Rulersof Heaven! but just be the decree!
" 'Tis all I ask, and Love shall yield to me.
" To merit now the victory ordain,
" And Plutus reigns, and shall for ever reign.
" What boasts the boy that Plutus cannot do?
" His shafts bring love? and will not riches too?
" Our merits weigh, utility compare,
" Then judge aright, and Cupid mounts in air.
" Delusive God! without my nobler aid
" The lover starves, and beggar'd is the maid.
" Without my aid all love, alas! were vain,
" All foresight blindness, and all pleasure pain.
" Within, without, the body, and the soul,
" I bear dominion; Plutus sways the whole.
" But now Belinda, rebel girl! delays,
" In spite of feathers and of ambling bays."

" Shall ambling bays," she cries, " attend my
" call?
" Shall I shine foremost at the play and ball?
" And shall my waving head with feathers teem?
" Feathers! up Cupid! up! and kick the beam!
" Haste, fly to Henry, tell thou could'st not weigh:
" And if he call me false—'twas April Day."

Plung'd in the depth of dissipation's sea,
Awhile from rocks her reason steers her free.

There comes a storm; convuls'd the ocean heaves;
Lo! the lost rudder tops the mountain waves:
Vain is the pilot's aid, all reason vain!
As chance directs Belinda floats the main.
But mark what comes—the mind ungovern'd rolls
Through Passion's sandbanks, and o'er Fancy's shoals:
Reason turns cunning, Love becomes intrigue,
And all the passions against Virtue league:
Loathsome is home, where strife disgust begets;
Abroad spring wanton love and honour debts:
Divorce succeeds;—the separate bed and board!—
All scorn Belinda, once so much ador'd.

And now, Narcissa! would the plaintive muse
For false Belinda all the sex accuse;
Did not thy soul with strong conviction plead,
And show that by the pink oft springs the weed:
That while rank herbs throughout the soil abound,
And challenge sight by rearing high around,
The humble violet seeks concealment's calm,
And spreads unseen her fragrance and her balm.

LAURA:

AN ELEGY.

This Elegy was written on an occasion similar to that of the preceding poem, but treats the subject more seriously; points out the vice of forced marriages; and shows the deplorable consequences of giving the hand without the heart.

WHY weeps my friend? why anxious swells his breast?
What hated cause can prompt my Damon's sigh?
His equal soul no trivial pains molest,
No common sorrows bathe his cheerful eye.

Though angry fortune frown, her rage deride:
Can Damon doubt his Colin's constant love?
The healthful flocks that range these valleys wide,
Far from our view pale poverty remove.

What though misfortune dealt the unkindly blow!
Dost think that Colin feels a pang to share?
Such base like thoughts let only misers know,
Who lend for interest, or who cringe through fear.

With nobler virtues rural bosoms glow:
Acceptance more than pays the trivial debt;
I for my friend my flocks would glad forego,
Nay vales and all, nor e'er the loss regret.

Colin, said he, thy virtues fire my breast,
And well might make a wretch forget his woe:
But ah! what griefs my tortur'd soul infest,
And spring the tears that from thy Damon flow!

The love of lucre ne'er my soul shall stain,
Its flight ne'er grieve, nor wanton heaps elate:
What tinsel loss could e'er inflict the pain
That sads my heart for Laura's hapless fate?

Come, Colin! listen to the mournful tale;
Then wilt thou not my heavy griefs reprove,
But sigh and weep with me, and join to wail
The woes that spring from disappointed love.

Suffice it, Colin, that we saw and lov'd,
And strove to merit each the other's praise;
Of me my Laura's tender heart approv'd,
And I to her for ever tun'd my lays.

Sweetly enraptur'd flew the time along,
Each rising sun still found us in the grove:

No evening 'scap'd without some verse or song,
No song or verse but was replete with love.

How cheerful then were all my Laura's looks!
How did her cheek with healthful beauty glow,
When we pursued the channels of the brooks,
And she taught Naiads her sweet voice to know!

Alas! how chang'd when last I saw my fair
Her look serene, her healthful beauty fled!
The bended brow, sad sign of deep despair,
And pallid tinge had seiz'd her in their stead.

A wealthy Lord;—my bursting heart forgive,
Forgive the tears recalling sorrow draws;
'Twere more than mortal, Colin, not to grieve,
The soul obdurate melts at such a cause.

Linus, the wealthy Lord of yon bright plains,
To **** led by some ill-fated chance,
Beheld the angel mid a crowd of swains,
And view'd her tripping at the village dance.

Alas! too soon he felt Love's fatal pow'r,
And big in pride he doubted not success:
"The flocks, the herds, that yonder mountains scour,
"Can these allure? all these she shall possess."

How did he wrong thy pure, thy spotless breast!
How little, Laura! did he know thy worth!
That could prefer the youth whom virtue blest,
And humble merit to exalted birth.

Ah me! the woes that sordid passions deal!
Ah me! that awe the tender heart should guide!
Parents enforce, and hark the nuptial peal!
Victim of power, and sacrifice of pride!

I saw her, Colin, scarce a moon is past;
But still her form I see, her voice I hear:
Sad image! on my eye for ever last!
Sad sounds! for ever tingle on my ear!

With lengthen'd step she slowly trod the green,
Clasp'd were her arms, her snowy neck reclin'd:
Still she preserv'd her grace, her lovely mien;
Grief chas'd her colour, but her form refin'd.

No more to flow in tasteful ringlets train'd,
Her beauteous hair dishevelled and unbound
In Nature still the power to charm retain'd;
With native beauty ev'ry lock was crown'd.

Long she pursued her pensive walk, and I,
Silent as night, mov'd near the widow'd wife;

At length down dropp'd her hand, forth burst a sigh,
" All-gracious power," she cried, "ah! what is life!"

Her dropping hand with eager haste I caught,
Sighs too and tears were mingled fast with hers;
Pity and love at once my bosom fraught,
My full-fraught bosom recollection tears.

She turn'd, she saw, she knew her former love:
" Ah! Damon, is it you?" she sighing said;
" And come you then lost Laura to reprove,
" And for her violated vows upbraid?

" Dear youth! awhile thy tender plaints restrain,
" Nor by reproach increase a wretch's woe:
" Not Laura's heart was rul'd by paltry gain,
" Obedience, duty, struck the deadly blow.

" Of filial reverence far too high I deem'd:
" Can duty urge us to a state of woe?
" Plung'd into ills by those I most esteem'd!
" See how affection has become a foe.

" But if a parent's will in vain I plead,
" And force not clears me from my seeming guilt,
" Let Laura's woes with Damon's breast succeed,
" Her griefs shall win him and her sorrows melt.

" In vain I seek my haughty lord to please,
" In vain dissimulation's art essay,
" Ill with my words my labouring breast agrees;
" And sighs and tears my inmost soul display.

" Disgust has seiz'd him, vanish'd is his love,
" His heart grown cool, too soon succeeded hate:
" He now blasphemes, profanely calls on Jove,
" Then curses Laura and deplores his fate.

" Within dwell hate, and discontent, and fear,
" Distrust, suspicion, pangs by avarice led;
" Without, the jealous eye, the frown severe,
" The board divided, and the lonely bed.

" My deep sunk eye, a stranger to repose,
" Moistens the down that cannot lure to rest;
" And if, perchance, my languid eye-lids close,
" Dreams but augment the horrors of my breast.

" Damon! thy sympathy I'll try no more,
" I see, I see thou mourn'st my hapless doom:
" Thou, my fond love! shall soon my end deplore,
" And weep for Laura on her early tomb."

She said, nor need I paint my heart to you,
Well as my Colin knows its every nerve;

Still providence eludes man's narrow view;
For how could virtue such a fate deserve?

But hark, my friend, to that sad solemn knell,
That mournful knell that echoes through the dome!
Well might her failing heart the event foretel—
It tolls my Laura to her lasting home.

EPITRE DE BOILEAU

A

MONSIEUR DE GUILLERAGUES.

L'Auteur fait voir dans cette Epître que la véritable félicité consiste dans la connoissance de soi-même, & qu'on se trompe quand on cherche son bonheur autre part que chez soi.

Esprit né pour la cour, & maître en l'art de plaire,
Guilleragues, qui sais & parler & te taire,
Apprends-moi, si je dois ou me taire, ou parler.
Faut-il dans la satire encor me signaler,
Et dans ce champ fécond en plaisantes malices,
Faire encore aux auteurs redouter mes caprices?
Jadis, non sans tumulte, on m'y vit éclater,
Quand mon esprit plus jeune, & prompt à s'irriter,
Aspiroit moins au nom de discret & de sage:
Que mes cheveux plus noirs ombrageoient mon visage.
Maintenant que le tems a mûri mes désirs,
Que mon âge, amoureux de plus sages plaisirs,
Bien-tôt s'en va frapper à son neuvieme lustre;
J'aime mieux mon repos qu'un embarras illustre.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

The design of this Epistle is to show, that true happiness consists in self-knowledge, and that we deceive ourselves when we seek for it elsewhere than in our own minds.

H**, for friendship born, and skill'd to please,
Who keep or silence or discourse with ease,
Teach me, I pray, if I should silence hold,
Or bent on rhyming, in discourse be bold:
Shall I, who meditate some jingling line,
Shall I in satire urge my Muse to shine?
And from that fertile soil of pleasant thorn,
Keep vice in dread with my capricious scorn?
Time was, and you remember well the time,
I tried, though not for fame, satiric rhime;
E're my young Muse, though fond and promptly fir'd,
Had yet to wisdom's sacred name aspir'd:
Though still my youthful hairs unchang'd remain,
And show no signs of age's coming reign;
Though in my life I scarce have dropp'd the boy,
Enamour'd more I grow of sapient joy;
Three years 'bove twenty, I prefer my ease
To all the glory of difficulties.

Que d'une égale ardeur mille auteurs animés,
Aiguisent contre moi leurs traits envenimés :
Que tout, jusqu'à Pinchêne, & m'insulte & m'accable;
Aujourd'hui vieux lion, je suis doux & traitable ;
Je n'arme point contre eux mes ongles émoussés.
Ainsi que mes chagrins mes beaux jours sont passés.
Je ne sens plus l'aigreur de ma bile premiere,
Et laisse aux froids rimeurs une libre carriere.

Ainsi donc philosophe à la raison soumis,
Mes défauts désormais sont mes seuls ennemis.
C'est l'erreur que je fuis, c'est la vertu que j'aime :
Je songe à me connoître, & me cherche en moi-même;
C'est-là l'unique étude où je veux m'attacher.
Que l'Astrolabe en main un autre aille chercher
Si le Soleil est fixe, ou tourne sur son axe ;
Si Saturne à nos yeux peut faire un parallaxe :
Que Rohaut vainement seche pour concevoir
Comment tout étant plein, tout a pu se mouvoir :
Ou que Bernier compose & le sec & l'humide
Des corps ronds & crochus errans parmi le vuide.
Pour moi sur cette mer qu'ici-bas nous courons,
Je songe à me pourvoir d'esquif & d'avirons,
A régler mes désirs, à prévenir l'orage,
A sauver, s'il se peut, ma raison du naufrage.

C'est au repos d'esprit que nous aspirons tous :
Mais ce repos heureux se doit chercher en nous.

If they who blame have envy in their spite
I hate their meanness, while I hold them light.
If Hecate's fang, or Anser's nibbling galls,
I think a moment and resentment falls:
As the firm lion to the mouse, I try
To treat with scorn and pass such meanness by:
I strive to conquer all my native bile,
And view detractors with a patient smile.

Her arms philosophy round reason throws,
My faults henceforth I deem my only foes.
'Tis error I would shun, to virtue fly;
Myself I wish to know, and there apply:
Chiefly to that be now my hours resign'd,
The important study of an anxious mind.
With instruments prepar'd, let others solve
If Sol be fix'd, or on his poles revolve;
If Saturn in his course so far remove
As to our sight a parallax may prove.
Let others vainly toil to find a cause
Why nature's plenum yields to motion's laws;
Or for a void new substances supply,
That dry and moist throughout the system fly:
For me, on this life's sea which we explore,
I strive to furnish out a skiff and oar;
To regulate desire, the tempest check,
And, if I can, save reason from a wreck.

The universal search is peace of mind:
This happy peace we in ourselves must find.

Un fou rempli d'erreurs, que le trouble accompagne,
Et malade à la ville, ainsi qu'à la campagne,
En vain monte à cheval pour tromper son ennui;
Le chagrin monte en croupe, & galoppe avec lui.

Que crois-tu qu'Alexandre en ravageant la terre,
Cherche parmi l'horreur, le tumulte & la guerre?
Possédé d'un ennui qu'il ne sauroit dompter,
Il craint d'être à soi-même, & songe à s'éviter.
C'est-là ce qui l'emporte aux lieux où naît l'Aurore,
Où le Perse est brûlé de l'astre qu'il adore.

De nos propres malheurs auteurs infortunés,
Nous sommes loin de nous à toute heure entraînés.
A quoi bon ravir l'or au sein du nouveau monde?
Le bonheur tant cherché sur la terre & sur l'onde,
Est ici, comme aux lieux où mûrit le Coco,
Et se trouve à Paris, de même qu'à Cusco:
On ne le tire point des veines du Potose.
Qui vit content de rien, possede toute chose.
Mais sans cesse ignorans de nos propres besoins,
Nous demandons au ciel ce qu'il nous faut le moins.

O! que si cet hiver un rhûme salutaire,
Guérissant de tous maux mon avare beau-pere,
Pouvoit, bien confessé, l'étendre en un cercueil,
Et remplir sa maison d'un agréable deuil:

The fool, whom errors and whom vapours fill,
Ill in the city, in the country ill,
In vain may mount his steed to fly chagrin,
It mounts behind, he gallops with the spleen.

'Mid horrors, tumults, war, and far from home,
What urged the Macedonian chief to roam?
His vapour'd soul knew not to conquer spleen,
Himself he fear'd, and from himself would screen.
This to Aurora's clime the madman bore,
Where Persians scorch'd, their scorching star adore.

Unhappy authors of our self-rais'd woes,
Each moment drives us from our wish'd repose.
Why in the bosoms of new worlds descend,
And ravish gold? to answer what great end?
Content so sought on land and sea; content
Is here, in Orkney, on the Continent:
The icy climate of the pole endures,
Nor flies the tropic, where the cane matures:
We cannot draw it from Potosi's veins,
The man who covets least the most obtains:
But blind to peace, nor knowing what we want,
What least we need, we pray of Heaven to grant.

" Oh! that a friendly cold, e'er frosts retire,
" Relieving from his ills my wretched sire,
" Peace to his soul! would lifeless lay his head,
" And pleasing sables round his mansion spread;

Que mon ame, en ce jour de joie & d'opulence,
D'un superbe convoi plaindroit peu la dépense!
Disoit le mois passé, doux, honnête & soumis,
L'héritier affamé de ce riche commis,
Qui, pour lui préparer cette douce journée,
Tourmenta quarante ans sa vie infortunée.
La mort vient de saisir le vieillard cathéreux,
Voilà son gendre riche: en est-il plus heureux?
Tout fier du faux éclat de sa vaine richesse,
Déja nouveau seigneur il vante sa noblesse:
Quoique fils de meûnier encore blanc du moulin,
Il est prêt à fournir ses titres en vélin.
En mille vains projets à toute heure il s'égare.
Le voilà fou, superbe, impertinent, bisarre,
Rêveur, sombre, inquiet, à soi-même ennuyeux:
Il vivroit plus content, si comme ses ayeux,
Dans un habit conforme à sa vraie origine,
Sur le mulet encore il chargeoit la farine.

Mais ce discours n'est pas pour le peuple ignorant,
Que le faste éblouit d'un bonheur apparent.
L'argent, l'argent, dit-on; sans lui tout est stérile:
La vertu sans l'argent n'est qu'un meuble inutile.
L'argent en honnête-homme érige un scélérat:
L'argent seul au Palais peut faire un magistrat.

Qu' importe qu'en tous lieux on me traite d'infame,
Dit ce fourbe sans foi, sans honneur & sans ame;

" That day enrich'd by his departed breath,
" My soul would little grudge the pomp of death :"
Cried, some time since, mild, gentle, and in health,
The needy heir of yon great agent's wealth ;
Who, to prepare for him that joyous day,
Toil'd forty years of hapless life away.

Death heard the pray'r the kinsman to endow :
Now see him rich ; and is he happier now ?
Vain of its glare, and by his wealth engross'd,
Eager of novel dignity to boast ;
Though white with flour, descended of the mill,
The blazon'd vellum pompous titles fill :
A thousand projects, useless, silly, vain,
For ever rise, and skim his wand'ring brain :
Now fool, now haughty, impudent, baboon,
Now scheming, sulking, sadly out of tune :
Still like his sires how much more blest the fool,
If in a frock with meal he charg'd his mule !

But keep this reasoning from the vulgar ear,
Whose dazzled eyes see bliss in pomp appear ;
Wealth, wealth they cry, 'tis barren all beside,
And virtue without wealth is useless pride ;
Wealth honest fame in scoundrel souls can lodge,
And wealth alone at court can make a judge.

Devoid of faith, of honour, and of soul,
" Me, if it will, let infamy enroll,

Dans mon coffre tout plein de rares qualités,
J'ai cent mille vertus en louïs bien comptés.
Est-il quelque talent que l'argent ne me donne ?
C'est ainsi qu'en son cœur ce Financier raisonne.
Mais pour moi, que l'éclat ne sauroit décevoir,
Qui mets au rang des biens l'esprit & le savoir,
J'estime autant Patru, même dans l'indigence,
Qu'un commis engraissé des malheurs de la France.

Non que je sois du goût de ce Sage insensé,
Qui d'un argent commode esclave embarrassé,
Jetta tout dans la mer, pour crier : Je suis libre.
De la droite raison je sens mieux l'équilibre :
Mais je tiens qu'ici-bas, sans faire tant d'apprêts,
La vertu se contente, & vit à peu de frais.
Pourquoi donc s'égarer en des projets si vagues ?
Ce que j'avance ici, crois-moi, cher Guilleragues,
Ton ami dès l'enfance ainsi l'a pratiqué.

Mon pere, soixante ans au travail appliqué,
En mourant me laissa pour rouler & pour vivre,
Un revenu léger, & son exemple à suivre.
Mais bien-tôt amoureux d'un plus noble métier,
Fils, frere, oncle, cousin, beau-frere de greffier,

" Whilst I can merit in my coffers hold,
" And tell a thousand virtues out in gold."—
In comfort to himself, rich Clotho cried,
Who felt all want of sense by wealth supplied.
With me, who of the glare can well dispense,
And in the rank of goods place mind and sense,
Mild-temper'd Hough hath always higher stood
Than rogues who fatten on their country's blood.

Not that I boast the spirit of the sage,
Who finding wealth too much the mind engage,
His teeming purses buried in the sea
To feed his vanity and cry, I'm free!
Of reason's sway the juster line I know:
But I maintain that while confin'd below,
With nought of splendour and with little rent,
Honour and virtue still may live content.
Why then so busy? why our lives destroy
In idle projects and such vain employ?
The doctrine I advance, and think refin'd,
From earliest childhood has enflam'd my mind.

A life of energy and study o'er,
Death call'd my father to a brighter shore;
He left for those behind a world of cares,
Example active, but confus'd affairs.
Soon then aspiring to a noble trade,
I wish'd, to grace my hat, a smart cockade.

Pouvant charger mon bras d'une utile liasse,
J'allai loin du Palais errer sur le Parnasse.
La famille en pâlit, & vit en frémissant,
Dans la poudre du greffe un poete naissant.
On vit avec horreur une muse effrénée
Dormir chez un greffier la grasse matinée.
Des-lors à la richesse il fallut renoncer ;
Ne pouvant l'acquérir, j'appris à m'en passer ;
Et sur-tout redoutant la basse servitude,
La libre vérité fut toute mon étude.
Dans ce métier funeste à qui veut s'enrichir?

Guilleragues, plains-toi de mon humeur légere,
Si jamais entraîné d'une ardeur étrangere,
Ou d'un vil intérêt reconnoissant la loi,
Je cherche mon bonheur autre part que chez moi.

I glow'd with heroes to enrol my name:
Till disappointment quench'd the martial flame.
Then to the bar I'm urg'd, the bar I shun
To wander near the streams of Helicon.
My friends alarm'd turn pale, and groaning see
A love of rhyming shooting out in me:
With horror view the Muse at madding sports,
Or slumbering over statutes and reports.
Then in full concert all aloud pronounce
That from that moment I must wealth renounce.
Agreed: and since unable to acquire,
For wealth I'll early learn to curb desire:
And chiefly 'gainst dependent smiles aware,
Unblemish'd truth becomes my highest care.
With such intention and so sad a trade,
Canst tell, my friend, who e'er a fortune made?

Content with little, and the love of those
Who mark the line 'twixt riches and repose,
Condemn me H**, if e'er drawn aside
By gaudy shackles of new kindled pride,
Or prompt the law of interest vile to own,
I seek my peace but in my mind alone.

SATIRE DE BOILEAU.

A

M. DE MARQUIS DE DANGEAU.

L'Auteur fait voir que la véritable noblesse consiste dans la vertu, indépendamment de la naissance. Juvenal a traité la même dans sa Satire VIII.

La noblesse, Dangeau, n'est pas une chimere.
Quand sous l'étroite loi d'une vertu sévere,
Un homme issu d'un sang fécond en demi-dieux,
Suit, comme toi, la trace où marchoient ses Aïeux.

Mais je ne puis souffrir qu'un fat, dont la mollesse,
N'a rien pour s'appuyer qu'une vaine noblesse,
Se pare insolemment du mérite d'autrui,
Et me vante un honneur qui ne vient pas de lui.
Je veux que la valeur de ses Aïeux antiques,
Ait fourni de matiere aux plus vieilles chroniques,
Et que l'un des Capets pour honorer leur nom,
Ait de trois fleurs de lis doré leur écusson.
Que sert ce vain amas d'une inutile gloire,
Si de tant de héros célebres dans l'histoire,
Il ne peut rien offrir aux yeux de l'univers,
Que de vieux parchemins, qu'ont épargnés les vers:
Si tout sorti qu'il est d'une source divine,
Son cœur dément en lui sa superbe origine,

SATIRE FROM BOILEAU.

ADDRESSED TO

A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

The design of this Satire is to show that true nobility consists in virtue independent of high birth.

High birth, my Lord, is no slight thing with me,
When in the man a virtuous mind I see;
From heroes sprung, and whom his birth inspires
To tread like you the footsteps of his sires.

But who can suffer that a heartless fop,
Whose soul derives from birth its only prop,
Should gather laurels by another sown,
And boast of honours that are not his own?
I grant the virtues of his ancient line
In distant annals gloriously shine,
And that our *Edwards'* and our *Henrys'* fields
Have grav'd high honours on its noble shields:
But what avails to him this mass of glory,
Of heroes famous in their country's story,
If the world sees that all the fool has shar'd
Is only parchment which the worms have spar'd?
While 'mong the gods his fountain veins arise,
His little soul the god-like source belies?

Et n'ayant rien de grand qu'une sotte fierté,
S'endort dans une lâche & molle oisiveté?
Cependant, à le voir avec tant d'arrogance,
Vanter le faux éclat de sa haute naissance,
On diroit que le ciel est soumis à sa loi,
Et que Dieu l'a paîtri d'autre limon que moi.
Enivré de lui-même, il croit dans sa folie,
Qu'il faut que devant lui d'abord tout s'humilie.
Aujourd'hui toutefois, sans trop le ménager,
Sur ce ton un peu haut je vais l'interroger.

Dites-moi, grand héros, esprit rare & sublime,
Entre tant d'animaux, qui sont ceux qu'on estime?
On fait cas d'un coursier, qui fier & plein de cœur,
Fait paroître en courant sa bouillante vigueur:
Qui jamais ne se lasse, & qui dans la carriere
S'est couvert mille fois d'une noble poussiere:
Mais la postérité d'Alfane & de Bayard,
Quand ce n'est qu'une rosse, est vendue au hasard,
Sans respect des Aïeux dont elle est descendue,
Et va porter la male, ou tirer la charrue.
Pourquoi donc voulez-vous que par un sot abus
Chacun respecte en vous un honneur qui n'est plus?
On ne m'éblouit point d'une apparence vaine.
La vertu, d'un cœur noble est la marque certaine.
Si vous êtres sorti de ces héros fameux,
Montrez-nous cette ardeur, qu'on vit briller en eux,

And while, uncharg'd with aught that's good or great,
He sinks in lethargy of pride and state?
And yet to hear him arrogant and vain,
Th' illusive lustre of his house maintain,
Should we not cry that Heav'n before him lay?
That God had form'd him of superior clay?
Big with importance, and in pride complete,
He thinks mankind must fall and kiss his feet.
But now, thou god! distinction thrown aside,
Let's talk a little on this score of pride.

Tell me, thou hero, genius great and wise!
'Mong Heaven's creatures which are those we prize?
We boast a courser, whose proud heart we trace,
Will show a fiery vigour in the race;
Who never tires, but to the course still just,
Receives a thousand coats of noble dust:
Of Childers and Eclipse a dwindled race,
Losing their virtues, lose distinguish'd place,
Regardless of the source from which they flow,
They bear the pannier, or they draw the plough.
Shall nature be distorted then for thee,
And hacks and coursers hold the same degree?
I am not dazzled with an empty show:
Virtue's the mark of noble hearts I know.
If sprung from heroes, let us see you rise
In zeal for honour, and in dread of vice.

Ce zele pour l'honneur, cette horreur pour le vice.
Respectez-vous les loix? fuyez-vous l'injustice?
Savez-vous pour la gloire oublier le repos,
Et dormir en plein champ le harnois sur le dos?
Je vous connois pour noble à ces illustres marques.
Alors soyez issu des plus fameux monarques;
Venez de mille Aïeux; & si ce n'est assez,
Feuilletez à loisir tous les siecles passés;
Voyez de quel guerrier il vous plaît de descendre;
Choisissez de César, d'Achille ou d'Alexandre.
En vain un faux censeur voudroit vous démentir,
Et si vous n'en sortez, vous en devez sortir.
Mais fussiez-vous issu d'Hercule en droite ligne,
Si vous ne faites voir qu'une bassesse indigne,
Ce long amas d'Aïeux que vous diffamez tous,
Sont autant de témoins qui parlent contre vous;
Et tout ce grand éclat de leur gloire ternie,
Ne sert plus que de jour à votre ignominie.
En vain tout fier d'un sang que vous deshonorez;
Vous dormez à l'abri de ces noms révérés,
En vain vous vous couvrez des vertus de vos Peres:
Ce ne sont à mes yeux que de vaines chimeres.
Je ne vois rien en vous qu'un lâche, un imposteur;
Un traître, un scélérat, un perfide, un menteur,
Un fou, dont les accès vont jusqu'à la furie,
Et d'un tronc fort illustre une branche pourrie.

Do you revere the laws of God and man,
Injustice hate, and do all good you can?
Would you for glory change your soft repose
To lodge on open fields, where glory grows?
From deeds like these nobility began,
I feel conviction, and respect the man.
Then seek your birth among illustrious kings,
And of a thousand sires deduce the springs:
Then turn th' historic or romantic page,
At leisure con the heroes of each age,
Decide the veins thro' which your blood has run,
Through Cæsar, Peleus, or through Philip's son:
In vain demurring heralds disagree,
You are their offspring, or you ought to be.
But were your lineage from Alcides true,
While your co-evals see but vice in you,
Know all the train of heroes at your back
Are brilliant contrasts rendering you more black:
And all the lustre of their tarnish'd fame
Reflects a light that more displays your shame.
Haughty in vain of blood which you disgrace,
You build securely on your honour'd race:
In vain their shade ancestral virtues cast;
My mind regards them but as virtues past:
I see in you a sluggard, and a cheat,
Treason, seduction, perfidy, deceit;
A fool with error and with madness big,
And of a glorious root a rotten twig.

Je m'emporte peut-être, & ma muse en fureur
Verse dans ses discours trop de fiel & d'aigreur.
Il faut avec les grands un peu de retenue.
Hé bien, je m'adoucis. Votre race est connue.
Depuis quand ? répondez. Depuis mille ans entiers ;
Et vous pouvez fournir deux fois seize quartiers.
C'est beaucoup. Mais enfin les preuves en sont claires ;
Tous les livres sont pleins des titres de vos Peres :
Leurs noms sont échappés du naufrage des tems,
Mais qui m'assurera, qu'en ce long cercle d'ans,
A leurs fameux Epoux vos Aïeules fidelles,
Aux douceurs des Galans furent toujours rebelles ?
Et comment savez-vous, si quelque audacieux
N'a point interrompu le cours de vos Aïeux ;
Et si leur sang tout pur, ainsi que leur noblesse,
Est passé jusqu'à vous de Lucrece en Lucrece ?

Que maudit soit le jour, où cette vanité
Vient ici de nos mœurs souiller la pureté !
Dans les tems bienheureux du monde en son enfance,
Chacun mettoit sa gloire en sa seule innocence.
Chacun vivoit content, & sous d'égales loix,
Le mérite y faisoit la noblesse & les rois ;
Et sans chercher l'appui d'une naissance illustre,
Un héros, de soi-même empruntoit tout son lustre.

Perhaps I rave, perhaps my madding muse
Through her keen lines improper rancour strews:
To state some deference at least is due:
I cool, and modestly the theme pursue.
Your race is known. Since when? Great Lord reply.
A thousand years and more. I'll not deny.
Twice sixteen quarters on your arms appear:
'Tis great, I own; but are your proofs quite clear?
Your fathers' lineage heraldry proclaims,
And from the wreck of time has sav'd their names:
But in this circle of revolving time
(To love, my Lord, you know is not a crime),
What man or angel shall we find to prove
Their faithful dames have all resisted love?
That flatt'ring wooers knelt and sigh'd in vain,
And vows and tears no pity could obtain?
Know you, great Sir, but in some wanton mood
A female fill'd the course with other blood?
Know you their blood and rank all pure and true
Have thro' Lucretias flow'd along to you?

Curs'd be the day that gave this folly birth,
To soil our manners and to level worth:
In happy times, or ere the world was old,
Each on his merit all his glory told.
Content then reign'd, and laws had equal springs,
Virtue gave rank, and merit made our kings.
None sought for lustre that was long since gone,
And worth depended on itself alone.

Mais enfin par le tems le mérite avili,
Vit l'honneur en roture & le vice ennobli:
Et l'orgueil d'un faux titre appuyant sa foiblesse,
Maîtrisa les humains sous le nom de noblesse.
De-là vinrent en foule & Marquis & Barons.
Chacun pour ses vertus n'offrit plus que des noms.
Aussi-tôt maint esprit, fécond en rêveries,
Inventa le blason avec les armoiries;
De ses termes obscurs fit un langage à part,
Composa tous ces mots de *Cimier* & d'*Ecart*,
De *Pal*, de *Contrepal*, de *Lambel* & de *Face*,
Et tout ce que Segoing dans son Mercure entasse.
Une vaine folie enivrant la raison,
L'honneur triste & honteux ne fut plus de saison.
Alors, pour soutenir son rang & sa naissance,
Il fallut étaler le luxe & la dépense;
Il fallut habiter un superbe palais,
Faire par les couleurs distinguer ses valets:
Et traînant en tous lieux de pompeux équipages,
Le Duc & le Marquis se reconnut aux pages.

Bientôt pour subsister, la Noblesse sans bien,
Trouva l'art d'emprunter, & de ne rendre rien;
Et bravant des sergens la timide cohorte,
Laissa le créancier se morfondre à sa porte.
Mais pour comble à la fin, le Marquis en prison,
Sous le faix des procès vit tomber sa maison.
Alors le noble altier, pressé de l'indigence,
Humblement du Faquin rechercha l'alliance;

But time saw virtue and desert abas'd,
Saw vice ennobled, and saw honour chas'd,
And pride, supported by a borrow'd name,
Stalk o'er the earth and every breast inflame.
Then rose a crowd of Marquisses and Lords,
Who for their virtue offer'd empty words:
A thousand spirits then of fertile brain
Invented blazonry, with all its train;
In terms obscure a language new compose,
And *azure*, *argent*, *saltier*, *fesse* arose;
Rampant, *pale*, *passant*, *guardant*, *gule*, and *or*,
With quarters, crests, divisions, and what more?
A swelling madness made poor Reason drunk;
And 'mid the waves of folly honour sunk.
Then rank and birth with spirit to maintain
Expense and luxury must join each train:
The stately mansion must exalt the view,
And be distinguish'd by a motley crew:
Men look astonished as along they whirl,
And by their liveries know each Duke and Earl.

But fortune fails, and then the art is taught
To borrow amply, and to render nought:
And braving all the bailiff's timid corps,
Let creditors but knock to leave the door.
But mark the end: the laws at length prevail,
The palace tumbles, and my Lord's in jail:
Or to prevent sore poverty's disgrace,
Receives some soarling to his proud embrace.

Avec lui trafiquant d'un nom si précieux,
Par un lâche contrat vendit tous ses Aïeux,
Et corrigeant ainsi la fortune ennemie,
Rétablit son honneur à force d'infamie.

Car si l'éclat de l'or ne releve le sang,
En vain l'on fait briller la splendeur de son rang ;
L'amour de vos Aïeux passe en vous pour manie,
Et chacun pour parens vous fuit & vous renie.
Mais quand un homme est riche, il vaut toujours son prix :
Et l'eût-on vû porter la Mandille à Paris ;
N'eût-il de son vrai nom ni titre ni mémoire,
D'Hozier lui trouvera cent Aïeux dans l'histoire.
Toi donc, qui de mérite & d'honneur revêtu,
Des écueils de la cour as sauvé ta vertu,
DANGEAU, qui dans le rang où notre roi t'appelle,
Le vois toujours orné d'une gloire nouvelle,
Et plus brillant par soi que par l'éclat des lis,
Dédaigner tout ces rois dans la pourpre amollis ;
Fuir d'un honteux loisir la douceur importune ;
A ses sages conseils asservir la fortune ;
Et de tout son honneur ne devant rien qu'à soi,
Montrer à l'univers ce que c'est qu'être roi :
Si tu veux te couvrir d'un éclat légitime,
Va par mille beaux faits mériter son estime :
Sers un si noble maître ; & fais voir qu'aujourd'hui
Ton prince a des sujets qui sont dignes de lui.

He bargains for a name the world admires,
And by a shameful contract sells his sires:
And thus, correcting fortune e'er she falls,
His greatness by his infamy recalls.
For if high birth is unsustain'd by gold,
In vain the splendour of its rank is told:
Then lust of ancestry is madness sure,
And none claims kindred with the haughty poor.
But gold, almighty gold, is worth its weight;
Were then thy parents Oyster Tom and Kate,
Their names forgotten, and their low degree,
All heraldry would teem with sires for thee.

Go you, whom merit and high birth attend,
Who from the rocks of courts your virtues fend,
Young, noble Lord! who near your Sovereign born,
Behold new glories still his crown adorn;
Whose fame himself and not his throne ensures,
And whom in vain a shameful leisure lures;
Despising all vain pomp of purpled state,
Making e'en fortune on his counsels wait;
Who makes his mind of happiness the spring,
And to the world displays what is a king;
Go, if your glowing breast true glory draws,
By glorious actions merit his applause;
Your noble master serve, mankind convince
The realm has subjects worthy of its prince.

ELEGIA.

——— Virtute excepta, nihil amicitia præstabilius. Cic.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camœnæ,
Qualia Mœnalius Pan Deus ipse velit,
Amplector te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,
Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum:

Et mihi rura placent, et me quoque sæpe volentem
Duxerunt Dryades par sua prata Deæ;
Sicubi lympha fugit liquido pede,

sive virentem,
Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum:

WEST TO GRAY.

Friendship and love are here shown to be the charms of life.

Sweet are the notes thy grateful lines convey,
Such Pan might chant round each Arcadian hill:
My heart receive, and give me thine, dear Gray!
And with thy friendship my fond bosom fill.

Me fields and forests charm and mountain sides,
And newly-shaven lawn, and flowery mead;
Where'er with liquid feet the fountain glides,
Me willing oft the smiling wood-nymphs lead:

Or in some pensive mood they guide me oft
Where, as subaltern trees the oak surround,
The wonder of the wood proud rears aloft,
Spreads his thick wings, and shades the mossy ground.

Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,
Et noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.

Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida silvæ:
Ah! si desit Amor, nil mihi rura placent.

Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
Regnat et in cœlis, regnat et oceano;
Ille gregem, taurosque domat, sævique leonem
Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros;

Quin et fervet amore nemus, ramoque sub omni
Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis:
Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
Dura etiam et fertur saxa animasse Venus.

Durior et saxis, et robore durior ille est,
Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat:
Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim;

Nescit amicitias teneros qui nescit amores:

There while Aurora, glowing love-fed fires,
With amorous speed young Cephalus pursues;
There when the Sun to Thetis' arms retires,
Stretch'd on some favourite spot I court the muse.

Nor to our wood is Amarylle denied,
Down in the vale or on the ridgy height;
If love be absent me no mountain side,
Nor field, nor forest, lawn, nor mead delight.

O'er hill, o'er dale, Love's victor powers diffuse,
He sways the sky, him ocean realms adore:
The flock, the bull, the lion, he subdues,
And, 'venger of Adonis, tames the boar.

E'en woods; on every bough the birds combine,
Idalian music thrills through every grove;
Hard plants in bonds of woody love entwine,
And beauty animates e'en rocks with love.

Harder than rock, and harder than the oak,
Whoe'er forbids to love with sure repose;
To such my soul should ne'er be freely spoke,
Nor in his hands a sacred pledge depose.

He nor knows friendship nor to love confides,
His day is vacant, unenjoyed his night:

Ah! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.

Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberent
Externâ positum ducere fata dies;
Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra
Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos.

At dulci in gremio curarum oblivia ducens,
Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ;
Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neque munera regum,
Illa intra optarem brachia cara mori.

If Beauty's absent me no mountain sides,
Nor field, nor forest, lawn, nor mead delight:

But place me, Fate, far from my native home,
Forbid me to revisit native skies;
Grant me the maid I love, and for my doom
I ne'er to Heaven should raise my plaintive sighs.

Her gentle bosom every care beguiles,
And for the power to please alone I'd sigh:
Careless of fortune, e'en of royal smiles,
Folded in her dear arms well pleas'd to die.

THE CAVERN OF MELANCHOLY:

AN ODE.

Written after visiting a remarkable grotto in the parish of St. Ann's in Jamaica. In one of the lofty chambers of it, there were some large stones of extraordinary appearance. One particularly had the figure of a man, nearly as described in the following ode. The features of the face had been delineated (if the author was rightly informed) by Mr. Long, the historian of Jamaica; the rest of the figure was evidently a *lusus naturæ*.

WHILE in the Grotto's gloomy cells
We press'd the devious way,
Through many a chamber that expels
With fretted roofs the day;
Where darkness darken'd with extent,
Seen by the rays our torches lent,
Or one just straggling from above,
That night's deep visage distant show'd,
Black'ning the arch of her abode,
A vast Cimmerian grove,

Melpomene, in mournful vein,
Sibylla's theme to inspire,
To melancholy gave the strain,
And symphoniz'd the lyre:
In a grey cell the hermit sat,
Remote from man; the skulking bat

Companion of his murky cave:
His head was canopied with stone,
Or water into chrystal grown,
Fix'd in a solid wave.

Of stone himself the hermit seem'd,
In meditation lost:
With sparry gems his garments gleam'd,
In many foldings crost:
A shining beard fell down his breast,
An elbow on his knee found rest,
The arm upheld his reverend cheek:
All vow'd the hermit was but stone,
When in a mellow awful tone,
All heard the hermit speak.

"Go on, ye busy curious train,
"Your active walks pursue,
"Which Melancholy shall disdain
"To mark with ebon hue.
"Still trip it in the prosperous glare;
"Ye ne'er shall see my footsteps there;
"I shun the bustling crowded court:
"In lonely grove or darksome room
"I dwell, and cast an awful gloom
"On all who near resort.

" Go on, ye busy prating crew,
" Ye take the happier part;
" Ne'er shall my tear your cheeks bedew,
" Nor sorrows press the heart:
" Grief on light minds can never last,
" A gloom, perhaps in rising past,
" Scarce clouded e'er again 'tis bright;
" 'Tis not the calm yet deep-fetch'd sigh,
" The glowing soul that melts the eye,
" And dims the fairest light.

" Ah far! still far, my haunts avoid;
" A solitary road;
" Some yew tree shade or cavern wide,
" A gloomy drear abode.
" Come ye! whom musing fancy leads
" O'er awful philosophic meads,
" Who weigh of life each parting hour:
" Or ye, who Fortune's dross despise,
" Yet still must feel, if off she flies,
" The loss of generous power.

" And ah! beware ye generous youth!
" Too prompt to yield the heart:
" One hand the villain lifts to soothe,
" The other holds the dart.

" Your unsuspecting bosoms know
" With nature's genial warmth to glow,
" Warm friendships and fond loves enjoying:
" But ah! the faithless crew beware,
" They are not, what they seem, sincere,
" And live but by destroying.

" Near to this cavern's rocky ground
" A lofty standard grew;
" His foliag'd branches spread around,
" Most comely to the view:
" A creeping vine that grovell'd nigh
" The tree receiv'd and rais'd on high,
" Pleas'd to support the wanton wreath:
" The usurping tendril wreathes too free;
" The parasite becomes the tree,
" The standard's hugg'd to death.

" Come too, ye born of Sympathy,
" Whom social woes depress,
" To Melancholy's haunts be free,
" Your hearts partake distress;
" Ye turn and agonize each thought
" With the keen pangs of mortal lot,
" Give sigh for sigh, and groan for groan:
" Pale misery ye contemplate,
" Of others feel the wretched fate,
" And make it all your own.

" And ye who court, but court in vain,
" Health's cheerful, roseate boon;
" Whose hours are tarnish'd o'er with pain,
" Whose joys are fled too soon:
" Like poor Eugenia, form'd to please,
" Yet doom'd the victim of disease,
" Where Sol pours forth his torrid day:
" Vain is her form, her song is vain,
" She charms, but languid sinks again
" Beneath the fervid ray.

" And come, ye sons of simple heart,
" Who are not fain to chuse,
" But doom'd to hug the fatal dart,
" And taught by Love to muse:
" Though unavailing sighs are wind,
" Still paint the angel on your mind,
" Still hope the beauteous maid may turn;
" Still see her smile, still think ye hear
" Soft-flowing words that more endear,
" In fancied raptures burn.

" Come, thou black fugitive of woe,
" Who fliest the torturing scourge;
" Whose blood is taught through pores to flow,
" Whom thongs to labour urge!
" And thou, the bolder brother, thou,
" Whom Afric never taught to bow,

" To bondage rebel and to toil,
" Bold Cromantee! whose fruitless strife
" But rivets more thy chain for life,
" But makes each link a coil.

" Come, all ye sable sons of earth,
" Spurn'd by the fairer race;
" Made slaves by commerce or by birth,
" To Reason's sad disgrace:
" Once wanderers on your native fields,
" Where Nature ample nurture yields;
" Here come and mourn your social lot:
" Quench early at the neighbouring spring,
" A plain repast from breadnuts bring,
" Or tax the tyrant's spot:

" Thence mellow avocadoes gain,
" Nor spare his roost or fold;
" The plantain thence and juicy cane;
" Whence Afric's bonds are told:
" Your portion seize ere yet day dawn,
" By nature and by hunger drawn;
" No theft—with ease of conscience blest—
" Then to this desert cave retire,
" Here kindle oft your friendly fire,
" And sink to sleep and rest.

" Go hence, ye vain explorers! go!
" Whose thoughts from self ne'er rove—

" Yet learn this truth, ah! learn to know
" All bliss must spring from love:
" For love of God, and love of man,
" Extend onr nature's bounded plan;
" Let tropic tyrants call it folly:
" 'Tis vice, not man, I strive to shun—
" Ye thoughtless sons of vice begone!
" Ye know not melancholy."

TO EUGENIA.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

WHILE yet Eugenia on her native shore,
Laments the cruel fate that holds her there;
While I that fate with heavy sighs deplore,
And in her absence drag a life of care;

While through these distant groves forlorn I tread,
And wishful love my every thought employs;
Oh! faithful Memory! grant thy lively aid,
My griefs to blend with past abundant joys.

And, oh Eugenia! if the tale be true
That thoughts congenial o'er fond lovers reign,
May the dear charm be fully prov'd on you,
And secret sympathy relieve each pain.

Blest! blest remembrance of my happy days!
Oh! blest effect of fairy Fancy's power!
The scene where first we whisper'd love I raise,
The meadow this, and this the very hour.

Sutton! thy vernal fields were daisied o'er,
Thy hawthorns teem'd with life and sprightly may,
Where feather'd fondlings chirrup'd nature's lore,
And every lane with songs of love was gay.

Nor was my song deficient to her ear,
Nor was my love unpleasing to her breast,
Nor did Eugenia feel one sordid fear,
But welcom'd fondly so sincere a guest.

Oh! how remembrance all my bosom warms,
Re-realiz'd, I feel, I feel it now:
I vow'd a constant passion to her charms—
Witness, great Love! to my unbroken vow.

How did I glow to view her virgin-charms!
How drink my passion from her nut-brown eye!
How on her bosom gaze with love's alarms!
How to her ruby lips heave many a sigh.

Those angel-charms whence purely I had glow'd,
Those love-made lips where sighs had fondly flown,
Those eyes, that bosom, all, she all bestow'd,
And I was blest to find her all my own.

Here let me pause—yet Fancy! take thy scope;
Again o'er each transporting image rove:
But drop the powerless pen, nor vainly hope
That words can paint the ecstasies of love.

Venus might tell them to the beauteous boy
Whom love-lost Mirrha to her parent bore,
Breathe in celestial tones the heavenly joy,
And teach the lovely youth delicious lore.

But! madding fancy! whither dost thou stray?
To bounds! to bounds! nor kill me with thy art:
Till she appear thy power's excess delay,
And take the gentler lead of Memory's part.

Possessing thee what various bliss I prove,
Where mind and person join each female grace:
Whate'er can admiration raise, or love,
Springs from thy soul, and sparkles in thy face.

And for precedence see thy charms contend:
Thy shape and dance can fancy e'er forget?
Now to thy powers of voice my ear I lend,
Now listen to thy wond'rous flageolet.

Music! thy notes are nature, nature here;
Swift flies Eugenia 'fore the ken of art:
Still to sweet harmony how true her ear!
In her, great nature ravishes my heart.

Still to religion, still to virtue true,
  Together have we search'd the hallow'd sky;
Together sigh'd at woe, and promptly flew
  To heal a wound, or give a spring to joy.

These are the pleasures I have proved with thee.
  Again these pleasures will I prove ere long:
Again from anxious cares shall we be free,
  Nor love be wasted in an idle song.

Then fly, Eugenia, to thy lover's arms;
  Bring me those love-made lips, those nut-brown eyes:
We'll live to love, and scout life's false alarms,
  And kiss its transient sorrows into joys.

THE WINGS OF LOVE.*

SAID TO BE PRODUCED BY KISSES.

'Tis said Love flies :—Whence sprung his wings ?
The boy was born with no such things ;
For Innocence would never rove,
And wings were needless then for Love :
Nor did they shoot as up he grew,
Fond infancy is pure and true ;
And still unfledg'd he reach'd the age
When gentle sighs the heart engage ;
For constancy will ever prove
The sister fair of youthful Love.

* Il n'eut point d'Ailes en naissant,
L'Innocence est toujours fidelle ;
Il n'en eut point en grandissant,
L'Enfance n'est jamais cruelle.
Dans l'âge où naissent les soupirs,
Il ne voltigea point encore ;
La Constance est sœur des desirs
Que ce bel âge voit éclore.
Mais dès le premier Baiser
Que sa bouche obtint des Belles,
Les deux pointes de ses Ailes
Commencerent à percer.
Nouveaux Baisers ; le plumage
En deux jours se deploya.
Enfin, par son doux langage,
Il obtint bien davantage !
Dès qu'il en fut venu-là,
Aussi-tôt il s'envola.

MOUSTIER, *Lettres à Emilie.*

But soon as e'er one balmy KISS
From Chloe's lip had seal'd his bliss,
And taught his little heart to leap,
The callow points began to peep:
Another KISS—the callow points
To pinions sprout with downy joints:
KISS follows KISS—two days 'tis said,
Full plumage o'er the pinions spread.
In fine, he talk'd and woo'd so well,
He gain'd much more than I shall tell:
Soon as his power the urchin knew,
He proudly clapp'd his wings and flew.

LOVE REFUTES THE CHARGE.

"LOVE proudly clapp'd his wings and flew,
"When from a KISS his power he knew."

So sings the bard in witty vein:
The injured boy denies the strain;
Denies that KISSES e'er could prove
The origin of wings to Love.
What! KISSES! than Ambrosia sweeter,
Moistening from the rosy feature;
Diffusing every soft delight,
Shall KISSES put the god to flight?

Such open malice Love defies:
Consult your heart, the smiler cries—
That heart, o'er which supreme I reign,
Through ten fond years has woo'd my chain:
Meanwhile with many a glowing kiss
Eugenia's lip has seal'd your bliss,
And flam'd your heart with raptures strong!
Yet for Eugenia's lip you long:
'Tis for her lip alone you glow,
'Tis to her lip your joys you owe.

THE CAROLINE.*

THREE matchless properties combine
To make the female form divine;
Idalian properties, above,
Distinguish'd in the Queen of Love:
But though of high celestial fame,
Among the gods they have no name,
Unvocal speak to sense divine,
As here to us in Caroline.

Observe the raptur'd eye that tells
What charm in due proportion dwells

* These stanzas were originally published in the Author's Novel of Percival.

Proportion which the art can give
To make the very marble live,
Traces the neck, the shoulder, waist,
The foot, the ancle justly plac'd:
Men call it SYMMETRY divine,
But gods shall name it Caroline.

How spirit animates each feature
Of a lively, blooming creature!
O'er all the face its spells arise,
But chiefly eloquent the eyes;
There fly the secrets of the heart,
Thence lovers wordless vows impart:
While thus EXPRESSION we define,
The gods shall call it Caroline.

Come forth Euphrosyne; I see
The charm that crowns the matchless three:
'Tis on that nether lip, and now
It darts across that farther brow;
Now to thy bosom sweeps the Loves,
And now beneath thy steps it moves:
'Tis GRACE as worded by the nine,
Call it, ye gods, your Caroline.

But should the immortals now descend,
And for strict grammar rules contend,
Calling Dan Priscian to affirm,
That each idea claims a term,

Do thou Mæonides, arise!
Improve the language of the skies;
Then, when the gods the three combine,
They'll call the union Caroline.

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF APRIL:

OR, THE APPROACH OF THE MAY.

TO CHARLOTTE.

Cold winter is gone, and now Phœbus rides high,
Announcing the charms of a temperate sky:
Observe, my dear Charlotte, how lively and gay
All Nature appears at the approach of the May.

The meadows, reviving, put on their best green,
And daisies are crowding in swarms to be seen;
The cowslips, the lilies, the roses, display
Their beautiful petals to welcome the May.

The trees are in leaf, and their blossoms are spread,
Gay gardens begin Nature's perfume to shed;
And hawthorn, unprun'd, now prepares to array,
With modest white robes, all the hedges of May.

In gay thoughtless groups see the butterflies romp,
Who have nothing to boast of indeed but their pomp;
Vain things! they seem useless—and yet might they say,
"We spread our fine wings to do honour to May."

The bee, ever busy, makes much of the hour,
And hums as he ranges from flower to flower:
In humming and probing he passes the day,
Then home to the hive bears the treasure of May.

Awak'd from their trances new pleasures to share,
Glad swallows are flitting the spring-temper'd air;
And sweetly the blackbirds are whistling their lay,
To celebrate all the return of the May.

Let butterflies romp, let the bee fill his hive,
Let swallows and blackbirds be glad they're alive,
While fondly I sing too, on this happy day,
The girl who appear'd at the approach of the May.

She is modest, obedient, attentive, and kind,
Not vain of her person, but fond of her mind;
Then shower thy blessings, Almighty! I pray,
On the girl who appear'd at the approach of the May.

TO CLARA.

A lively French girl being at a christening refused to kiss the infant. Being afterwards told that the mother of the child was seriously hurt at it, she repaired her error by the following apology.

QUAND tout le monde circule
Autour de ce nouveau né,
Sans l'embrasser je recule :
Qui peut en être etonné ?

Sans doute il m' était facile
De lui faire aussi ma cour ;
Mais que dit-on d'une fille
Qu'on voit caresser l' amour ?

Translated, with an additional verse.

As circling dames, dear Clara, press'd
Your dimpled boy to see,
That I withdrew while they caress'd,
Where can the wonder be?

My court 'twas easy to have paid,
And all offence remove:
But then, what would the world have said
To see me kissing LOVE?

Full well they know the thing forbid
To maiden such as me;
And many a voice the deed had chid
As giddy, bold, and free.

That prudence thus should you aggrieve,
At first I thought was odd;
But, on reflection, I forgive
The MOTHER of the God.

STANZAS,

By the Chevalier de Boufflers, upon being desired by the Queen of France to write a song on her faults.

VOULES-VOUS savoir les *on dits*
Qui courrent sur Themire?
On dit, que par fois son esprit
Parait être en delire.
Quoi! de bonne foi?
Mais oui, croyez-moi,
Elle sait si bien faire,
Que sa déraison,
Fussiez vouz Caton,
Aurait l' art de vous plaire.

On dit, que le trop de bon sens
Jamais ne la tourmente ;
On dit même, qu'un grain d'encens
La ravit et l' enchante.
Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
Mais oui, croyez-moi,
Elle sait si bien faire,
Que même les Dieux,
Descendraient des cieux,
Pour l' encenser sur terre.

Vous donne-t-elle un rendezvous
De plaisir ou d'affaire ?
On dit, qu' oublier l'heure et vous,
Pour elle, c'est misere.
Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
Mais oui, croyez-moi,
Se revoit on près d'elle ?
Adieu tous ses torts,
Le tems même alors
S'envole à tire d'aile.

Sans l'egoisme rien n'est bon ;
C'est là sa loi suprême
Aussi s' aime-t-elle, dit on,
D'une tendresse extreme.
Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
Mais oui, croyez-moi,

Laissez-lui son systeme :
Peut on la blamer
De savoir aimer
Ce que tout le monde aime ?

TRANSLATION.

Would you know what rumour lays
To the charge of Antoinette ?
That she's often light, *it says*,
Fickle, mad, and a coquette.
And is it so ?
Oh! yes, but know
So well the line her fancy draws ;
Her very flights
Create delights,
And Cato's self would smile applause.

Sense, *'tis said*, her royal head
Does not overburden much ;
Adulation too, *'tis said*,
Easily her soul can touch.
And is it so ?
Oh ! yes, but know
So well she manages the matter ;
The gods on high
Would leave their sky
And come on earth her charms to flatter.

If of business or of pleasure,
The hour by herself be set,
One, *'tis said*, may wait her leisure;
'Tis a trifle to forget.
And is it so?
Oh! yes, but know
That when we next behold her face,
All wrongs adieu,
Delights renew,
And time flies on with double pace.

That *I* and *me* fill all discourse,
And *self* runs on supremely;
'Tis said she finds no other source,
And loves herself extremely.
And is it so?
Oh! yes, but know
The plan is just you'll find:
What blame to prove
That she should love
What's lov'd by all mankind?

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Sister Spirit! where speeds Death,
Haste and watch the fleeting soul:
Follow quick that mournful toll,
'Tis some infant's parting breath.

SECOND SPIRIT.

This way, sister! 'tis our parts
Infant shoots of life to tend,
Tender spirits to befriend,
And transplant the purest hearts.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Haste along! I hear the tone
Of a weeping mother's moan—
Lo! the body on its bier,
Lo! the spirit hov'ring near.

SECOND SPIRIT.

List we to the woman's woe,
Once on earth like her we felt,
And this sight our hearts could melt,
Till we left the world below.

MOTHER.

Too cruel blow! Oh Death! restore!—

Alas! he's gone—the breath is fled!
My lovely boy lies cold, lies dead,
I ne'er shall see nor hear him more.
And shall the grave enclose
So sweet a rose?

Oh! break my heart, for life is sore,
Break heart, and let the pang be o'er.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortals born such griefs to endure!
Lenient time shall be her cure.
Gentle Spirit! come away!
Court no more thy mould'ring clay.

SECOND SPIRIT.

When infant spirits leave the earth,
In these abodes they then have birth:
For heav'nly knowledge now prepare;
To us thy God consigns the care.
Hallelujah!

INFANT SPIRIT.

As bursting from a shell I feel,
What wonders teem in this abode!
Kind Spirits lead me, and reveal
The paths that guide me to my God!
Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

All pain is past, and plain the road
That spirits take to find their God.
Hallelujah!

CAROLINE:

A PASTORAL ELEGY FOR MUSIC.

TIME—THE EVENING.

CHORUS.

Glory to heaven! the day is o'er:
We love mankind, and God adore.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

With humble heart I say Amen!
To heaven praise, and peace to men;
But we must Caroline bewail,
The fairest blossom of the vale.

CHORUS.

With woodbines let the cypress twine,
To shade the tomb of Caroline.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

'Twas past the dawn and Aura near,
As wakeful on my bed I lay,
These sounds did surely strike mine ear,
" Come, lovely Caroline, away."

CHORUS.

Beauty and innocence were thine!
Ah! why so soon died Caroline!

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As near the brook I graz'd my kine
And lay beneath a tree supine,
Believe me, swains, I saw the willow,
Slow-dropping, touch my grassy pillow.

CHORUS.

Her temper sweet, her soul divine!
Ah! why so soon died Caroline!

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

A blooming damask caught my eye,
The bud unclos'd allured me nigh;
" A lovely rose 'twill prove"—I spoke,
When from the stalk the rose-bud broke.

CHORUS.

If aught from youth we may divine,
Ah! why so soon died Caroline!

THIRD SHEPHERDESS.

Shepherds ! methinks 'tis plain to see
Our valley felt the sad decree,
When angels with enticing lay
Called lovely Caroline away.

CHORUS.

Come lovely Caroline away,
Come, and partake our brighter day.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

We who can feel the power of love,
Must offer much at Sorrow's shrine:
Then haste and raise a solemn grove,
To shade the tomb of Caroline.

CHORUS.

Let's offer then at Sorrow's shrine,
To soothe the shade of Caroline!

FINALE.

Glory to heaven ! the day is o'er:
We love mankind, and God adore.

AMEN.

THE THOUGHTS OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE,

ON THE MORNING OF HER EXECUTION,

October 16th, 1793.

The expected hour is come at last!
For me the scaffold they prepare:
My love, my king, to thee I haste,
Spirit of Bourbon, meet me there.
Beloved shade! whom I adore,
Thy spirit thro' yon blissful skies
From mine shall wander now no more:
Their fury strikes—I come—I rise.

The splendour of an earthly throne
Could charm when shar'd, my love, with thee:
But Sorrow mark'd me as her own,
And doom'd a double death for me.
Strike, Frenchmen, strike; my life restore,
For I nor death nor insult dread;
A death inglorious now no more,
Ennobled when my Bourbon bled.

Alas my children! fearful thought!
That chains my bursting soul below;
Oh! 'tis through you that death comes fraught
With all the agony of woe.

Flow on my tears, your force I own,
Nor blush to have my sorrows seen:
If in my jail the mother groan,
Beneath the steel I'll bleed a Queen.

If Justice yet her arm suspend,
If heaven awhile prolong your doom,
Monsters! the ripening wrath attend;
It lingers but to strike more home.
But hark! the creaking gates declare
Death soon shall terminate my woes:
Great God! protect my orphan pair!
Great God! forgive my savage foes!

EPITAPH

ON GEORGIANA B**.

'Tis but a frame of earth that moulders here;
B**, immortal, fills her native sphere:
Bursting the shell that kept her from the skies,
With early virtue crown'd she early flies.
Yet dear the frame to those who knew her worth,
Who saw her animate that fragile earth,
Saw the light form that thro' its smile benign
Spoke the quick transit of its charge divine;

Saw grace, and youth, and sprightliness, and sense,
The charms of friendship and of taste dispense:
'Tis theirs to mourn, 'tis theirs the loss to prove,
And pay the tribute of terrestrial love:
But weep not, thou, whom leisure leads to glean
A sacred moral from this mortal scene;
Rather to thine own bosom turn, enquire
If vice imbrute thee, or if virtue fire;
If impious pride the saving God deny,
Or hope and peace the Christian lore supply;
With pious awe these sacred mansions tread,
And learn to live for ever of the dead.

STANZAS

TO A HARP.

She who was once mistress of it delighted in chants and other sacred music. She delighted in adapting to the harp compositions written for the piano-forte, in order that she and her sister might play them together in parts.

Be mute ye strings! cold is the hand
That moraliz'd your mellow strains;
Silenc'd the voice that led your band
To sounds of joy, or fancied pains,
What time matur'd domestic pleasures,
The father's pride, the mother's joy;
When dance, and verse, and mingled measures,
Bestow'd a bliss without alloy.

Be mute ye strings! no more a charm
Your soft vibrations can impart;
Extinct the flame empower'd to warm;
Cold, cold, the joy-inspiring heart!
That heart which teem'd with sacred fire,
And hymn'd the universal Lord;
Which glow'd to tune a sister's lyre,
And harmoniz'd the various chord.

Be mute ye strings! for she is dead;
Or learn alone from me to sigh;
Your charm is broke, your spirit fled,
To chant her glorious songs on high.
What mean these sounds spontaneous flowing?
A seraph strikes the raptur'd strings:
What mean these words celestial glowing?
"Hosannah to the King of Kings!"

Resound ye strings! my Charlotte's voice
Again leads on your charmed band:
Now gently sigh, now loud rejoice,
Obedient to the seraph's hand!
Oh Fancy, thine celestial treasures!
Ope to my soul thy healing springs;
Give me to join her heavenly measures—
"Hosannah to the King of Kings!"

SONGS.

The six first were written on the arrival of the dispatches announcing the victory of the 11th of October, 1799; the rest are miscellaneous.

I.

BRITANNIA'S SONG.

How long shall demons thus invade
The sacred rights of Reason's throne?
How long shall folly man degrade,
And wisdom, put to torture, groan?
Oh Neptune! father! rear thy head,
And listen to a daughter's grief:
Awhile forego thy wat'ry bed,
And bring Britannia's mind relief.

While nations round submit to force,
Alone 'gainst demon hosts I stand,
Watchful to stem destruction's course,
And guard the welfare of the land.
Great Neptune comes—ye fiends! away,
Ye dare not wait th' immortal frown:
Hence! hide ye from the face of day:
Ye gloat in vain on Britain's crown.

II.

NEPTUNE'S SONG.

AROUSE Britannia! Neptune's care!
Nor let thy troubled breast despair,
While thou hast heroes bold.
Daughter of an immortal thou!
And ne'er to demon arts shall bow,
While I the trident hold.

Britannia rouse! the times recall
When thou hast made the proud to fall,
Nor yield to vain alarms.
Iberia in her proudest day
At Howard's mercy humbled lay,
And Drake repell'd her arms.

Of late, when honour's voice suppress,
The lawless tyrant's pow'r confest,
She basely join'd the foe,
Her pompous sides the main o'erspread;
His little fleet St. Vincent led,
And laid Iberia low.

To Gallia turn, e'er Gallia's fate,
With wanton pow'r, had chang'd her state,
And view thy trophied story.

Remember Rooke and Russell's days,
Brave Hawke and Rodney in a blaze
Of wide extended glory.

And when mad Gallia, charg'd with gore,
The sceptre from her monarch tore,
Would make all nations bow;
Thy sons indignant round thee press'd,
Resolv'd to smite her pride-swoln crest;
The blow was struck by Howe.

Turn to Batavia's sluggish lake,
And recognize thy god-like Blake—
E'en now she dreads thy name:
But know thy genius tempts her forth,
And gives the warrior of the north
To rival ancient fame.

III.

SONG OF A DUNDEE LASS,

ON HER LOVER AT SEA.

Jemmy was a bonny lad,
Well he pleugh'd his faither's glen,
But he cast away his plaid,
To go fight with gallant men.

On the pleasant banks of Tay,
Oft he told his love to me;
There he stole my heart away,
The lad of bonny Dundee.

When he left the banks of Tay,
Fame to seek among the brave,
Many a lass's heart was wae,
But to me his troth he gave.
Maer to me his love than gold!
And when Jemmy comes fra' sea,
To my bosom will I fold
The lad of bonny Dundee.

IV.

THE ELEVENTH OF OCTOBER.

With the blue at the main, off the Texel we cruis'd,
And taught the mynheers their due distance,
Our offers of battle they always refus'd,
Nor ever show'd signs of resistance:
For Duncan was there,
With many a tar,
Who had taught them the thunder of Britain to fear.

Perceiving the lubbers were shy and saw fear,
That nothing from anchor could budge 'em,

For England we steer'd, or pretended to steer,
But zounds we took care we would dodge 'em:
For Duncan, &c.

They thought we were off, and so ventur'd to creep
Along the Dutch coast with broad bottom:
Brave Trollope bore down to take a sly peep,
And so you can't doubt but we got 'em:
For Duncan, &c.

'Twas off Camperdown that we gave them the dose,
Where Duncan came up with his thunder:
We first broke their line, then we stuck to them close,
And made the tough dogs all knock under:
For Duncan, &c.

But harkee, my lads, 'tis the rule of a tar,
When he talks of his foes still to say right;
Give Winter his due, he's a bold man of war,
And fought like a devil by daylight:
Tho' Duncan, &c.

'Gainst Duncan he fought, so his valour was vain;
But long shall be told the brave story:
The Genius of Britain, who rules o'er the main,
By Duncan obtains a fresh glory:
For Duncan, &c.

V.

GLEE.

GRATEFUL glees to Duncan raise,
Chant we glory to his name;
Britain's voice resounds his praise,
Sons of Britain sing his fame.
Neptune's hero!
Britain's glory!
Britain's voice resounds his praise,
Sons of Britain sing his fame.

Scotia claims the valiant thane,
Bold he rush'd upon the foe:
Victor of the northern main,
Well he struck the glorious blow:
Valiant hero!
Scotia's glory!
Victor of the northern main,
Well he struck the glorious blow.

Britannia speaks, after which the Finale follows.

MY valiant sons! for whom Britannia's breast
Now bounds exultant, now, by woe deprest,
Owns all the struggles of maternal care,
And eager every danger flies to share.

Long may your arms support the common cause!
Long may your virtues claim a just applause!
Resist the gen'ral foe—her wiles unweave,
And all the rights of happiness achieve!
Rights which alone from sacred order flow,
Rights which confusion never can bestow.
And Oh! while yet in vision you confide,
Ere from your charmed sense this form shall glide,
Ideal being and an airy name,
To watch in Fancy's cell your bliss and fame,
Be from Britannia's lips this truth impress'd,
Nations, like men, by virtue must be bless'd.
In Virtue's train fair rule and order see,
A wise restraint, a noble liberty,
From laws by wisdom fram'd our blessings spring,
A people happy, and a patriot king.
These to maintain my former heroes led,
And many a British son hath nobly bled.
To-day my northern chief demands the song:
To him the sounds of triumph now belong.

VI.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

DUNCAN hail! the glory's thine!
Well thou'st fought Britannia's cause:
Come and hear from Honour's shrine
Shouts of well-deserv'd applause:
Shout, shout his well-deserv'd applause.

Future ages shall declare
Thou wert brave among the brave:
Time thine honour'd name shall spare
With the heroes of the wave:
Shout, shout the heroes of the wave.

Neptune crowns thee, valiant thane!
With the wreath so justly won,
Lord trumphant of the main!
Britain's glory! Vict'ry's son.
Shout, shout his glory, Vict'ry's son.

VII.

SONG.*

Oh cease thy song, sweet Philomel,
Be hushed the voices of the grove,
Let only favouring zephyrs swell,
To waft my sighs to him I love—
Ah no! sweet bird! thy strain prolong,
And court him hither to my breast:
Allure him with thy magic song,
By love to bless and to be blest.

Sweet melody the mind inspires,
And melody, sweet bird, is thine:
Enchant thou him my soul desires,
To equalize a love like mine.
Sweet Philomel! prolong thy strain,
Accordant to a lover's breast,
And hither charm my absent swain,
By love to bless and to be blest.

* The remaining Songs are miscellaneous.

VIII.*

Under Friendship's calmer form,
Oft Love creeps to weave his wile:
Then unseen he plies his charm,
Veiling wings and wanton smile.

As in strength the charm advances,
See the urchin bolder grow;

* This song is a translation of the following beautiful sonnet, or rather of the more beautiful version of it into Latin by Gray.

ITALIAN SONNET.

Spesso amor sotto la forma
D'amista ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In pietade ei si trasforma,
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr' egli è l' istesso amor.

GRAY'S VERSION.

Lusit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et bene composita veste fefellit amor.
Mox iræ assumsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lachrymas:
Ludentum fuge, nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti,
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

Playing frowns and jealous fancies,
Ah! too late we see the foe!

Now in pity's form he works,
See him sport or anger move;
In what form soe'er he lurks,
Love in all his shapes is love.

Fly him raging, weeping fly,
Nor his toying trust to prove:
Now a frown and now a sigh,
Love in all his shapes is love.

IX.

From folly and from noise remote,
Sweet songstress of the midnight leisure!
Ah! sooth my soul with softer note
Than softest stop of Lydian measure!
My list'ning ear shall catch the tale,
And sympathize, sweet Nightingale.

Shy warbler to the modest moon!
Melodious most deaf trees among,
Can nodding forests catch the tune?
Or rustling groves admire the song?
Why sing'st alone thy mournful tale,
And shun'st the day, sweet Nightingale?

Dost deem oft told the theme would fail,
Or notes oft prais'd be less admir'd?
Who could forget the mournful tale,
Or who of such a note be tir'd!
Birds waft with melody each gale,
But all seek thee, sweet Nightingale.

Yet tell my fair the maxim's sure,
Joys more divided less delight;
To be pursued she need not lure,
And vulgar praise is beauty's blight.
Tell her her charms inspire the vale,
Her song like thine, sweet Nightingale.

X.

THE SLANDERED MAID.

Nay, let the stricken deer, poor thing!
Go weep, and sigh, and languish,
Till balmy death remove the sting
Of undeserved anguish.

The guileless maid with danger treads
The purest paths of joy;
Or Love for her his trammels spreads,
Or Slander's shafts destroy.

Nay let the stricken deer, &c. *(Rondeau.)*

And let the stricken maid go weep
Remote from every eye;
With sainted spirits vigils keep,
And wait her hour to die.

Nay, let the stricken deer, &c. *(Rondeau.)*

XI.

LOVE AND GLORY.

The trumpet calls to war's alarms!
Such sounds the dauntless bosom fires,
The youth who loves must gain by arms
The bliss his ardent soul desires.
When ruddy conquest proudly shines,
Happy the day to him shall prove:
The laurel Love for Glory twines,
And Glory gives its charm to Love.

Oft the fond youth to Love a slave
In vain a passion would inspire;
But they who never shun the brave
Soon learn to love whom they admire.
A hero reaps in honour's fields
A charm the fair one's heart to move;
And beauty oft to Glory yields
The triumph it denies to Love.

Come Love! come Glory! time conspires;
Together weave our fate on high:
Hearts teeming with your sacred fires
Oh! give to triumph or to die.
Oh! let us death with honour find,
Or, living, smiles from beauty prove!
Thy myrtle, Love, round Glory bind,
And, Glory, live thy palm to Love.

XII.

ALINE'S COMPLAINT.

A BALLAD FROM THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

By river-bank, or hillock-rise,
Fair Aline wanders long;
And ever and anon she sighs,
And sings her plaintive song:—
"And what's the name of wife to me?
Or what a mother's joy?
No husband's cheering smile I see,
No father clasps my boy.

"Ere well that I could call him mine,
Our nuptial knot scarce tied,
He left me lonely here to pine,
A sad, forsaken bride.

Why did he vow a lasting love,
Yet give his heart to gold;
Far, far in search of wealth to rove,
O'er fearful billows roll'd?

"O happy day that made thee mine,
Uniting love so true!
O mournful day that made me thine,
To bid a long adieu!
While yet the sprightly dance and lay
We hear upon the plain,
The seaman's signal bids away—
My husband ploughs the main.

"What dazzling scheme or magic shore
Could tempt thee thus to roam,
Preferring dangers, dross, and ore,
To happiness at home?
What envious hope's alluring lie
Impell'd thee hence to run?
To thee unknown a mother I,
And born unseen thy son.

"This lovely boy renews my pangs,
And seems to share them too:
While round me thus he crying hangs,
He calls, my Love, on you.

Can India's wealth my tears repay,
Or ease one anxious fear?
O! then return; chase gloom away,
And seek your treasures here."

XIII.

A BALLAD.

Far o'er the Western ocean,
Whose billows touch the sky,
Whose fearful, troubled motion
Calls forth my deepest sigh;
Far o'er that ocean taken,
My love's beyond the sea,
But though by sorrow shaken,
He'll come again to me.

Some say that I'm deserted,
They flout, and jeer, and scorn;
And Slander's hounds are started,
Because I am forlorn:
That I am not forsaken
He'll make them blush to see;
And though by sorrow shaken,
He'll come again to me.

I weep not at distresses,
That heavenly lore impart;
For while misfortune presses,
We learn to mend the heart:
I weep that he is taken
Beyond the stormy sea;
My children seem forsaken,
But he'll come back to me.

And through life's stormy weather,
That chastens from above,
We'll twine our hearts together,
A family of love!
We'll praise the Power that chastens,
And bend to Him the knee,
Who rules the wind that hastens
To waft him back to me.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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